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Samuel Daniel

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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
SAMUEL DANIEL.

EDITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
D.D., LL D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.),
St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire;
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

- MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.
I. INEDITED INTRODUCTORY POEMS. 1595—1623.
II. SONNETS TO DELIA. 1592.
III. THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND. 1592.
IV. A LETTER FROM OCTAUIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS. 1599.
V. A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVULATORIE TO JAMES I. 1603.
VI. A FVNERALL POEME UPON THE DEATH OF THE
EARLE OF DEUONSHIRE. 1606.
VII. CERTAINE EPISTLES. 1601-3.
VIII. MUSOPHILUS, OR DEFENCE OF ALL LEARNING. 1603.
IX. OCCASIONAL POEMS, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, 1593—1607

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

1885.

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150 copies only.]

Printed by Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, London and Aylesbury.

TO

LEWIS MORRIS, Esq.,

The Poet of

"SONGS OF TWO WORLDS," "EPIC OF HADES," "SONGS UNSUNG,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

I dedicate this first collective and critical edition of the Works of
Samuel Daniel.

SEER AND SAGE—SAMUEL AND DANIEL—

UNITED IN HIS NAME WHOSE WORKS I BRING,
MORRIS, TO THEE. SO WITS OF OLD WOULD RING
QUAINT CHANGES ON A NAME THEY LOVED FULL WELL.
NOR LESS OWN WE TO-DAY THE DULCET SPELL
LAID ON US BY HIS OLD-WORLD CAROLLING:
THOUGHT-LADEN, YET OF SINGER THAT DOES SING;
HALF O' THE EARTH, HALF O' THE SKY,—AS BELL
IN CHURCH-TOWER HEARD FAINT ACROSS MOOR OR MERE.
I LOVE THIS GENTLE SPIRIT, MAN AND BARD;
I WOULD NOT HAVE HIS WREATH GROW DIM OR SERE:
TRUE POET OF OUR AGE, LET THY REGARD
SANCTION MY WORK OF LOVE, AS WITH STOOP'D KNEE
I HONOUR HIM, AND SEEK TO HONOUR THEE.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

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Portrait by Alais after the Original Engraving in the Quarto of 1623,
with Autograph from Letter in H.M. Public Record Office.

[*Face Title-page.*

Facsimile of Letter to the Earl of Devonshire in H.M. Public Record
Office (in post 4to only), by Waterlow & Sons (Limited), slightly
diminished, as witness the full-sized autograph under portrait.

[*Face page xxii.*

PREFATORY NOTE.

My rule in reproducing the WORKS of SAMUEL DANIEL has been, as throughout, to furnish the unmutilated, untampered-with text of the Author. I hold with deepened conviction that modernisations, improvements (so called), and arbitrary accommodation to modern syntax, orthography, punctuation, and the like, vitiate any classic, and render it impossible to trace the growth and gradual enrichment of our national Literature. I simply correct self-evidencing misprints—*e.g.*, p. 264, st. 3, l. 7, ‘sparkling’ for ‘sprakling’; p. 265, st. 7, l. 4, ‘veines’ for ‘weaues’; st. 8, l. 7, ‘ouer-sowne’ for ‘ouer-swone’; and occasionally (,) comma for (.) period in middle of an unfinished sentence, and (;) semicolon for (,) comma—nothing more. Prefixed or affixed in their several places, the sources of the successive poems, etc., will be found recorded. I have also taken pains in noting ‘various readings’ wherever they occur. The value and interest of these are specially illustrated in the ‘Delia’ Sonnets.

As with SPENSER, ‘Notes and Illustrations’ are reserved for the Glossarial Index in the

closing volume. Toward them I have the pleasure and satisfaction of promised aid from various capable and sympathetic fellow-workers on our elder Poets and Dramatists. In the same volume, the ‘Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical’ will be given, with the completed text before the reader for reference. Therein tributes paid to “well-languaged Daniel,” earlier and recent, may be looked for; also evidence of his influence from SHAKESPEARE to WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE. Meantime, if the ‘Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical’—though fuller than any hitherto—is far from being so matterful as I should have wished, it has not been from lack of search or research, or willing helpers. It is infinitely pathetic to find how very little the world knows of its most elect spirits.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction I furnish a dainty reproduction (by Alais) of the portrait of our Worthy—after that in the quarto of 1623—in all the four forms; and underneath it a facsimile of his autograph from the Letter given in fac-simile (in the largest paper only) from H.M. Public Record Office. I owe thanks to the authorities there for facilitating the fac-simile being taken.

I am not without a hope of adding to our knowledge of Daniel as the Works proceed, as various friends are following up lines of inquiry.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,
26th March, 1885.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.— BIOGRAPHICAL.

DANIEL and Daniell, Danyel and Danyell (and other variants) is a not infrequent surname in England, earlier and later. But there is a tantalizing absence of connecting links, as of anything in any way notable: *e.g.*, the Calendars of State Papers, somewhat preceding and contemporary with our “sweet Singer,” bring up a contentious John Daniel and his wife in weary iteration of complaint and appeal*—all long since passed into silence—together with others of the name, but without recognisable relationship between them. Certain Cornwall Daniels appear to have migrated from the “Low Countries,” albeit it is just possible that originally they had passed as Merchant-adventurers to ‘Middleburg’ from Cornwall.† Others are met with in Cheshire and several southern English counties.

The various authorities—Anthony à-Wood to Nightingale and Collinson—unite in describing our Poet as

* ‘Calendars,’ 1566 to 1618, *et alibi*.

† In *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1826 (vol. xcvi., P. i., pp. 130-2), is an interesting account of Daniels at Penzance in the reign of James I. His father was ‘Depute-Governor’ at Middleborough (Brabant) in 1613, and the Diarist of this paper notifies that he himself had been born there in 1599.

son of a JOHN DANIEL, a 'music-master'; and upon this Thomas Fuller writes—"his harmonious mind made an impression on his son's genius, who proved an exquisite poet," and again characteristically on Christian and surname—"He carried in his Christian and surname two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures that he abhorred all profaneness" (*Worthies*: by Nuttall [1840], iii. 104). No one appears to have traced a 'musical' John Daniel, except the brother of the name. I am inclined to query whether the fraternal John Daniel has not been split into two John Daniels. *Cerites*, the brother, has left tangible evidence that he was a 'music-master,'* whilst of the father as such nothing has been transmitted. Anthony à-Wood (*Athenæ Oxoniensis*, by Bliss, s.n.) has designated Samuel as sprung of "a wealthy family." 'Wealth' was unlikely to belong to a 'music-master.' Unfortunately the County Historians in all their big books yield no speck of light on this or aught else—merely perfunctorily repeating after Wood, Fuller, *Biographia Britannica* (Kippis), Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary, etc., etc.

There is a shadow of uncertainty on his birth-place. According to Anthony à-Wood he was born at Beckington, near Philip's Norton (Somerset); but the historian apparently confused his burial-place with his birth-place. The Parish Register of Beckington goes back to 1559; but there is no recorded baptism of any Daniel there until 1567 (as onward). This is decisive on Wood's

* Dr. Rimbault, in *Notes and Queries* (1853), No. 179, records John Daniel's *Songs for the Lute, Viol, and Voice*, 1606, and that his name occurs among the Musicians for the Lutes and Voices in a Privy Seal of Dec. 20, 1625.

mistake (Rev. J. L. Sainsbury, M.A., rector of Beckington, to me). Le Neve * assigns it to "Wilmington, in Wiltshire, neare the Plaine of Salisburie." Unfortunately the earliest-dated Parish-register entry at Wilmington is 1688. Dr. Thomas Fuller, with an express note that he had been 'certified' of this by "some of his acquaintance," states that he was born "not far from Taunton (Somersetshire)." The 'acquaintance' cannot have been very intimate, as they were unable to inform him of either the date or place of his death. Again, unluckily, the Parish Registers of St. James's, Taunton (which at the period might have been accurately described as 'near' or 'nigh' Taunton), commence only in 1610. That of St. Mary's, Taunton, commencing before our Daniel's period, has no Daniel entry whatever.†

As his contemporaries have celebrated him as a 'Somerset' man,‡ we may safely assume that Le Neve was misinformed about Wilmington having been his birth-place, and that Fuller was correct in assigning it to "not far from Taunton." Surely some Somerset antiquary will 'take trouble' and elucidate the point. *Ad interim*, I judge not Taunton itself but (probably) some near-adjoining hamlet was the birth-place; perchance in Taunton Dean, "a parcel of ground round about Taunton," renowned in a still current proverb.§

* Lansdowne MSS. 983 f. 343.

† The Rev. Samuel Wilkinson, and Arthur Kinglake, Esq., J.P., Taunton, did their utmost to get at *data*; in vain thus far, save above.

‡ See 'Memorial-Introduction II. — Critical' for various notices.

§ "Where should I be born else than in Taunton Dean—with soil so rich that *zun* (= sun) and *zoil* (= soil) are all needed?"—*i.e.* no manure.

Somewhat somnolent Somerset has the distinction of having produced earlier, Hooper the martyr-bishop and Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Harington and Blake and Pym; and later, Bishop Bull, Ralph Cudworth, John Locke, and Henry Fielding; but no recognised Poet except Samuel Daniel (Thomas Coryat not in the running). It is about time Somerset erected some memorial of "well-languaged Daniel"?

The year birth-date was 1562 or 1563. This is arrived at from his entry as 'commoner' in Magdalen Hall, Oxford. This was in 1579, when he was in his seventeenth year; which carries us back to 1562-3. He was thus about a decade of years younger than Spenser (1553) and Sir Philip Sidney (1554), two or three years or thereby younger than Robert Greene ('about 1560'), and a little older than Shakespeare (1564), and Thomas Nashe (1564), and nearly contemporaneous with Michael Drayton (1563).

Of his preparatory education nothing whatever is known. He is alleged to have had an 'excellent tutor' at famous Magdalen. But according to Anthony à-Wood his 'geny' having inclined him rather to lighter studies, he remained under academic training for only "three years," and finally left the University—as did Philip Massinger—"without a degree" (Wood, as before). This brings us to 1582 or 1583. Wood's full account is:—

"He continued about three years, and improved himself much in academical learning, by the benefit of an excellent tutor. But his geny being more prone to easier and smoother studies, than in pecking and hewing at logic, he left the university without the honour of a degree, and exercised it much in English history and poetry, of which he then gave several ingenious specimens" (*Ath. Oxon.*, by Bliss, ii. 268).

But though he thus left Oxford, he must have continued his scholarly studies and bookish habits, seeing that in 1584-5 there was published the following considerable book :—

The
Worthy tract of
Paulus Iouius, contayning a
Discourse of rare inuentions, both
Militarie and Amorous
called Imprese.

*Whereto is added a Preface contay-
ning the Arte of compofing them, with
many other notable deuises.*

*By Samuel Daniell, late Student
in Oxenforde.*

At London,
Printed for Simon Waterfon.

1585.

In succession to the Translator's own Epistle-dedicatory of the 'Worthy Tract' to "The right worshipful, Sir Edward Dimmock, Champion to her Maiestie," is a lengthy Epistle "To his good friend Samvel Daniel" by an (unknown) N. W. from 'Oxenforde,' wherein many well-turned compliments are paid to the young scholar, closing thus:—

"Thus am I bold to animate and encourage you to your credite, which if I haue done to long, so vpon occasion did Tullio, Plato, Seneca : if rudely, ascribe it to simplicitie : if slightly, to the rarenes of your arte : if to copiously, to too feruent desire : for seeing that *in verbis est aliquod præmium*, I had rather shewe myself to prodigall to my friends then a snudge : which when you haue read, fier it."

In his "Defence of Rhyme," which was addressed to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, we get a pleasant glimpse of his position from (probably) 1585 onward.

Willi.

He is defending his love of ‘rhyme’ in verse against Campion’s heresy of hexameters, and thus acknowledges his obligations to his patron’s mother—

“ Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother ” :—

“ Hauing been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother, and receiud the first notion for the formal ordering of these compositions, at Wilton, which I must euer acknowledge to haue been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and a grateful memory. Afterwards, drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my muse, I adventured to bestow all my powers therein, perceiving it agreed so well both with the complexion of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me.”

This seems to warrant us in concluding that upon leaving Oxford he was introduced to the ‘charmed circle’ of Wilton ; albeit John Morris (in his Biographical Introduction to his “ Selections ” from Daniel) thus put it :—

“ This may have been the case ; but a closer examination will perhaps show his meaning to be, that in the first place he felt a grateful obligation to the Countess of Pembroke, for his having, through her kindness and encouragement, gained his earliest acquaintance with the delights of literature at Wilton, *his best school* ; and that, in the next place, under the patronage of the Earl, he was *drawn further on*, or enabled to prosecute higher studies at the University. If this be his meaning, then it will appear that, while yet *young*, he had obtained the notice, and was favoured with the patronage, of Sidney’s sister, the excellent Countess of Pembroke ” (p. xiv).

The thing cannot be dogmatically pronounced upon under our dim light, but in my judgment he is contrasting the after-delights at Wilton as his ‘ best school ’

with the (to him) dry-as-dust studies of Oxford that he had escaped from. This later date of residence at Wilton seems further strengthened by the headings of two of the 'Delia' Sonnets which inform us that he went to Italy; and it has been the unvarying tradition that he went thither with a Herbert. Besides, it is in relation to the same Sonnets and kindred poems—from 1590-1 onward—that he pays glowing homage to the illustrious Mary, Countess of Pembroke.* It is pleasant even at this late day to indulge the Pleasures of Imagination in a vision of young Samuel Daniel pursuing his poetical and other cultured studies at Wilton, while Sir Philip Sidney's death was still a recent memory (1586).

It was in 1591 that Samuel Daniel first came before the world as a Poet. This he did by the semi-furtive publication of twenty-seven of his Love-sonnets by Thomas Nashe in his famous edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 'edited' by this fiery Free-lance of our Literature (see 'Note' before 'Delia'). This led to his own publication of the series of Sonnets addressed (mainly) to 'Delia' in 1592. This first (authoritative) edition was followed by a second in the same year. A third appeared in 1594.

I do not suppose it is likely now that we shall ever know who 'Delia' was. But I for one recognize in these Sonnets a human passion, and not mere 'sportive wit' or 'idle play.' The grief grows o'times monotonous and even grotesque, but ever and anon there comes the genuine 'cry' of a man's heart in suspensive anguish. He is by no means a strong man—contrariwise reveals

* See Glossarial-Index, s.n., for full notices of all the 'fair women' and 'brave men' celebrated by Daniel.

a good deal of valetudinarian sentimentalism; yet is there reality of 'love,' and not simply rhyme-craft.

Elsewhere (viz., in Note before 'Delia' and beneath the successive Sonnets) I record the variations of the several editions of 'Delia.' At this point it seems expedient to notice one Sonnet that is found in the first edition alone of 1592. It opens the series. It is headed simply 'To M. P.' John Morris (as before), as have others, explains, "the initials evidently stand for *Mary*, Countess of *Pembroke*" (p. 1). But this cannot be. For (a) How should he have used initials only in 1592, and given the name in full in 1594 ('*Delia*')? (b) Can we conceive such a liberty as a dependant thus using the simple initials M. P.? (c) It has been overlooked that in N. W.'s Epistle before 'Paulus Jovius' (1585) an unmistakable reference is made to 'M. P.' as a common friend and a MAN, thus :—

"A frend of mine whom you know, M. P., climing for an *Egles* nest but defeated by the mallalent of fortune, limned in *his* studie a *Pine* tree striken with lightning, caryng this mot, Il mio sperar . . . Yet in despight of fortune *he* deuised a Pinnace or small Barke, tossed with tempestuous stormes, and on the saile was written *expectanda dies*, hoping as I think for one sunne shine day to recompence so many gloomy and winter monethes."

Who this M. P. was it is vain to conjecture; but the tone of the opening Sonnet of the 1592 volume utters personal disappointment and "want" and "care."

His 'journeying' to Italy being celebrated in the 'Delia' of 1592 dates it prior to that year. We know not how long or short before. The 47th Sonnet of 1594 is headed "At the Authors going into Italie," and the 48th "This Sonnet was made at the Authors being in

Italy”* (see present vol., pp. 71, 72). More interesting still—and hitherto strangely overlooked—his Verses on the translation of ‘*Pastor Fido*’ (see ‘Occasional Poems’ in the present volume) seem to make a personal reference to a conversation with Guarini, wherein the Italian depreciated the “English tongue.” ‘*Pastor Fido*’ first appeared in 1590. This fact will require fuller after-notice (in ‘Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical’). The publication of the Sonnets to ‘*Delia*’ made him ‘famous’ at a bound. He was in all men’s mouths. He was a new voice in the heaven of English Song. Surrey and Wyatt had now an ‘heir.’ If thinner in substance, these Sonnets have finer literary form than theirs. His ‘Verses commendatory’—as given in ‘IX. Occasional Poems’ in the present volume—testify that speedily his word went a long way to win public notice.

His ‘Complaint of Rosamond’ accompanied the ‘*Delia*’ Sonnets from the outset, and contained a memorable reference to his ‘lady-love.’ Between 1591-2 and 1600—wherever located—he must have burned the midnight oil over his Verse. The 1594 ‘*Delia*’ was accompanied by ‘*Cleopatra*,’ a tragedy. In 1595 appeared the ‘First Foure Bookes of the Ciuill Wars.’ In 1599 was issued ‘The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyell, newly corrected and augmented.’ This added a fifth Book to the ‘Ciuil Wars.’ In 1600-1 he prepared his folio of the ‘Works of Samuel Daniel, newly augmented.’ This fine volume was primarily printed for gift-copies or private circulation. Some copies have special dedicatory poems prefixed (see pp. 4—9 of the

* To Mr. J. Payne Collier belongs the praise of having first observed these headings.

present volume). In 1600 he was engaged as tutor to the (afterwards) renowned Lady Ann Clifford, then in her eleventh year. Dr. Whitaker in his ‘Craven’ (by Morant, vol. i., pp. 386-7), thus writes :—

“ Among the papers at Skipton Castle I met with an original book of accounts, filled with memoranda, relating to this lady’s education from 1600 to 1602. In the beginning is the following prayer, intended, I suppose, to be used on entering the church—

‘ O Lord, increase o’r fayth, and make us euermore attentyve hearers, true conceiuers, and diligent fulfillers, of thy heavenly will.’

And after—

‘ To wish and will it is my part,
To you, good lady, from my hart,
The yeares of Nestor God you send,
With hapynes to your life’s end ! ’

These lines are, I think, in the handwriting of Samuel Daniel, her tutor ; and when compared with the future history and long life of this young lady, then only eleven years old, it cannot be denied that their prayer was heard. She actually saw ninety years wanting only three, and the ‘happiness’ of the last thirty had no abatement to her ‘life’s end.’”

A still more noteworthy memorial of this tutorship is extant in his verse-address to his fair and precocious pupil. It is after the type of his friend Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke’s philosophic poetry, more thought-laden than wrought. He must have had a prescient discernment of the strength and intellectual capacity of young ‘Lady Anne’ (see present vol., p. 213). Doubtless his post at Appleby and Skipton had its pleasantnesses, and the Lady through life held her tutor in grateful memory—as witness his being introduced into a great family picture (still preserved), and his ‘Whole Works in Verse’ being placed along with Spenser’s on

bookshelves introduced into the background, and his monument at Beckington. None the less his Letter to the Lord Chancellor Egerton has these unsatisfied words—

“Such hath been my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of *men*, I haue been constrainyd to liue with *children*, and contrary to myne owne spirit, putt out of that scene which nature had made my parte” (the present vol., p. 10).

From this memorandum it would seem that Daniel relinquished his tutorship in 1602, in which year first appeared Book VI. of the ‘Civil Wars.’ He had been ‘at Court’ toward the close of the foregoing century. There is a kind of vague tradition that Elizabeth appointed him ‘Laureate’ on the death of Spenser (in 1599). I find no evidence of this. But his ‘Panegyrike’ to King James must have been composed off-hand and as speedily printed (privately)—seeing that copies are found bound up in the folio of 1601—though it does not appear to have been formally or publicly delivered until 1603 in Rutlandshire, as the heading bears (present vol., p. 141). He is most uncourtly plain-spoken in his ‘Panegyrike’; and the King and Queen (Ann) deserve all credit for not taking offence. With all his faults and failings, the new king was in sympathy (in the beginning at any rate), with learning and genius. Equally manly was his splendid verse-epistle to Henry, Earl of Southampton. The Queen must have ‘taken’ to him right cordially. Whether his office was ‘at pleasure’ or by a verbal understanding, he was called upon from time to time to prepare ‘Masks’ and quasi-theatrical entertainments—as his ‘Dramatic’ productions show, e.g., “Tethys’ Festival” and the “Vision of the Twelve

Goddesses," and "Hymen's Triumph" and "Queen's Arcadia." He must have been frequently at Court, and in intimate association with the royal family and nobility. Latterly he was eclipsed by "rare Ben" (who was surly and malignant toward him), and in his melancholy wrote "bitter things" against himself. His self-depreciation, if it be painful, is not without touch of grotesquerie. He grew weary of 'high life,' and secluded himself. Thomas Fuller quaintly describes his periodic retreats thus :—

"As the tortoise burieth himself all the winter in the ground, so Mr. Daniel would be hid at his garden house in Old Street, near London, for some months together (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses); and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowel and Mr. Camden were principal" (*Worthies*, as before).

Spite of these retirements, he was a keen observer from his "loophole of retreat," and could express himself incisively. Thus his Tragedy of "Philotas" had been misapplied to the brilliant but unfortunate Earl of Essex. Thereupon the Author added a spirited 'Vindication' to the play—'spirited,' yet after all we had rather have had it unwritten. And not only so, but it having reached him that his patron-friend, the Earl of Devonshire ('Stella's' lord), was displeased with his use of his name, he addressed to this nobleman (in 1604) a striking Letter, as follows :*—

"My Lorde,

"Vnderstanding yo^r lo: is displeased w^t mee, it hath more shaken my harte then I did thinke any fortune could

* See fac-simile from the original in H.M. Public Record Office, in post 4to copies of the present volume, in this place.

have donne in respect I have not deservd it, nor donne or spoken any thing in this matter of Philotas ynworthy of yo^u or mee. And now having fully satisfyde my L. of Cranborne, I crave to vnburthen me of this imputation w^t yo^r ho: and it is the last suite I will euer make. And therefore I beseech yo^u to vnderstand all this great erro^r I have cōmited.

"first I tolde the Lordes I had written 3 Acts of this tragedie the Christmas before my L. of Essex troubles, as diuers in the cittie could witnes. I saide the maister of the Revells had p'vsed it. I said I had read some parte of it to yo^r ho: and this I said having none els of powre to grace mee now in Corte & hoping y^t yo^u out of yor knowledg of booke, or fauor of letters & mee, might answer that there is nothing in it disagreeing nor any thing, as I protest there is not, but out of the vniuersall notions of ambition and envie, the p'petuall argum^{ts} of booke or tragedies. I did not say yo^u encouraged me vnto the p'senting of it; yf I should I had beene a villayne, for y^t when I shewd it to yo^r hono^r I was not resolud to haue had it acted, nor should it haue bene had not my necessities ouermaistred mee. And therefore I beseech yo^u let not now an Earle of Devonsh^r ouerthrow what a L. Mountioy hath donne, who hath donne me good and I haue donne him hono^r: the world must, or shall know myne innocencie whilst I haue a pen to shew it, and for y^t I know I shall liue inter historiam temporis as well as greater men, I must not be such an abiect vnto my self as to neglect my reputation, and having bene knowne throughout all England for my virtue, I will not leave a stayne of villanie vppon my name whatsoeuer erro^r els might skape me vnfortunately thorow myne indiscretion, & misvnderstanding the tyme: wherein good my L. mistake not my harte that hath bene & is a syncere honorer of yo^u and seekes yo^u now for no other end but to cleare it self, and to be held as I ame (though I neuer more come nere yo^u)

"Yo^r hono^rs

"pore follower & faithfull Servant,
"SAMUEL DANYEL."

He was early in 1603-4 given charge in some way of the Theatre in connection with the licensing of 'Plays':

e.g., in the Calendars of State Papers under "January 31, 1604," we read :—

"Grant to Edward Kirkham, Alexander Hawkins, Thos. Kendall and Robert Payne, of license to train up children, to be called 'Children of the Reuels to the Queen,' and to exercise them in playing within the Blackfriars in London, or elsewhere; *all plays to be allowed by Sam. Danyell*" (p. 72).

This must have been a permanent function and post, for under "July 10, 1615," we find the following :—

"Sir Geo. Buck to John Packer, Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain Somerset. The King has been pleased at the mediation of the Queen *on behalf of Sam. Danyell*, to appoint a company of youths to perform comedies and tragedies at Bristol, under the name of the Youths of Her Majesty's Royal Chamber of Bristol. Has consented to it as being without prejudice to the rights of his office" (p. 294).

The late Mr. J. Payne Collier and Peter Cunningham have other entries and notes; but the forgeries of the former, and the unreliableness of the latter, compel me to leave them unutilized. The biographic fact to be accentuated is that he had (in Fuller's words) "a fair salary" from Queen Ann as "servant in ordinary." His own language is unmistakable in his verse-address "To her sacred Maiestie"—

"I who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,
In quietnes, do eat the bread of rest :
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd
That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest."

(Present vol., p. 9.)

Later (1618) his theatrical office must have passed to his brother, John Daniel (Calendars, s.n.).

When he was married, and to whom, still remain unknown. It has been stated—on the usual loose

acceptance of inferential statements—that JOHN FLORIO married a sister of Daniel. But he had no sister, so far as appears.* The Poet's use of 'brother' in his Verses to him was as 'brother' scholar or writer, not as relative. Only the Christian name—a foreign-like one, as if brought from Italy—Justina, has come down to us. They had no issue.

Equally untraced has been the date of his withdrawal from town to the country. The fact of such withdrawal is thus put by Fuller:—

"In his old age he turned husbandman, and rented a farm in Wiltshire near to Devizes. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon; for though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow-husbandman-poet, yet there is more required to make a good farmer than only to say the Georgics by heart; and I question whether his Italian will fit on English husbandry. Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel's fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit. However, he had neither a *bank of wealth* nor a *bank of want*; being in a competent condition" (*Worthies*, as before).

Up to 1618—and so probably to the end—he was designated a Groom of the Privy Chamber to the Queen, as is seen in the royal licence then issued, which granted him the privilege of printing for his personal benefit his 'History of England.' In this licence he is described as "our well-beloued seruant Samuel Daniell, one of the Groomes of the Priuy Chamber, to our

* See our edition of Spenser, vol. iii., pp. lxxxviii—cii, "Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?": also Bolton Corney's paper in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S., viii., pp. 4, 35, etc. Though mistaken as to Bacon, Corney is certainly right as to Florio and Daniel. I am not aware that Florio had a sister whom Daniel might have married. In his Will there is no mention of a 'Justina' by Florio.

dearest wife the Queen" (*Rymer's Fædera*, vol. xvii., p. 22).

His 'farm' was near Beckington (Somerset)—where Daniels are found to have been resident*—and was named 'Ridge.' It is within hail of Bath—on the highway from Bath to Salisbury—and is still in a pleasant country. Here most probably he wrote his 'History.' Our final glimpse of him is in his Will, as follows : †—

"WILL OF SAMUEL DANIEL, THE POET.

"From the original in the Will Office of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

"I, Samuelis } In the name of God, Amen. I, Samuel Danyel,
Danyell } sick in bodie but well in mynde, make heer
my last will and testament.

"First, I comitt my soule unto God, trusting to be saved by the pretious blood and deathe of my Redeemer, Jesus Christ; and my body to the earth, to be interred in the parish church where I dye.

"Item, I bequeathe to my sister, Susan Bowre, one feather bed, and wth the furniture thearto belonging, and such lynnens as I shall leave at my house at Ridge.

"Item, I bequeathe to Samuel Bowre xⁱⁱ.

"Item, to Joane Bowre xⁱⁱ.

"Item, to Susan Bowre xⁱⁱ.

"Item, to Mary Bowre xⁱⁱ.

"For the disposing of all other things, I referre them to my faithfull brother, John Danyel, whome I here ordaine my sole executor, to whose care and conscience I comitt the performance thereof.

"And I likewise appoyn特 and ordayne my loving friend Mr. Simon Waterson, and my brother in lawe John Phillipps, to be

* The Parish Register, which begins in 1559, has a Thomas Daniell baptized in 1567, and an Editha Daniell in 1574.

† Shakspere Society Papers, iv., 156-8.

overseers of this my last will and testament, whereunto I have set my hand and seal. Dated the 4th daye of September 1619.

“SAMUEL DANYEL.

“Witnesses of this my last will and testament.”

Umphey X Aldenes mark.

William X Wheatlyes mark.

The Will is written on one side of a sheet of foolscap paper, and signed by the poet himself in a neat but rather tremulous hand. The words “Witnesses of this my last will and testament,” are also autograph.

He ‘sleeps well’ at Beckington. His ‘pupil,’ the Lady Anne, years after placed a mural monument within the Church. It still bears the following inscription :—

HERE LYSES EXPECTINGE THE SECOND COMMING OF OUR LORD & SAUIOUR JESUS CHRIST YE DEAD BODY OF SAMUELL DANYELL ESQ THAT EXCELLENT POETT AND HISTORIAN WHO WAS TUTOR TO THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD IN HER YOUTH SHE THAT WAS SOLE DAUGHTER AND HEIRE TO GEORGE CLIFFORD ÆARLE OF CÜBERLAND WHO IN GRATITUDE TO HIM ERECTED THIS MONUMENT IN HIS MEMORY A LONG TIME AFTER WHEN SHE WAS COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE DORSETT & MOŪTGOMERY. HE DYED IN OCTOBER 1619.

Such is the brief story of Samuel Daniel’s ‘Life.’* The impression left on one, after pondering the facts, is that he was an infirm, over-sensitive man, physically

* Langbaine, *s.n.*, in his ‘Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets . . . (1691)’ blunders throughout in his account of Daniel—*e.g.*, he represents him as “weary of the world” and as “living . . . till he was near eighty years old”!! (really 57). Wood’s Ashmolean MSS. (quoted in Bliss’s edition

and intellectually, though (as to Spenser) he led observers to conclude that he was capable of far greater things than ever he wrote. But for a 'Critical' estimate of his work the Reader is respectfully asked to wait until our closing volume.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

of *Ath. Oxon.*, ii. 26) furnishes this singular note—"Sam. Daniel being for the most part *in animo* Catholicus, was at length desired to be openly a Roman Catholic ; but he denied, because that when he died he should not be buried in Westminster Abbey, and lie interred there like a Roman Catholic"—oracular and improbable. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' in our closing volume.

I.

INEDITED POEMS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY TO THE

WORKS OF SAMUEL DANIEL.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

1595—1623.

NOTE.

Examination of the successive issues (private or semi-private and unpublished) of his Poems, reveals that Samuel Daniel was wont to insert special Dedications and Addresses in gift-copies of his books; none of which are found in the Quarto of 1623, or known to Bibliographers or Editors: e.g., in the 'Poeticall Essays' of 1599 (but incorporating the first 'Four Books' of the 'Ciuill Wars,' dated on title-page 1595) there is an overlooked Sonnet to Lord Mountjoy; and again in successive exemplars of the 1601 folio of his 'Works' as 'newly augmented' there occur the following: (a) In the beautiful presentation-copy in the Bodleian there is prefixed a long and characteristic poem on its being deposited in the renowned library. (b) In the British Museum copy (C. 39, h. 23) there is a verse-dedication 'to her sacred Majestie' (= Anne, consort of James I.), which takes the place of the one in the Bodleian, neither having the other. (c) In the Bridgewater copy is an autograph letter to the 'Lord Keeper Egerton,' first published in *Censura Literaria* (vol. vi. 291-3) and later by the late Mr. J. Payne Collier. On this and another Letter printed by the latter, see our Memorial-Introduction. Further, in the little volume of 'Certayne Small Workes' of 1607 (not of 1611, as stated by the late Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., 'Anglo-Poetica,' s.n.) is an extremely noticeable verse-address 'To the Reader,' which was revised for the re-issue of the same volume in 1611—the latter supplying a line that had been inadvertently dropped in 1607. Finally, John Daniel introduces the Quarto of 1623 with an Epistle-dedicatory to Charles I. Though some of these have mainly reference to the 'Ciuill Wars' poems, yet as being so placed as to be introductory to the Works, it has been deemed expedient to bring them together here. Accordingly the whole will be found in their places. Other inserted and withdrawn Poems—equally unknown with these—are also given in their places, and indicated in relative footnotes (IX. Occasional Poems in the present volume). It is just possible that other gift-copies, more especially of the 1601 folio, may yield other special Poems.

A. B. G.

I. TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, SIR
Charles Blunt Knight, Lord Mountjoy,
and Knight of the most Noble
order of the Garter, and his
most worthy Lord.¹



DO not plant thy great respected name
Here in this front, to th' end thou
shouldst protect
These my endeuors from contempt
or blame,
Which none but their owne forces
must effect:

Nor do I seeke to win thy more respect,
Most learned Lord, by these Essaies of mine,
Since that cleere iudgement that did first elect
To fauor me, will alwaies keepe me thine :
Nor do I this more honour to affigne,
Vnto thy worth, that is not more hereby,
Since th' offrings made vnto the powers deuine,
Enrich not them, but shew mens pietie:
But this I do to th' end if destinie
Shall any monument referue of me,
Those times should see my loue, how willing I
That liu'd by thee, would haue thee liue with me.

S. D.

¹ From "The Poeticall Effayes of Sam. Danyel. Newly corrected and augmented. Actas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus. At London. Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1599". (4°). "First Foure Bookes of the Ciuell Wars," title-page 1595.

II.

S. D.

T O H I S B O O K E ,
In the Dedicating thereof to the Li-
brarie in Oxford, erected by
Sir Thomas Bodley
Knight.¹



Eere in this goodly Magazine of
witte,
This Storehouse of the choifest
furniture
The world doth yeelde, heer in this
exquisite,
And most rare monument, that
dooth immure

10

The glorious reliques of the best of men ;
Thou part imperfect worke, voutsafed art
A little roome, by him whose care hath beene
To gather all what euer might impart
Delight or Profite to Posteritie ;
Whose hospitable bountie heere receiuies
Vnder this roofe powers of Diuinitie,
Inlodg'd in these transformed shape of leaues.
For which good Worke his Memorie heere liues,
As th' holy guardian of this reuerent place,
Sacred to Woorth, being fit that hee which giues
Honour to others, should himselfe haue grace.

20

¹ From the 'Works of Samuel Daniel newly augmented,' 1601 (folio), in the Bodleian.

And charitable BODLEY that hath thus
 Done for the good of these, and other times,
 Must liue with them, and haue his fame with vs.
 For well wee see our groueling fortune climes
 Vp to that sphere of glory, to be seene
 From farre, by no course else, but by this way
 Of dooing publique good ; this is the meane
 To shew we were, how fram'd, of what good clay. 30
 For well we see how priuate heapes (which care
 And / greedy toyle prouides for her owne endes)
 Doe speede with her succeders, and what share
 Is left of all that store, for which it spendes
 It selfe, not hauing what it hath in vse,
 And no good t' others nor it selfe conferres :
 As if that Fortune mocking our abuse
 Would teach vs that it is not ours, but hers
 That which we leauue : and if we make it not
 The good of many, she will take that paine,
 And re-dispers th' inclosed parcelles got
 From many hands, t' in-common them againe.
 Which might aduise vs, that our felues should doe
 That worke with iudgement, which her blindnesse will,
 And passe a State which she cannot vndoe,
 And haue th' assurance in our owne name still.

For this is to communicate with men
 That good the world gaue by societie,
 And not like beasts of prey, draw all to' our Den
 T'inglut our felues, and our owne progenie. 50
 This is to make our giftes immortall giftes,
 And thankes to last, whilst men, and bookees shall last ;
 This heritage of glory neuer shifteſ
 Nor changes Maifters ; what thou leau'ſt thou haſt.

The grounds, the lands, which now thou callest
thine,

Haue had a thousand lords that term'd them
theirs,

And will be soone againe pent from thy line,
By some concussion, change, or wastefull heires.

We can no perpetuitie collate

Vpon our race that euer will endure ;

60

It is the worlds demaines, whereof no state

Can be by any cunning made so sure,

But at the change of Lordes for all our paine,

It will returne vnto the world againe.

And therefore did discreet Antiquitie,

Heere / (seeing how ill mens priuate cares did
speede),

Erect an euerlast[ing] Granery

Of Artes, the vniuerfall State to feede,

And made the worlde their heire, whereby their
name

Holdes still a firme possession in the same.

70

O well giuen landes, wherein all the whole land

Hath an eternall share ! where every childe

Borne vnto Letters, may be bolde to stand

And claime his portion, and not be beguilde.

Happy erected walles whose reuerent piles

Harbour all commers, feede the multitude :

Not like the proud-built pallace that beguiles

The hungry soule with empty solitude ;

Or onely raisde for priuate luxurie

Stands as an open marke for Enuies view,

80

And being the purchase of felicitie

Is Fortunes in remainder, as her due.

But you, blest you, the happy monuments
Of Charitie and Zeale, stand and beholde
Those vaine expences, and are documents
To shew what glory hath the furest holde.
You tell these times, wherein kind Pietie
Is dead intestate, and true noble Worth.
Hath left no heire, that all things with vs die, 89
Saue what is for the common good brought forth.

Which this iudicious Knight did truely note,
And therefore heere hath happily begunne
To shew this age, that had almost forgot
This way of glory, and thereby hath wonne
So much of Time, as that his memorie
Will get beyond it, and will neuer die. 96

III. To her sacred Maiestie.¹



ERE sacred Soueraigne, glorious
Queen of Peace,
The tumults of disordred times I
sing,
To glorifie thy Raigne, and to in-
crease
The wonder of those blessings thou
doost bring

Vpon thy land, which ioyes th' intire release
From bloud and sorrowes by thy gouerning,
That through affliction we may see our ioyes
And blesse the glorie of Elizaes dayes.

Happier then all thy great Progenitors
That euer satte vpon that powrefull Throne ;
Or all thy mightiest neighbour-Gouernors,
Which wonder at the blessings of thy Crowne,
Whose Peace more glorious farre than all their
warres.

Haue greater powres of admiration showne ;
Receiue these humble fruites of mine increase,
Offered on th' Altare of thy sacred Peace.

¹ From 1601 folio in British Museum.

I, who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,
In quietnes, do eat the bread of rest :
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd 20
That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest,
Bring here this worke of Warre, whereby was gain'd
This blessed Vnion which these wounds redrest,
That sacred Concord which prepar'd the way
Of glory for thee onely to enioy.

Whereto if these my Labors shall attaine,
And which, if Fortune giue me leauue to end,
It will not be the least worke of thy Raigne,
Nor that which least thy glory shall commend,
Nor shall I hereby vainely entertaine 30.
Thy Land, with ydle shadowes to no end,
But by thy Peace, teach what thy blessings are,
The more t' abhorre this execrable warre.

IV. AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF SAMUEL
Danyel sent to Lord Keeper Egerton with
a present of his Works newly aug-
mented, 1601, extant in the
Bridgewater Library.¹



IGHT HONOURABLE,

Amongst all the great workes
of your Worthynes, it will not be the
least that you haue done for me in
the preferment of my brother, with 10
whome yet now sometimes I may
eat, whilst I write, and so go on with
the worke I haue in hand which God knowes had long
since been ended, and your Honour had had that
which in my haste I haue prepared for you, could I
haue but sustayned myself, and made truce within, and
peace with the world.

But such hath been my misery, that whilst I should
haue written the actions of *men*, I haue been con-
strayned to liue with *children*, and contrary to myne 20
owne spirit, putt out of that scene, which nature had
made my parte; for could I but liue to bring this
labour of mine to the Union of Henry, I should haue
the end of all my ambition in this life, and the utmost
of my desires; for therein, if wordes can work any

¹ From 'Censura Literaria,' vi., 291-3.

thing vpon the affections of men, I will labour to
giue the best hand I can to the perpetuall closing vp
of these woundes, and to my keeping them so, that
our land may lothe to look ouer those blessed boundes,
which the prouidence of God hath set us, into the 30
horror and confusion of further and former clymes :
and though I know the greatnes of the worke require
a greater spirit than myne, yet we see that in theas
frames of motions, little wheels moue the greater, and
so by degrees turne about the whole ; and God knowes
what so poore a muse as myne may worke upon the
affections of men.

But howeuer I shall herein shew my zeal to my
country, and to do that which my soule tells me is fit ;
and to this end do I propose to retyre me to my pore 40
home, and not again to see you till I haue paid your
Honor my voutes ; and will only pray that England,
which so much needes you, may long enjoy the treasure
of your counsell, and that it be not driuen to complayne
with that good Roman : *Videmus quibus extinctis juris-
peritis, quam in paucis nunc spes, quam in paucioribus
facultas, quam in multis audacia.*

And for this comfort I haue receiued from your
goodness, I must and euer will remayne your Honour's
in all &c.

50

I am, &c.,

SAMUEL DANYEL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Egerton,
Knt., Lord Keeper of the Great
Seale of England.

V. *To the Reader.*¹



EHOLD once more with serious labor
here
Haue I refurnisht out this little
frame,
Repairid some parts defectiue here
and there,
And passages new added to the
same :

Some rooms inlargd, made some les thē they were
Like to the curious builder who this yeare
Puls downe, and alters what he did the last,
As if the thing in doing were more deere
Then being done, & nothing likes that's past. 10

For that we euer make the latter day
The scholler of the former, and we find
Something is still amisse that must delay
Our busines, and leaue worke for vs behinde,
As if there were no saboath of the minde.
And howsoever be it, well or ill
What I haue done, it is mine owne, I may
Do whatsoeuer therewithall I will.

¹ From "Certaine Small Workes Heretofore Divulged by *Samuel Daniel*, one of the Groomes of the *Queenes Maiesties Priuie Cham-ber*, & now againe by him *corrected and augmented*. *Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus*. At London. Printed by I. W. for *Simon Waterfor*. 1607." (12°).

I may pull downe, raise, and reedifie :
It is the building of my life, the fee 20
Of Nature, all th' inheritance that I
Shall leauue to those which must come after me ;
And all the care I haue is but to see
Those lodgings of m' affections neatly drest,
Wherein so many noble friends there be
Whose memories with mine must therein rest.
And glad I am that I haue liud to see
This edifice renewd, who doo but long
To liue t' amend. For man is a tree
That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long 30
Before he come t' his taste ; there doth belong
So much t' experience, and so infinite
The faces of things are, as hardly we
Discerne which lookes the likest vnto right.

Besides these curious times, stuf'd with the store
Of cōpositions in this kind, to drive
Me to examine my defects the more,
And oft would make me not my self belieue,
Did I not know the world wherein I liue :
Which neither is so wise, as that would seeme 40
Nor certaine iudgement of those things doth giue
That it disliks, nor that it doth esteeme.

I know no work from man yet euer came
But had his marke, and by some error shewd
That it was his, and yet what in the same
Was rare, and worthy, euermore allowd
Safe cōuoy for the rest : the good thats fow'd
Though rarely paies our cost, & who so lookt
T' haue all thinges in perfection, & in frame
In mens inuentions, neuer must read books. 50

And howsoeuer here detraction may
 Difalew this my labour, yet I know
 There will be foūd therein, that which wil pay
 The reckning for the errors which I owe,
 And likewise will suffiently allow
 T' an vndistasted iudgement fit delight,
 And let presumptuous selfe-opinion say
 The woorst it can, I know I shall haue right.

I know I shalbe read among the rest 60
 So long as men speake english, and so long
 As verse and vertue shal be in request,
 Or grace to honest industry belong :
 And England since I vse thy present tongue,
 Thy forme of speech, thou must be my defēce
 If to new eares it seemes not well exprest ;
 For though I hold not accent I hold fence.

And since the measures of our tong we see
 Confirm'd, by no edict of power doth rest
 But onely vnderneath the regencie 70
 Of vse and fashion, which may be the best
 Is not for my poore forces to contest :
 But as the Peacock, seeing himselfe to weake,
 Confest the Eagle fairer farre to be,
 And yet not in his feathers but his beake ;
 Authoritie of powerfull censure may
 Preiudicate the forme wherein we mould
 This matter of our spirite, but if it pay
 The eare with substance, we haue what wee wold,
 For that is all which must our credit hold. 80
 The rest (how euer gay, or seeming riah
 It be in fashion wise men will not wey),
 The stamp will not allowe it but the touch.¹

¹ This line only in 1611 edition—dropped inadvertently in 1607.

And would to God that nothing falty were
 But only that poore accent in my verse,
 Or that I could all other recknings cleere
 Wherwith my heart stands charg'd, or might
 reverfe

The errors of my iudgmēt passed here,
 Or els where, ~~in my booke~~, and vnrehearce
 What I haue vainely said, or haue addrest 90
 Vnto negle&t, mistaken in the rest.

Which I do hope to liue yet to retract
 And craue that England neuer will take note
 That it was mine. Ile disauow mine act,
 And wish it may for euer be forgot.
 I trust the world will not of me exact
 Against my will, that hath all els I wrote.
 I will aske nothing therein for my paine
 But onely to haue in mine owne againe. 99

TO THE HIGH AND MOST IL- lustrious Prince CHARLES His Excellence.¹

SIR :



Refents to gods were offered by the hands of graces ; and why not those of great Princes, by those of the Muses ? To you therefore Great Prince of Honor, and Honor of Princes ; I ioyntly present Poesie and Musick : in the one the seruice
of my defunct Brother, in the other, the duty of my selfe living, in both the devotion of two Brothers, your Highnes Humble seruants. Your Excellence then who is of such recommendable fame, with all Nations, for the curiositie of your rare Spirit to understand, and ability of Knowledge to iudge of all things, I humbly invite ; leauing the Songs of his Muse, who living so sweetly chanted the glory of your High Name : Sacred is the fame of Poets, Sacred the name of Princes ; To which

Humbly bowes, and vowes
Himself, euer your
Highnesse Seruant,
John Daniel.

20

¹ From the ' Works ' of 1623 (4°).



THE WHOLE VVORKES OF

SAMVEL DANIEL Esquire
in Poetrie.



LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for
SIMON WATERSON, and are to be
sold at his shoppe in Paules Church-
yard, at the Signe of the Crowne.
1623.



 The title-page of the Quarto of 1623 is given on other side, as it is our foundation-text. See Prefatory Note and Memorial-Introduction.—G.

II.

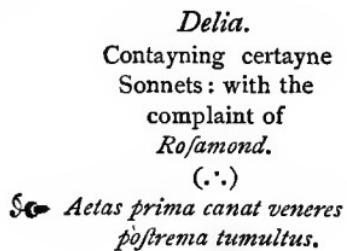
SONNETS TO DELIA.

1592.

NOTE.

The 'Sonnets to Delia' and 'Complaint of Rosamond,' as having been the Poet's first verse-publication, as well as perhaps his most abiding proofs of his faculty, take inevitably the foremost places in any critical reproduction of his Poems. The publication of the Sonnets was in a manner forced, if we are to credit the Author's statement in his preface to the first edition (1592). The reference is to the quasi-surreptitious edition of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella' of 1591, the "rascally bookseller" being Thomas Newman, and the editor no less than Thomas Nashe. To this now very rare volume were "added sundry other rare Sonnets of diuers Noblemen and Gentlemen." The larger proportion consists of twenty-seven of Daniel's Sonnets to Delia. Full details of these in the sequel of this Note.

The following is the original title-page, which is within a pretty wood-cut border :—



AT LONDON.
Printed by I. C. for Si-
mon Waterson, dwelling in
Paules Church-yard at
the signe of the Crowne.

1592.

On verso is this Note :—

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, I pray thee correct these faultes
escaped in the printing, finding them as they
are noted heere following.

- Sonnet 5. most unkindest, read sweete unkindest.
- Sonnet 14. Yer leaſt, read Yet leaſt.
- Sonnet 20. defires, read defiers.
- Sonnet 36. yee, read yce
- Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow.
- Sonnet 44. tunres, read turnes.

The second edition was issued in the same year, though not so marked. As the above errata are found corrected in it, we are guided to distinguish it from the other, as second, not first. The following is its title-page, which is within a somewhat poor architectural design, with two tiny miniatures in top corners (a man and a woman), and flowers in the bottom corners. The dove, = Holy Spirit, is above in arch, and the legend *Διος*, etc. :—

ΔΙΟΣ ΑΙΓΙΟΞΙΟΝ
DELIA.

Containing
certaine Son-
nets : with the
complaynt of Ro-
samond.

Ætas prima ca-
nat veneres postre-
ma tumul-
tus.

1592
AT LONDON
Printed by J. C. for S.
Waterfonne.

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his “Bibliography of Old English Literature” (*s.n.*), describes a third edition, also of 1592. There was none such. He has confounded the actual first edition with the second, and mis-entered the first, and made a third out of the second. He and others also prove to be mistaken in asserting that an exemplar of the first edition (entered by Hazlitt as second) is at Chatsworth. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire

informs me that no such book appears ever to have been in his library. Fortunately a perfect copy of the first and an only slightly imperfect copy of the second edition, exist in the Bodleian (Malone and Tanner books). A third edition, in a very charming little volume (18mo), was published in 1594. Its title-page, within a miniature copy of the title-page of 1592, second edition, is as follows :

**DELIA
and
ROSAMOND
augmented.
CLEOPATRA.**

By
Samuel Daniel.

*Ætas prima ca-
nat veneres postre-
ma tumul-
tus.*

1594.

Printed at London for *Simon Waterston*, and
are to be sold in Paules Church-yarde at the
signe of the Crowne.

On verso of Sonnet to Countess of Pembroke :—

Gentle Reader correct these
faultes escaped in the
printing.

Sonnet 18. lyne 3. for error, reade terror.
G 1. page 2. for Condemning, read Conducting,
In L. page 16. Marke the Speaker, and read thus
The iufice of the heanens reuenging thus,
Doth onely fatifie it felfe, not vs.
In the last chorus, for care, reade cure.

A careful collation shows that these three editions were all Daniel himself supervised throughout. Later texts give a few isolated and verbal changes, but the little volume of 1594 was evidently meant to be the ultimate text. Accordingly, at the bottom of each page of our edition of the ‘Sonnets to Delia,’ there are furnished the various readings and other alterations of these three editions, respectively designated ¹, ², ³;

and also such as occur in the folios of the 'Works' of 1601 and 1602 (quite distinct), these again being designated respectively^{4, 5}. It is to be understood that wherever^{4, 5} are not adduced they agree with our own foundation-text of 1623. It has been my anxious endeavour to record everything in any way noticeable, not however noting all mere orthographic changes or minor punctuations. The following table gives the contents and varying arrangement of the five editions named :—

1592—FIRST EDITION.

I. Title and errata (verso).

II. Prose-epistle to Countess of Pembroke.

Sonnet 1. Vnto...	so 1594, 1601, and 1602.		
2. Goe...	"	"	
3. If...	"	"	
4. These...	"	"	
5. Whilst...	"	"	
6. Faire...	"	"	
7. O had she...	"	"	
8. Thou poore...	"	"	
9. If thus...	"	"	
10. O then...	"	"	
11. Teares...	"	"	
12. My spottes...	"	"	
13. Behold...	"	"	
14. Those amber...	"	"	
15. If that...	"	"	
16. Happie...	"	"	[and 17 is 18.]
17. Since...	in 1594 and 1601-2, 17	Why should I sing,	
18. Restore...	in 1594 is 19	19 and 20 in ^{4, 5} What, etc.	
19. If Beautie...	20	21 in ^{4, 5} .	
20. Come death...	21	22	"
21. Those forrowing...	22	24	"
22. Falfe hope...	23	25	"
23. Looke...	24	26	"
24. If I in vaine...	28	—not in ^{4, 5} .	
25. Raigne...	25	27 in ^{4, 5} .	
26. Whilst...	26	27 is 27 of ² , and 28 in ^{4, 5} .	
27. The starre...	29	31 in ^{4, 5} .	
28. Rayfing...	30	And yet... 28 is 31, and in ^{4, 5} .	[is 33.]
29. O why...	32	34 in ^{4, 5} .	
30. I once...	33	35	"

Sonnet 31. Looke...	in 1594 is 34	36 in 4, 5.	
32. But loue...	" 35	37 "	[xxxiii.]
33. When...	" 36	38 "	(but misprinted)
34. When Winter...	" 37	38 [sic].	
35. Thou canſt...	" 38	39 is 40 in 5.	
36. O be not...	" 39	41 in 4, 5.	
37. Delia...	" 40	42 "	
38. Faire...	" 41	43 "	
39. Reade...	" 42	44 "	
40. My Cynthia...	" 43	45 "	
41. How long...	" 44	46 "	
42. Beautie...	" 45	47 "	
43. I must...	" 46	48 "	
44. Drawne...	" 47	O whether, etc., and 44 is 48 in '94, and so 4, 5, and 50 is 51 in 4, 5.	
45. Care-charmer...	" 49	51 in 4, 5.	
46. Set...	" 50	As to the Roman in 51, and	
47. Like as...	" 52	54 in 4, 5. [53 in 4, 5.]	
48. None...	" 53	55 "	
49. Vnhappy...	" 54	56 "	
50. Loe here...	" 55	57 "	
An Ode...	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	
The Complaint of Rosamond...	"	"	
A Pastorall...	"	"	

1592—SECOND EDITION.

Title, etc., and Sonnets 1 to 26 same as 1st edition.

27 Still in the trace...

28 Oft doe I muse...

29—30 as in 1st ed.

31 To M. P., and 27 of 1, again marked 31.

32 (numbered xxx.), My cares...

33 misprinted xxii. is 28 of 1.

34 is 30 of 1.

33 (2nd) is 29 of 1.

35 is 31 of 1.

36 is 32 of 1.

37 is 33 of 1.

38 is 34 of 1.

Sonnet 39 is 35 of¹.
 40 is 36 of¹.
 41 is 37 of¹.
 42 is 38 of¹.
 43—46 lacking in Bodleian copy.
 47 is 43 of¹.
 48 is 44 of¹.
 49 is 45 of¹.
 50 is 46 of¹.
 51 is 47 of¹.
 52 is 48 of¹.
 An Ode...
 The Complaint...

Summarily, the first edition contained 50 Sonnets, the second 52, the third 55, the fourth and fifth 57, and following the third (substantially)—ours 60, exclusive of additions in the sequel of this Note from volume of 1591. In the Memorial-Introduction I make remarks on certain of the various readings and alterations and additions and withdrawals.

I would now submit the result of a collation of Thomas Newman's or Thomas Nashe's pre-publication of a considerable proportion of these Sonnets. The selection is headed as though it made a single continuous Poem thus—"The Author of this Poeme, S. D.", and commences with "Goe wayling," etc., for introduction (our Sonnet 2); and here in the outset a better reading than the Author's presents itself, viz.—'Goe wayling verse the infant of my loue' for 'infants'; and in l. 12, 'crueltie' for 'pitty' [badly], and ll. 13, 14 run—

‘Knock at her hard heart : say, I perish for her,
 And feare this deed will make the world abhor her.’

- • Then comes as Sonnet 1 our 1st ; Sonnet 2 our 24th. Sonnet 3 was not reprinted by Daniel, but asserts its authorship. It is as follows :—

‘The onely birde alone that Nature frames,
 When weary of the tedious life flee liues,
 By fier dies, yet finds new life in flames :
 Her ashes to ber shape new essence giues.
 For haplesse loe euen with mine owne desires
 I figured on the table of my hart,
 The goodliest shape that the worlds eye admires,
 And so did perish by my proper arte.

And still I toyle to change the Marble breft
 Of her whose sweete *Idea* I adore,
 Yet cannot finde her breath vnto my rest ;
 Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.
 O blessed he that ioyes his stome and arte,
 Vnhappie I to loue a stonie harte.'

Sonnet 4 is our 3rd, and offers these variations :—

- l. 2, ' . . . and afflicted songs ' for ' lamentable songs .'
- ll. 4, 5, ' . . . who like to me doe fare
 May moue them, sigh thereat and mone my wrongs.'
- l. 6, ' . . . my foules distresse.'
- ll. 7, 8, ' . . . you will note what is awry,
 Whilst blind ones fee no error in my verse.'
- l. 9, ' . . . hap and errour leades.'
- l. 10, 'the' for 'your.'
- l. 11, ' . . . sorrow reads.'

Sonnet 5 is our 11th. In l. 1, for 'winne' it reads 'gaines,' and ll. 9-10 read—

' Though frozen will may not be thawed with teares,
 Though my soules Idoll skorneth all my voweds.'

l. 11, 'to deafned eares.' Sonnet 6 is our 37th, and opens, ' Why doth my Mistres,' and l. 10 reads 'the power of your face'; l. 11, 'To admire'; l. 12 (badly) 'cause' for 'cafe,' and closes—

' I feare your change not flower nor *Hyacinth*,
 Medusa's eye may turne . . . '

Sonnet 7 is our 14th: l. 4 reads 'these' for 'those'; l. 6, 'stroke' for 'wound'; l. 8, 'that' for 'this fort'; l. 9, 'I lift' for 'And lift'; l. 10, 'this' for 'the' repeated; and l. 14, 'Ladie' for 'Delia'—showing delicacy on Nashe's part. Sonnet 8 is our 13th, and reads l. 7, 'goodliest' for 'fairest'; l. 10, 'sweete *Idea*' for 'sweetest grace'; and l. 13, 'O blessed he that ioyes' for 'But happy,' etc. Sonnet 9 is our 27th, and yields these variations—l. 3, 'And close the way'; l. 4, 'bitter' for 'better' [very doubtful]; ll. 5-6—

' Whileft garding thus the windowes of my thought
 My freedomes tyrant gloryng in hir art :

l. 11, ' But (ah) sweete ' for ' Small is the victorie.'

Sonnet 10 is our 28th, and blunders in reading 'yeelds . . . who gaines, and 'and sigh' (l. 14). Sonnet 11, again, was not accepted by Daniel, but equally again reveals its authorship. It is as follows :—

' The flie Inchanter when to worke his will
 And secreit wrong on some forspoken wight,
 Frames waxe, in forme to repreſent aright
 The poore vnwitting wretch he meanes to kill,
 And prickes the image fram'd by Magicks ſkill,
 Whereby to vexe the partie day and night :
 Like hath ſhe done, whofe ſhew bewitcht my fight,
 To beauties charmes, her Louers bloud to ſpil.
 For firſt, like waxe the fram'd me by her eyes,
 Whoſe rayes ſharp poynted fet vpon my breſt,
 Martyres my life, and plagues me on this wife,
 With lingring paine to perish in vnreſt.
 Nought could (ſaue this) my freeetest faire ſuffice,
 To trie her arte on him that loues her beſt.'

Sonnet 12 is our 19th, and has only ſlight variations, e.g., l. 1, 'treasure' for 'trefſies,' and l. 10, 'voyce yeeld to *Hermonius* ſpheares.' Sonnet 13 is another that only appears in 1591 volume, but once more is ſelf-authen-ticating. It is as follows :—

' The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere,
 Vpon thine Altare (*Paphian* power) I place ;
 The greeuous ſhipwracke of my trauels deere,
 In bulged barke, all perifht in diſgrace.
 That traitor Loue, was Pilot to my woe,
 My Sailes were loofe, ſpread with my ſighs of griefe,
 The twine lights which my haples courſe did show,
 Hard by th' inconstant fands of falfe relieve,
 Where two hright starres which led my view apart,
 A Syrens voice allur'd me come ſo neare,
 To perish on the marble of her hart,
 A danger which my foule did neuer feare :
 Lo thus he fares that truſts a calme too much ;
 And thus fare I whoſe credit hath beene ſuch.'

Sonnet 14 is our 48th, and presents these various readings :—

- l. 3, ' dies ' for 'dries.'
- l. 6, ' the night wandring.'
- l. 7, ' Nor euer hath his impost paid more . . . ?'
- l. 8, ' my foules Queene hath euer beene.'
- ll. 9-11, ' Yet her hard rocke firme fixt for ay removing
 No comfort to my cares ſhe euer giueth
 Yet had I louing.'

I. 12, 'Than to imbrace'

I. 13, 'I feare raigning.'

Sonnet 15 is our 15th, and has these readings :—

I. 1, 'If a true'

I. 3, 'Steruen.'

II. 9-12, 'If I haue wept the day and sighd the night,
Whilst thrice the Sun approcht his northern bound :
If such a faith hath euer wrought aright,
And well deserud, and yet no fauor found.'

II. 13-14, ' the whole world it may see
 the most hurt be.'

Sonnet 16 is our 18th, and only these variations occur : I. 6, 'exact' for 'exact,' and I. 7, 'So long and pure a faith no fauour.'

Sonnet 17 is the fourth and last of the Sonnets given by Newman and Nashe, but not reprinted by Daniel, albeit as certainly his. It is as follows :—

' Way but the cause, and give me leauue to plaine me,
For all my hurt, that my harts Queene hath wrought it ;
Shee whom I loue so deare, the more to paine me,
Withholds my right, where I haue dearely bought it.
Dearly I bought that was so highly rated,
Euen with the price of bloud and bodies wasting, . . .
Shee would not yeeld that ought might be abated,
For all shee saw my Loue was pure and lasting,
And yet now scornes performance of the passion,
And with her presence Iustice ouer ruleth,
Shee tels me flat her beauty beares no action,
And so my plea and proces she excludeth :
What wrong shee doth, the world may well perceiue it,
To accept of faith at first, and then to leauue it.'

Sonnet 18 is our 29th, and gives these various readings :—

II. 4-5, 'When it had hop'd

My faith of priuiledge could no whit

I. 7, 'Whereby she had no cause once to'

I. 10, 'No comforts liue, w[h]ich falling spirites erecteth ';

I. 14, 'And by her hand that . . . where I had hope to '

Sonnet 19 is our 26th, and presents these :—

I. 2, ' thought to thought leade '

I. 3, 'Fortunes Orphan, hers and the worlds'

- I. 4. 'bad' for 'fad' [very poor]
 I. 6. ' neuer funne yet.'
 I. 7. 'A pleasing griefe impreffed hath'
 II. 9-10. 'Yet must not.'

Sonnet 20 is our 16th, but after the version in Nashes beneath *in loco*. It badly reads in I. 2 'hart' for 'hurt' and 'mooued' for 'inur'd'; in I. 6 of our 16th reads ' mercy (mercie yet my merit)' which is better; I. 9, 'Yet since'; I. 10, 'Still sorrowes'; and II. 12-14 run:—

' And nothing but her loue and my harts payning :
 Weep howrs, grieue daies, figh months, and still mourn yearly,
 Thus must I doe because I loue her dearlie.'

Sonnet 21 is also our 21st, and has these variations:—

- I. 1, ' bright be doubled' [bad]
 II. 2, 5, ' cannot shine through
 And Disdaines vapors are thus
 to me quite darkened is,
 Why trouble I the world then with my
 I. 7, ' 'ruthfull' for 'ruthlesse'' [bad].
 I. 8, ' my vntuned'
 I. 11, ' still hold her most deare vntill my'

Our Sonnet 22 in Nashe's text opens—

' Come Death the Anchor hold of al my thoughts,
 My last resort whereto my soule appealeth :
 For all too long on earth my fancie dotes,
 Whiles dearest blood my fierie passions fealeth.'

Sonnet 22 is our 24th, and gives these various readings:—

- I. 1, 'fire' for 'smoake'
 I. 2, 'These are the'
 I. 3, 'And these my tyrants cruell minde fulfils.'
 II. 6-8, ' that yet respects no whit
 My youth, vntimely withered with my teares
 By winter woes'
 I. 11, ' the blisse'

Sonnet 23 is our 9th, and offers in I. 1 a much better reading, which we accept in text—'To paint on fluids,' on which see various readings *in loco*. Most of these also excellent:—

- II. 3-4, 'With prone aspect still tending
 Sad horror, pale greefe, prostrate despaire.'

- ll. 6-8, 'Rife vp to waile, lie down to figh, to
 With ceaseles toyle Cares restleſſe stones
 and mone whilst'
 l. 9, ' to languish in ſuch care'
 ll. 10-12, 'Loathing the light, the world, my ſelfe, and all,
 With interrupted ſleepes, freshe grefes repaire
 And breathe out horror in perplexed thrall.'
 l. 14, 'Loe then'

Sonnet 24 is our 30th (from 1592²), and gives these variations :—

- ll. 2-5, 'My cares drawes on my euerlaſting night
 And horrors ſable clouds dims my lines funne ;
 That my liues funne, and thou my worldly light,
 Shall rife no more to me : my daies are donne.'

And these—

- ll. 7-8, ' I'll goe,
 And drefſe a bed of flowers.'
 l. 9, 'why that.'
 l. 10, ' fault and'
 l. 13, 'Although the world this deed of hirs may'

Sonnet 25 is our 32nd, and thus variantly reads—

- l. 1, 'my' for 'this.'
 ll. 2-3, ' crying
 . . . bloud and blondie trying.'
 ll. 12-13, 'My Ocean teares drowne me and quench my
 Whiles faith doth bid my cruel Faire adieu.'—[bad].

Sonnet 26 is our 59th, and thus opens, 'To' being a self-correcting misprint for 'Lo,' and 'impreſt' for 'impreſſe' :—

'To heare the impreſt of a faith not fainting,
 That dutie paies and her disdaine extorteth :
 Theſe beare the meffage of my wofull paining,
 Theſe olive braunches mercie ſtill exorteth.'

And there are further these :—

- l. 5, ' plaints with chaſte defires'
 l. 9, ' poore foule) I liue exild from'
 l. 11, ' liberties'
 ll. 13-14, 'What ſhall I doo but figh and waile the while,
 My martyrdome exceeds the highest ſtyle.'

Sonnet 27 is our 38th, and gives these slight verbal various readings :—

1. 1, ‘may’ for ‘shall.’
1. 2, ‘And . . . may . . . ?’
1. 4, ‘. . . power not . . . ?’
1. 6, ‘. . . the worlds eie doth . . . ?’
1. 7, ‘. . . her praise to . . . ?’
1. 8, ‘. . . fades the flowers . . . fed . . . ?’

Sonnet 28 (including the Introductory one as 1) is our 36th, and finally presents these variations :—

1. 1, ‘hope for ‘hopes.’
1. 3, ‘meane’ for ‘meanes,’ and ‘prefumes’ for ‘prefum’d.’
1. 4, ‘For disdaines thunderbolt made me retire.’

At the close is added, instead of the simple ‘S. D.’ of the commencement, these words—‘Finis, Daniell.’

It may be helpful to add here, collectively, the succession of the 1591 Sonnets, together with the first lines :—

Goe wayling verfe the infant of my loue,

- Sonnet 1. If fo it hap the Off spring of my care,
 2. Thefe forrowing fighs, the fmokes of mine annoy ;
 3. The onely birde alone that Nature frames,
 4. Teares, vowes and prayers gaines the hardest hearts,
 5. Why doth my Mistres credit fo her glasse,
 6. Thefe amber locks are thole fame nets (my Deare)
 7. Behold what hap *Pigmation* had to frame,
 8. Oft and in vaine my rebels thoughts haue ventred,
 9. Raigne in my thoughts, faire hand, sweete eye, rare voice,
 10. The flie Inchanter, when to worke his will,
 11. Restore thy treasure to the golden ore,
 12. The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere
 13. My *Cinthia* hath the waters of mine eies,
 14. If a true heart and faith vnfained,
 15. Since the first looke that led me to this error,
 16. Way but the caufe, and give me leaue to plaine me,
 17. Whilſt by her eies purfude, my poore heart flue it
 18. Looke in my grieves, and blame me not to mourne,
 19. Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
 20. If Beautie bright be doubled with a frowne,
 21. Come Death the anchor hold of al my thoughts,
 22. If this be Loue to drawe a wearie breath,
 23. My cares drawes on my euerlasting night,
 24. The Starre of my mishape impofde my paining

- Sonnet 25. To heare the impoft of a faith not faining,
 26. I once may fee when yeares may wrecke my wrong,
 27. Raifing my hope on hills of high desire,

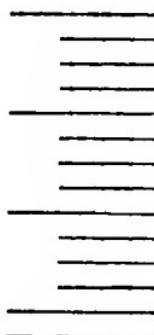
The critical student will perceive that saving four or five bad readings, probably from misreading the MS., the text of these twenty-seven Daniel Sonnets as printed by Newman and Nashe can hold their own against the Author's, and gives no sanction to his condemnation of the 1591 text, albeit his wrath may have been justified by the surreptitious way in which the transcript had been secured. It is well for us that these twenty-seven Sonnets were thus prematurely published. We are (so to say) admitted by them to the Poet's study, and get a vision of him at work and of the processes of his thought and emotion. The four rejected Sonnets are of special biographic interest. But the reader will find more in our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' on the various readings, etc., of the "Delian sonnety."

It only remains to add here the line-arrangements of the three editions:—

1592—FIRST AND SECOND.



1594.



In 1594 edition, the prose-epistle to the Countess of Pembroke is cancelled, and a fresh Sonnet-dedication substituted. I place it after the Prose Epistle and separate from the 'Sonnets to Delia.' On the 'M. P.' and neighbour sonnet of 1592 (2nd ed.)—assigned by various to the Countess of Pembroke in flagrant error—see our 'Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical.' In the various readings and notes beneath each Sonnet a stands for the Quarto of 1623, and, as before noted,^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5} for 1592 1st and 2nd, 1594 3rd, 1601 4th, and 1602 5th edition.

A. B. G.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
Ladie *Mary Countesse* of Pembroke.



IGHT Honorable, although I rather desired to keep in the private passions of my youth, from the multitude, as things uttered to my selfe, and consecrated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some of my secrets bewraide to the world, uncorrected: doubting the like of 10 the rest, I am forced to publish that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was not onely doone to mee, but to him whose unmatchable lines haue indured the like misfortune; Ignorance sparing not to commit sacrilege vpon so holy reliques. Yet Astrophel flying with the wings of his own fame, a higher pitch then the gross-fighted can discerne, hath registered his owne name in the Annals / of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoeuer disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that my vnboldned Muse, is forced to appeare so rawly in 20 publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happie and iudicall Patronesse of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserue them from those hidious Beastes, Oblivion and Barbarisme. Wherby

*you doe not onely posseſſe the honour of the preſent, but
also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your
vertues, wherein you muſt ſurvice your ſelfe. And if
my times heereafter better laboured, ſhall purcaſe grace
in the world, they muſt remaine the monuments of your 30
honourable favour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee,
who am vowed to your honour in all obſeruancy for euer,*

Samuel Danyell.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE
Lady Mary, Countesse of *Pembroke*.¹



ONDER of these, glory of other times,
O thou whom Enuy eu'n is forst t'
admyre :
Great Patroness of these my humble
Rymes,
Which thou from out thy greatnes
doost inspire :
Sith onely thou haft deign'd to rayfe them higher,
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine owne,
Begotten by thy hand, and my desire,
Wherein my Zeale, and thy great might is showne. 10
And seeing this vnto the world is knowne,
O leave not, stll to grace thy worke in mee :
Let not the quickning seede be ouer-thrown,
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.
Whereof, the trauaile I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory, (Madam) must be thine. 16

¹ 1594 A 1, instead of the Prose Epistle-dedicatory of 1592^{1, 2}—as on
pp. 33—34.



TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

VNto the boundlesse Ocean of thy beautie,
Runnes this poore Riuier, charg'd with streames
of zeale :
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.
Here I vnclaspe the Booke of my charg'd soule,
Where I haue cast th'accounts of all my care :
Here haue I summ'd my sighs, here I inrole
How they were spent for thee; looke what they are :
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And see how iust I reckon with thine eies :
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And crosse my cares ere greater summes arise.
Reade it (sweet maide) though it be done but sleightly;
Who can shew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.



accepted from heading 'To Delia.'

Sonnet I. 1. 1, 'boundles' ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}: , not in ¹; 1. 2, 'Runs' ^{1, 3, 1, 5}: *ibid.*, 'riuer' ^{1, 3, 4, 5}; 'Ryuer' ²: *ibid.*, 'zeale' ^{1, 2}; , ³; nothing ^{4, 5}—the colon accepted: 1. 3, 'duetie' ²; 'duty' ³: 1. 4, 'heere' ^{1, 2}, and so throughout: *ibid.*, 'playnts' ¹; 'reueale.'—period for *nil* accepted from ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}: 1. 5, 'booke' ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}: 1. 7, 'fighes' ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}: *ibid.*, 'enroule' ^{1, 2}; 'enroule' ³; 'inrole' ^{4, 5}: 1. 8, 'Howe' ^{1, 2}: 1. 8, 'thee'; Looke' ²; same in ^{3, 4, 5}, but small '1'— ; for , accepted: *ibid.*, 'are.' ^{1, 2, 3}; ^{4, 5}: 1. 10, 'thyne eyes' ¹; 'thine eyes' ^{2, 3}; 'thine eies' ^{4, 5}: 1. 11, 'trueth' ¹: 1. 13, no () in ^{1, 2}: *ibid.*, 'maid' ^{3, 4, 5}: *ibid.*, 'doone . . . slightly' ^{1, 2, 3}; 'sleightly' ^{4, 5}: 1. 14, 'shewe' ^{1, 2}.

SONNET. II.

Goe wailing Verse, the Infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a mother :
 Present the Image of the cares I proue,
 Witnesse your Fathers grieve exceeds all other.
 Sigh out a Storie of her cruell deedes,
 With interrupted accents of despaire :
 A Monument that whosoeuer reedes,
 May iustly praise, and blame my louelesse Faire.
 Say her disdaine hath dried vp my blood,
 And starued you, in succours still denying :
 Press to her eyes, importune me some good.
 Waken her sleeping pitty with your crying,
 Knocke at that hard hart, begge till you haue mou'd
 her,
 And tell th'vnkinde, how dearely I haue lou'd her.

Sonnet 2. l. 2, 'Mother' ^{1, 2} : l. 3, 'image' ^{1, 2} : l. 6, 'dispayre' ¹;
 'despaire' ^{2, 3} : l. 12, . for , after 'crying' ¹ : l. 12, 'that' accepted for
 'her' of ^{2, 3, 5}: *ibid.*, 'you' ^{1, 2, 3} accepted for 'ye' of ^{4, 5}, and 'yee' of α :
 l. 14, , after 'vnkinde' accepted from ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5} ('vnkind').

SONNET. III.

If so it hap, this of-spring of my care,
 These fatall Antheames, sad and mornefull Songs :
 Come to their view, who like afflicted are ;
 Let them yet figh their owne, and mone my wrongs.
 But vntoucht hearts, with vnaffected eie,
 Approach not to behold so great distresse :
 Cleere-fighted you, soone note what is awrie,
 Whilst blinded ones mine errours neuer gesse.

You blinded soules whom youth and errour leade,
 You out-cast Eaglets, dazeled with your Sunne :
 Ah you, and none but you my sorrowes reade,
 You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath done.
 That she hath done, the motiue of my paine,
 Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdaine.

Sonnet 3. 1. 2, 'sad and mornefull' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'lamentable' of ^{4, 5} and α : 1. 4, 'yet figh their' ^{1, 2}, accepted for 'Let them figh for their' of ^{4, 5}, and 'Ah let them figh theyr' of ³ : 1. 6, 'so great distresse' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'my heauiness' of ^{4, 5}, and α : 1. 7, qy., after 'Cleere-fighted' ? but as in text in ^{1, 2, 4, 5} : 1. 8, 'ones' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'ioules' of ^{4, 5}, and α : 1. 9, 'erroours' ^{1, 2, 3} : 1. 11, 'Ali' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'Do' of ^{4, 5}, and α : 1. 12, 'dunne' ^{1, 2} : 1. 13, 'doone' ^{1, 2}.

SONNET. IIII.

THese plaintiue Verse, the Postes of my desire,
 Which haste for succour to her flow regard :
 Beare not report of any slender fire,
 Forging a grieve to winne a fames reward.
 Nor are my passions limnd for outward hew,
 For that no colours can depaint my sorrowes :
Delia her selfe, and all the world may view
 Best in my face, how cares haue tild deepe sorrowes.
 No Bayes I seeke to decke my mourning brow,
 O cleere-eyde Rector of the holy Hill : —
 My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
 Of intercession but to moue her will.
 These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne hart ;
 My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of Art.

Sonnet 4. 1. 2, : accepted from ^{1, 2, 3} for , of ^{4, 5}, and α : 1. 8, 'how' ^{1, 2}, accepted for 'where' of ^{3, 4, 5} and α , but not 'hath' of ^{1, 3} : 1. 11, 'craue ... bow' ^{1, 2} : 1. 12, 'Of her milde pittie and relenting will' ^{1, 2}; 'Of intercession to a Tyrants will' ³; 'Of intercession but to moue her will' ^{4, 5}, as in α . See errata of ¹ in Note before these Sonnets.

SONNET. V.

VHilst youth and error led my wandring
minde,
And set my thoughts in heedlesse wayes to range :
All vnawares, a Goddesse chaste I finde,
(*Diana-like*) to worke my sudden change.
For her no sooner had mine eyes bewraide,
But with disdaine to see me in that place ;
With fairest hand, the sweet vnkindest Maid,
Cast water-cold Disdaine vpon my face.
Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,
Which still is chac'd, while I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts, set on me by my Faire :
My thoughts (like Houndes) pursue me to my death.
Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

Sonnet 5. l. 4, no () in ^{1, 2}: l. 5, 'my view' ^{1, 2}; 'mine eye' ^{4, 5}:
l. 7, 'most vnkindest' ¹: l. 8, 'Castes' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 12, no () in ^{1, 2}.

SONNET. VI. ▶

FAire is my Loue, and cruell as she's faire ;
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes
are funny,
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despaire ;
And her disdaines are Gall, her fauours Hunny.
A modest Maide, deckt with a blush of honor,
Whose feete doe tread greene paths of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her :
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.

Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
 Liue reconciled friends within her brow :
 And had she pitty to conioyne with those,
 Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now ?
 For had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
 My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

Sonnet 6. l. 1, 'as sh'is' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 2, - (hyphen) removed from 'brow shades' of *a*, not in ^{1, 2, 3, 4, 5}.

SONNET. VII.

FOr had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
 Then had no finger pointed at my lightnesse :
 The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
 And cloudes obscure had shaded still her brightnesse.
 Then had no Censors eye these lines furuaid,
 Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine
 No Sunne my blush and error had bewraid,
 Nor yet the world haue heard of such disdaine.
 Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
 No downe-cast looke had signified my misse :
 But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
 Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.
 For being full, should I not then haue spoken,
 My fence oppress'd, had faild, and heart had broken.

Sonnet 7. l. 1, 'For' ^{1, 4, 5}, but in ^{2, 3} 'O'—perhaps preferable, albeit the 'For' catches up l. 13 of Sonnet VI.

SONNET. VIII.

Hou poore heart sacrifiz'd vnto the fairest,
 Haft sent the incense of thy sighs to heauen :
 And still against her frownes fresh vowes repairest,
 And made thy passions with her beautie euen.
 And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart
 Tolde the dumbe message of my hidden griefe :
 And oft with carefull turnes, with silent Art,
 Did treate the cruell faire to yeeld reliefe.
 And you my Verse, the Aduocates of Loue,
 Haue followed hard the Processe of my case :
 And vrg'd that title which doth plainly proue,
 My faith should win, if Iustice might haue place.
 Yet though I see, that nought we doe, can moue,
 Tis not disdaine must make me leauue to loue.

Sonnet 8. l. 8, 'dread' MS. : l. 14, 'leauue'—accepted for 'cease' of
^{2, 3, 4, 5} and *a*.

SONNET. IX.

If this be loue, to draw a wearie breath,
 To paint on floods, till the shore crie to th'aire :
 With downward lookes, still reading on the earth,
 These sad memorials of my loues dispaire :
 If this be loue, to warre against my soule,
 Lie downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue,
 The neuer-resting stome of Care to roule,
 Still to complaine my grieves, whilst none relieue.

If this be loue, to cloathe me with darke thoughts,
 Haunting vntrodden paths to waile apart ;
 My pleasures horror, Musicke tragicke notes,
 Teares in mine eyes, and sorrow at my hart.
 If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
 Then doe I loue and draw this wearie breath.

Sonnet 9. l. 1, ^{4, 5} drop ‘to’ inadvertently : l. 12, ‘my’¹ : l. 14, ‘O then loue I’^{1, 2, 3} : in l. 2, Tieck stupidly proposed ‘Pant’ (his annotated copy of Daniel in B. Museum). ‘My name is writ on water’ catches up the ‘cry’ better. I accept ‘To paint’ of Newman and Nashe text of 1591 : l. 6, ‘me’ and l. 8, ‘me’ at close in ^{1, 2} ; ll. 5, 9, , inserted after ‘loue.’

SONNET. X.

Then doe I loue, and draw this wearie breath,
 For her the cruell Faire, within whose brow
 I written finde the sentence of my death,
 In vnkinde Letters ; wrote she cares not how.
 Thou powre that rul’st the confines of the night,
 Laughter louing Goddesse, worldly pleasures Queene,
 Intenerat that heart that sets so light,
 The truest loue that euer yet was feene.
 And cause her leauē to triumph in this wife,
 Vpon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart
 That serues a Trophey to her conquering eies,
 And must their glory to the world impart.
 Once let her know, sh’hath done enough to proue me,
 And let her pitte if she cannot loue me.

Sonnet 10. l. 1, ‘O then I loue’¹ ; ‘O then loue I’^{2, 3} ; l. 4, ‘wrought’^{1, 2, 3}—perhaps preferable : l. 5, ‘O thou’^{1, 2, 3} : l. 7, ‘Gods’ ; in l. 11 period.

SONNET. XI.

Teares, vowes, and prayers, winne the hardest hart,
 Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I spent in vaine;
 Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart,
 Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.
 I lose my teares where I haue lost my loue,
 I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded ;
 I pray in vaine, a mercilesse to moue :
 So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
 Yet, though I cannot winne her will with teares,
 Though my soules Idoll scorneth all my vowes ;
 Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares,
 No fauour though, the cruell faire allowes,
 Yet will I weepe, vow, pray to cruell shee :
 Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, meltes, and yeeldes we
 fee.

Sonnet 11. In l. 11 the : in ¹, ² obscures the continuous thought, but
 perhaps a, after 'though' in l. 12 is better. It is so in Nashe's text of
 1591 (*in loco*)—accepted.

SONNET. XII.

MY spotlesse loue houers with purest wings,
 About the Temple of the proudest frame :
 Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
 Which cleere our clouded world with brightest flame.
 M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
 Affeit no honor but what she can giue :
 My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
 I weigh no comfort vnlesse she relieuē.

For she that can my heart imparadize,
 Holdes in her fairest hand what dearest is,
 My fortunes wheeles the circle of her eies,
 Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.
 All my liues sweet confists in her alone,
 So much I loue the most vnloving one.

Sonnet 12. l. 1, 'hoouers with white' ^{1, 2}: ll. 6, 8, 'me' at close in
 ' ^{1, 2}; cf. Sonnet IX., ll. 6, 8 : l. 11, 'wheele' ¹; 'wheele's' ^{2, 3, 4, 5}.

SONNET. XIII.

BEHOLD what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame
 And carue his proper grieve vpon a stome ;
 My heauy fortune is much like the same,
 I worke on flint, and thatts the caufe I mone.
 For haplesse loe euuen with mine owne desires,
 I figurde on the table of mine hart,
 The fairest forme, that all the world admires,
 And so did perish by my proper art.
 And still I toyle, to change the Marble brest
 Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore,
 Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
 Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
 But happy he that ioy'd his stome and art,
 Vnhappy I, to loue a stony hart.

Sonnet 13. l. 6, 'my' ^{1, 2} : l. 7, 'forme, the worldes eye' ^{1, 2}—perhaps
 preferable, but occurs elsewhere in these Sonnets (see Glossarial-Index s.v.).

SONNET. XIV.

THOSE snary locks, are those fame nets (my Deere)
 Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprize ;
 Loue was the flame that fired me so neere,
 The Dart transpearsing, were those Christall eies.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame ;
 Deepe is the wound my sighes can well report :
 Yet do I loue, adore, and prayse the fame,
 That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this sort.
 And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
 The bond, the flame, the wound that festreth so,
 By knife, by liquor, or by salue to deale :
 So much I please to perish in my woe.
 Yet least long trauailes be aboue my strength,
 Good DELIA lose, quench, heale me now at length.

Sonnet 14. l. 1, ‘amber’^{1, 2}: *ibid.*, no () in^{1, 2} : l. 6, ‘do’¹; ‘doe’^{2, 3} : l. 13, ‘Ver’¹—put in errata.

SONNET. XV.

IF that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
 If a sweet languish with a chast desire,
 If hunger-staruen thoughts so long retained,
 Fed but with smoke, and cherisht but with fire :
 And if a brow with cares characters painted,
 Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken
 To her that sits in my thoughts Temple sainted,
 And laies to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open :
 If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
 And had my sighes still tending on her name ;
 If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
 And she (th’vnkindest maid) still scorns the same :
 Let this suffice, that all the world may fee
 The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must be.

Sonnet 15. l. 5, ‘caracters’¹: l. 8, *a* misprints ‘Vultar’ : l. 13, ‘the world yet may fee’^{1, 2}.

SONNET. XVI.

HAppy in sleepe, waking content to languish,
 Imbracing clouds by night, in day time
 mourne,
 My ioys but shadowes, touch of truth, my anguish,
 Griefes euer springing, comforts neuer borne.
 And still expecting when she will relent,
 Grown hoarce with crying mercy, mercy giue,
 So many vowes, and praiers hauing spent,
 That weary of my life, I loath to liue.
 And yet the *Hydra* of my cares renues
 Still new borne sorrowes of her fresh disdaine :
 And still my hope the Sommer windes pursues,
 Finding no end nor period of my paine.
 This is my state, my griefes do touch so neerly,
 And thus I liue because I loue her deerly.

Sonnet 16. l. 2, 'morne' ^{1, 2}:

' All things I loath faue her and mine owne anguish,
 Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.

Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,
 Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit ;
 So many vowes and prayers euer made I,
 That now at length t' yeelde, meere pittie were it.

But still the *Hydra* of my cares renuing,
 Reuiues new sorrowes of her fresh disdayning ;
 Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing :
 Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.

Waile all my life, my griefes do touch so neerly,
 And thus I liue, because I loue her deerely.'

So in ^{1, 2}, but ² in last l. reads 'thus' for 'this' of ¹ (error) : 'myselfe' in l. 8 in ³.

SONNET. XVII. ^

VV Hy should I sing in verse, why should I
 frame
 These sad neglected notes for her deare sake ?
 Why should I offer vp vnto her name,
 The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make ?
 Why should I striaue to make her liue for euer,
 That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue ?
 Why shold m'afflicted Muse so much endeuour,
 Such honour vnto cruelty to giue ?
 If her defects haue purchaſt her this fame,
 What shold her vertues do, her smiles, her loue ?
 If this her worſt, how shold her best inflame ?
 What paſſions would her milder fauours moue ?
 Fauours (I thinke) would fence quite ouercome,
 And that makes happy Louers euer dombe.

Sonnet 17. First appeared in ³, and is in ⁴, ⁵, and ^a.

SONNET. XVIII.

S Ince the firſt looke that led me to this error,
 To this thoughts-maze, to my confuſion tending :
 Still haue I liu'd in grieſe, in hope, in terror,
 The circle of my ſorrowes neuer ending.
 Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,
 Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me ;
 See what reward he hath that ſerues the vngratefull,
 So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.

Still must I whet my yong desires abated,
 Vpon the flint of such a hart rebelling ;
 And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
 She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.
 Oft haue I told her that my soule did loue her,
 (And that with teares) yet all this will not moue her.

Sonnet 18. 1. 7, 'th' ^{1, 2, 3}: 1. 4, no () in ^{1, 2}, and so throughout in them—this is XVII. in 1592.

SONNET. XIX.

Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
 Yeeld *Cithereas* sonne those Arkes of loue ;
 Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
 And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue,
 Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th'Iuory white,
 T' *Arabian* odors giue thy breathing sweete :
 Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
 To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.
 Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resign'd,
 And thy sweete voice giue back vnto the Spheares :
 But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind,
 To *Hyrcan* Tygres, and to ruthles Beares.
 Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe ;
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

Sonnet 19. See variations in introductory Note to these Delian Sonnets.

SONNET. XX.

VVhat it is to breathe and liue without life :
 How to be pale with anguish, red with feare,
 T'haue peace abroad, and nought within but strife :
 Wish to be present, and yet shun t'appeare :

How to be bold far off, and bashfull neare :
 How to thinke much, and haue no words to speake :
 To craue redresse, yet hold affliction deare :
 To haue affection strong, a body weake,
 Neuer to finde, and euermore to seeke :
 And seeke that which I dare not hope to finde :
 T'affect this life, and yet this life disleeke :
 Gratefull t'another, to my selfe vnkinde.
 This cruell knowledge of these contraries,
 DELIA my hart hath learnt out of those eyes.

Sonnet 20. First appeared in ⁴, and reprinted in ⁵.

SONNET. XXI.

If beauty thus be clowded with a frowne,
 That pitty shines no comfort to my blis,
 And vapours of disdaine so ouergrowne
 That my liues light wholy in-darkned is.
 Why should I more molest the world with cries ?
 The ayre with fighes, the earth below with teares ?
 Sith I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eies,
 Vexing with vntun'd moane her dainty eares.
 If I haue lou'd her dearer then my breath,
 My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it :
 And still must hold her deare till after death,
 And that all this moues not her thoughts a whit,
 Yet sure she cannot but must thinke a part,
 She doth me wrong, to grieue so true a heart.

Sonnet 21 is xix. in ¹, ²; l. 4, 'thus wholy darkned' ¹, ², ³; l. 7,
 'Since' ¹, ²: l. 12, 'And if that all this cannot moue' ¹ ², ³; ll. 13, 14—
 ' Yet let her say that she hath doone me wrong,
 To vfe me thus and knowe I lou'd so long' (¹, ², ³).

SONNET. XXII.

Come Time the anchor-hold of my desire,
 My last Resort whereto my hopes appeale,
 Cause once the date of her disdaine t' expire :
 Make her the sentence of her wrath repeale.
 Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beauty, steale
 Powre from those eyes, which pitty cannot spare :
 Deale with those dainty cheeke as she doth deale
 With this poore heart confum'd with dispaire.
 This heart made now the prospective of care,
 By louing her, the cruelst Faire that liues,
 The cruelst Fayre that fees I pine for her,
 And neuer mercy to thy merit giues.
 Let her not still triumph ouer the prize
 Of mine affections taken by her eies.

Sonnet 22. l. 1, 'death . . . of all my thoughtes' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 2, 'soule
 appealeth' ^{1, 2}; 'appeales' ³: l. 3, 'For all too long on earth my fancy
 dotes' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 4, 'Whilst my best blood my younge defires fealeth' ^{1, 2};
 'Whilst age vpon my wasted body steales' ³: ll. 5—14—

That hart is now the prospective of horror,
 That honored hath the cruelst faire that lyueth :
 The cruelst faire, that fees I languish for her,
 Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.
 This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
 To tread me downe with foote of her disgrace :
 Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,
 And laide my liues rest in fo faire a face ;
 That rest I lost, my loue, my life and all,
 So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall' ^(1, 2):

in ³ l. 4 is 'That hart being made the prospective': 'Tyme' and text of
 a, first in ⁴ and reprinted in ⁵.

SONNET. XXIII.

Time, cruell time, come and subdue that Brow
 Which conquers all but thee, and thee too staies
 As if she were exempt from Syeth or Bow,
 From loue or yeares vnsubiect to decaies.
 Or art thou growne in league with those faire eies
 That they may helpe thee to consume our daies ?
 Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
 Being merciles like thee that no man weies ?
 And yet thou seest thy powre she disobayes,
 Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vaine,
 And prodigall of howers and yeares betraies
 Beauty and youth t'opinion and disdaine.
 Yet spare her Time, let her exempted be,
 She may become more kinde to thee or me.

Sonnet 23. First in ⁴ and reprinted in ⁵ : l. 13, cap. T accepted from
⁴, ⁵.

SONNET. XXIV.

These sorrowing sighes, the smoake of mine annoy,
 These teares, which heate of sacred flame distils,
 Are those due tributes that my faith doth pay
 Vnto the tyrant, whose vnkindnes kilts.
 I sacrifice my youth, and blooming yeares
 At her proud feete, and she respects not it ;
 My flower vntimely's withred with my teares :
 And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnfite.
 She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
 And so with looks, prolongs my long-lookt eafe,
 As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,
 Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.

Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or els eye me neuer.

Sonnet 24. l. 1, 'smoakes' ^{1, 2, 3}; l. 2, , after 'teares' accepted from ^{1, 2, 3}; l. 3, 'these' ^{1, 2}; l. 10, 'eafe' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'cafe' of ^{4, 5}, and *a*; also the hyphen 'long-lookt': l. 14, 'eye me' ^{1, 2, 3}—more quaint and strong—accepted. This is Sonnet XXI. in 1592, and XXII. in ³.

SONNET. XXV.

False Hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe,
Traitor to me, and faithfull to my Loue:
A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her trechery,
Yet soone againe I must her backe recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often as I chase my hope from me,
Straight-way she hafts her vnto DELIAS eies:
Fed with some pleasing looke there shall she be,
And so sent backe, and thus my fortune lies.
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine,
Hopes are vnsure, when certaine is my paine.

Sonnet 25. l. 2, 'Traytrous' ¹; 'Traytours' ².

SONNET. XXVI.

Looke in my grieves, and blame me not to mourne,
From care to care that leades a life so bad;
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clouded brow doth make my daies so fad.
Long are their nights whose cares do neuer sleepe,
Lothsome their daies, whom no fun euer ioyd,
Th'impression of her eyes do pearce so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.

But since the sweetest roote yeelds fruite so sowre,
 Her praise from my complaint I may not part :
 I loue th'effect the cause being of this powre,
 Ile praise her face, and blame her flinty heart.
 Whilst we both make the world admire at vs,
 Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Sonnet 26. l. 1, 'morne' ^{1, 2}—cf. Sonnet xvi., l. 2 : l. 7, 'Her fairest eyes doe penetrate' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 9, 'doth yeeld thus much' ^{1, 2, 3}; *ibid.*, 'Sith' ³: l. 11, 'for that . . . fuch' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 13, 'that we make' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XXVII.

O Ft and in vaine my rebel thoughts haue ventred,
 To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart :
 And shut those waies my friendly foe first entred,
 Hoping thereby to free my better part.
 And whilst I garde thefe windowes of this forte,
 Where my harts theefe to vexe me made her choice :
 And thether all my forces doe transporthe,
 An other passage opens at her voice.
 Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye :
 My freedomes tyrants conquereng all by arte.
 But ah, what glorie can she get thereby,
 With thee such powers to plague one silly harte.
 Yet my soules soueraigne, since I must resigne,
 Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Sonnet 27. From ¹ and reprinted in ², but not in ^{3, 4, 5}, or *a*.

SONNET. XXVIII.

RAigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweete eye, rare voice,
 Posseffe me whole, my hearts triumvirate :
 Yet heauy heart to make so hard a choise,
 Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state.
 For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,
 All my poore life by them is troden downe ;
 They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
 And yeeld me nought that giues them their renowne.
 When backe I looke, I sigh my freedome past,
 And waile the state wherein I present stand :
 And see my fortune euer like to last,
 Finding me rain'd with such a heauy hand.
 What can I do but yeeld ? and yeeld I doo,
 And serue all three, and yet they spoile me too.

Sonnet 28. No variations.

SONNET. XXIX.

To M. P.

LIke as the spotlesse *Ermelin* distrest,
 Circumpas'd round with filth and lothsome mud :
 Pines in her grieve, imprisoned in her nest,
 And cannot issue forth to feeke her good.
 So I inuiron'd with a hatefull want,
 Looke to the heauens ; the heauens yeelde forth no
 grace :
 I search the earth, the earth I finde as skant,
 I view my selfe, my selfe in wofull case.

Heauen nor earth will not, my selfe cannot wake
 A way through want to free my soule from care :
 But I must pine, and in my pining lurke,
 Leafe my fad lookes bewray me how I fare.
 My fortune mantled with a clowde f'obscure ;
 Thus shades my life so long as wants endure.

Sonnets 29 and 30 appeared only in 1592² (E 3 and E 3 verso)—former misnumbered XXXI.. as it follows XXVIII., folio 29 after folio 28. They are accepted and re-inserted. See our Memorial-Introduction on them, and specially on the ‘M. P.’ of Sonnet 29.

SONNET. XXX.

MY cares draw on mine euerlasting night,
 In horrors sable clowdes sets my liues sunne :
 My liues sweet sunne, my dearest comforts light,
 Will rise no more to me, whose day is dunne.
 I goe before vnto the Mirtle shades.
 To attend the presence of my worlds Deere ;
 And there prepare her flowres that neuer fades,
 And all things fit against her comming there.
 If any aske me why so soone I came,
 Ile hide her finne and say it was my lot :
 In life and death Ile tender her good name,
 My life nor death shal neuer be her blot.
 Although this world may seeme her deede to blame,
 Th' *Elisian* ghosts shall neuer know the same.

SONNET. XXXI.

Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hawke, that flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.

VV Hilst by thy eies pursu'd, my poore heart
flew
Into the sacred Refuge of thy brest :
Thy rigor in that Sanctuary flew
That which thy succring mercy should haue blest,
No priuiledge of faith could it protect,
Faith being with blood, and fие yeaeres witnes sign'd,
Wherein no shew gaue cause of least suspect,
For well thou saw'ft my loue and how I pīn'd
Yet no mild comfort would thy Brow reueale,
No lightning lookes which falling hopes erect :
What bootes to lawes of Succor to appeale ?
Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes respect.
Then there I die from whence my life should come,
And by that hand whom fuch deeds ill become.

Sonnet 31. The heading first in ³ : ll. 1, 3, 'it' at close in ¹, ², ³; *ibid.*, 'her' for 'thy': l. 2, 'bosome of my dearest' ¹, ², ³ : ll. 3-14—

' She there in that sweete sanctuary flew it,
Where it presum'd his safetie to be neerest.
My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes signed :
In all which time she neuer could suspect it,
For well she sawe my loue, and how I pined.
And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee,
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth :
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee ?
Ladies and tyrants neuer lawes respecteth.
Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen ;
And by that hand, which better might haue given' (¹, ², ³).

SONNET. XXXII.

THe Starre of my mishap impos'd this paine
 To spend the Aprill of my yeares in griefe:
 Finding my fortune euer in the waine
 With still fresh cares, supplide with no relieve.
 Yet thee I blame not, though for thee tis done,
 But these weake whings presuming to aspire,
 Which now are melted by thine eyes bright fun,
 That makes me fall from off my hie desire.
 And in my fall I crye for helpe with speede,
 No pittyng eye lookes backe vpon my feares :
 No succour finde I now when most I neede,
 My heates must drowne in th'Ocean of my teares.
 Which still must beare the title of my wrong,
 Cauf'd by those cruell beames that were so strong.

Sonnet 32 is XXVII. of ¹, XXXI. of ², XXIX. of ³, XXXI. of ⁴, ⁵ and α : l. 1, 'payning' ^{1, 2}: l. 2, 'wayling' ^{1, 2}: l. 3, 'Tbat neuer found my fortune but in wayning' ^{1, 2}: l. 4, 'my prefent woes assayling' ^{1, 2}: l. 5, 'her . . . she might haue blest mee' ^{1, 2}; l. 6, 'But my desires wings so high aspiring' ^{1, 2}: l. 7, 'Now melted with the funne that hath posseft mee' ^{1, 2}: l. 8, 'Downe now I fall from off my high defiring' ^{1, 2}: l. 9, 'doe cry for mercy speedy' ^{1, 2}: l. 10, 'mourning' ^{1, 2}: l. 11, 'helpe I . . . when now most fauour neede I' ^{1, 2}: l. 12, 'Th' Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning' ^{1, 2}: l. 13, 'And this my death christen her anew' ^{1, 2}: l. 14, 'And give the cruell Faire her tytle dew.'

SONNET. XXXIII.

STILL in the trace of one perplexed thought,
 My ceasles cares continually run on :
 Seeking in vaine what I haue euer sought,
 One in my loue, and her hard hart still one.

I who did neuer ioy in other Sun,
 And haue no stars but thosē, that must fulfill
 The worke of rigor, fatally begun
 Vpon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
 Iniurious DELIA yet I loue thee stll,
 And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine,
 Ile tell the world that I deseru'd but ill,
 And blame my selfe t'excuse that heart of thine.
 See then who finnes the greater of vs twaine,
 I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.

Sonnet 33. Not in ^{1, 2}: first in ³ and reprinted in ^{4, 5} and ^a: ³ is so different that it must be reproduced here—

‘ Still in the trace of my tormented thought,
 My ceafeleffe cares must martch on to my death :
 Thy least regard too deerlie haue I bought,
 Who to my comfort neuer deign’st a breath.
 Why should’st thou stop thine eares now to my cryes,
 Whose eyes were open, ready to opprefse me ?
 Why shutt’st thou not the cause whence al did rise,
 Or heare me now, and feeke how to redrefse me ?
 Iniurious DELIA, yet Ile loue thee stll,
 Whilst that I breathe in sorrow of my smart :
 Ile tell the world that I deseru’d but ill,
 And blame my selfe for to excuse thy hart.
 Then judge who finnes the greater of vs twaine,
 I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.’

SONNET. XXXIII.

O Ft do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies,
 Are eyes, or els two radiant starres that shine
 For how could Nature euer thus deuise,
 Of earth on earth a substance so diuine.

Starres sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
 And calme and tempest follow their aspects :
 Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,
 That makes the world admire so strange effects,
 Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,
 Whose influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart ?
 Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,
 In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
 Starres then, not eyes, moue you with a milder view,
 Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

Sonnet 34. Not in ¹, ²: first in ³, and reprinted in ⁴, ⁵. and *a*.

SONNET. XXXV.

A Nd yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
 Or blame th'attempt presuming so to fore ;
 The mounting venter for a high delight,
 Did make the honour of the fall the more.
 For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore ?
 Danger hath honor, great desigues their fame,
 Glory doth follow, courage goes before.
 And though th'euent oft answers not the same,
 Suffice that high attempts haue neuer shame.
 The meane obseruer (whom base safety keeps)
 Liues without honour, dies without a name,
 And in eternall darknesse euer sleeps.
 And therefore DELIA, tis to me no blot,
 To haue attempted, though attaint thee not.

Sonnet 35. Not in ¹, ²: first in ³ (xxx.), and reprinted in ⁴, ⁵ and *a*.

SONNET. XXXVI.

Raising my hopes on hills of high desire,
 Thinking to scale the heauen of her hart,
 My slender meanes presum'd too high a part ;
 Her thunder of disdaine forst me retire,
 And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
 Where loe I languish in so heauy sinart,
 Because th'attempt was farre aboue my art :
 Her pride brook'd not poore soules should so aspire.
 Yet I protest my high desiring will
 Was not to dispossesse her of her right :
 Her soueraignty should haue remained still,
 I onely fought the blisse to haue her fight.
 Her fight contented thus to see me spill,
 Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

Sonnet 36. l. 4, *a* badly inserts 'to' before 'retire': l. 8, 'should come so nye her' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 9, 'aspyring' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XXXVII.

VVHy doost thou DELIA credit so thy glasse,
 Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the
 skies :
 And doest not rather looke on him (alas)
 Whose state best shewes the force of murdering eies ?
 The broken tops of lofty trees declare
 The fury of a mercy-wanting storne ;
 And of what force thy wounding graces are,
 Vpon my selfe thou best mayst finde the forme :

Then leaue thy glasse, and gaze thy selfe on me,
 That Mirror shewes what power is in thy face :
 To view your forme too much, may danger bee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case.
 And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint ;
 I feare your eye hath turnd your heart to flint.

Sonnet 37. l. 1, 'O why dooth Delia . . . her' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 2, 'her' for
 'thy' and 'thee' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3, 'dooth' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 8, 'you . . . may'
^{1, 2, 3}: ll. 7, 9, 10, 'your.'

SONNET. XXXVIII.

I Once may see when yeares shall wreck my wrong,
 When golden haires shall change to siluer wier :
 And those bright raies that kindle all this fire,
 Shall faile in force, their working not so strong :
 Then beauty (now the burthen of my song)
 VVhose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
 Must yeeld vp all to tyrant Times desire ;
 Then fade those flowers that deckt her pride so long.
 VVhen, if she grieue to gaze her in her glasse,
 Which, then presents her winter-withered hew,
 Goe you my verfe, go tell her what she was ;
 For what she was, she best shall find in you.
 Your firy heate lets not her glory passe,
 But (Phænix-like) shall make her liue anew.

Sonnet 38. l. 8, 'which' ^{1, 2}.

SONNET. XXXIX. ✓

LOKE DELIA how w'esteeme the halfe blowne
Rose,
The image of thy blush and Sommers honor :
Whilst yet her tender bud doth vndisclose
That full of beauty, time bestowes vpon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the ayre,
But straight her wide blowne pomp comes to decline :
She then is scornd that late adornd the Fayre ;
So fade the Roses of those cheeks of thine.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withered flowres,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now :
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying houres,
Dissolues the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure wast in vaine,
But loue now whilst thou maist be lou'd againe.

Sonnet 39. 1. 1, 'wee steeeme' ^{1, 2, 3}: 1. 3—

'in . . . greene she doth inclose,

That pure sweete beautie, Time' ^(1, 2, 3) :

1. 6, 'ful-blowne pride is in declyning' ^{1, 2, 3}: 1. 8, 'So clowdes thy
beautie, after fayrest shining' ^{1, 2, 3}: 1. 10, 'blooming' ^{1, 2, 3}: *ibid.*, 'thy'
for 'the' misprint of *a*—accepted : 1. 13, 'O let not their . . . riches'
^{1, 2, 3}: 1. 14, 'loue whilst that thou' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XL.

BUT loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe,
Now whilst thy May hath fild thy lap with
flowers,
Now whilst thy beauty beares without a staine ;
Now vse the Sommer smiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilst thou spreadst vnto the rising funne,

The fairest flowre that euer saw the light,
 Now ioy thy time before thy sweet be done.
 And (DELIA) thinke thy morning must haue night,
 And that thy brightnes sets at length to West,
 When thou wilt close vp that which now thou show'ft,
 And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
 Which then shall most inuaile and shadow most.
 Men do not wey the stalke for that it was,
 When once they find her flowre her glory pas.

Sonnet 40. l. 7, 'thy' twice inserted in *a* before *sweet* : in ^{1, 2}, spelt 'dunne'—so frequently : l. 12, 'hide it moist, and couer lowest' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XLI. ✓

VVHen men shall find thy flower, thy glory
 passe,
 And thou with carefull brow sitting alone :
 Receiued hast this message from thy glasse,
 That tells the truth, and sayes that all is gone ;
 Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madst,
 Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
 I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadst,
 My faith shall waxe, when thou are in thy waining.
 The world shall finde this myracle in me,
 That fire can burne when all the matter's spent :
 Then what my faith hath bene thy selfe shall see,
 And that thou wast vnkinde, thou mayst repent.
 Thou maist repent that thou hast scornd my teares,
 When winter snowes vpon thy sable haires.

Sonnet 41. l. 4, 'thee' ¹ : l. 11, 'shalt' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 14, 'golden heares'
^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XLII. ✓

V V Hen winter snowes vpon thy sable haires,
 And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties
 neere,
 When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,
 And all lies withred that was held so deere.
 Then take this picture which I here present thee,
 Limmed with a Penfill not all vnworthy :
 Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
 Here read thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee.
 This may remaine thy lasting monument,
 Which happily posterity may cherrish,
 These colours with thy fading are not spent,
 These may remaine when thou and I shall perish.
 If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby,
 They will remaine, and so thou canst not die.

Sonnet 42. l. 1, 'golden' ^{1, 2, 3}; l. 2, 'flowers' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XLIII. ✓

T Hou canst not die whilst any zeale abound
 In feeling hearts that can conceive these lines ;
 Though thou a *Laura* hast no *Petrarch* sound,
 In base attire, yet clearly Beauty shines.
 And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
 Do feele mine inward heat as great (I know it :)
 He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
 I loue as well, though he could better show it.
 But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
 To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile,
 And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
 Then shouldst thou liue in an immortall stile.

For though that *Laura* better limned be,
Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

Sonnet 43. l. 4, , accepted after 'attire' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XLIII.

BE not displeasd that these my papers should
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art :
Or that my wits haue shewed the best they could,
(The chaste flame that euer warmed hart)
Thinke not (sweet DELIA) this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should found thy praise with mournfull warble :
How many liue, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in Ise, when thine is grau'd in Marble.
Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd,
Vnburied in these lines reseru'd in purenes ;
These shall intombe those eies, that haue redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

Sonnet 44. l. 1, 'O be not grieu'd' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 5 and a badly 'displead' :
l. 7, 'liues' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 8, ¹ misprinted 'yee.'

SONNET. XLV.

DELIA, these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seene those walls which proud ambition
rear'd
To check the world, how they intomb'd haue lien
Within themselues, and on them ploughs haue ear'd.
Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaint
The spoyle of fame deseru'd by vertuous men :
Whose glorious actions luckily had gaind
Th'eternall Annals of a happy pen.

And therefore grieue not if thy beauties die,
 Though time do spoyle thee of the fairest vaile
 That euer yet couered mortality,
 And must instarre the Needle, and the Raile.
 That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,
 Liues in my lines, and must eternall bee.

Sonnet 45. l. 2, 'the which ambition' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 5, 'for all that no' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 8, 'Annals' ¹: l. 9, 'Why then though Delia fade, let that not moue her' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 11, 'mortallitie did couer' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 12, 'which shall . . . trayle' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 13, 'grace, that vertue, all that seru'd t' in woman' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 14, 'Dooth her vnto eternitie affommon' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XLVI.

Most faire and louely Maide, looke from the shore,
 See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues :
 Poore soule quite spent, whose force can do no more,
 Now send forth hope, for now calme pitty faues.
 And waft him to thee with those louely eies,
 A happy conuoy to a holy Land :
 Now shew thy power, and where thy vertue lies,
 To faue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand.
 Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace ;
 That hand that darts so right and neuer misses :
 I shall forget old wrongs, my griefes shall cease ;
 And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kisses.
 Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore,
 That thou be pleaf'd, and I may sigh no more.

Sonnet 46. l. 1, 'Faire and louely' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3, 'fore-spent' ¹: l. 5, ^a badly misprints 'waft': l. 11, 'Ile not reuenge . . . wrath' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 12, 'For' ^{1, 2, 3}: ^{4, 5} print 'gius.'

SONNET. XLVII.

READ in my face, a volume of dispaires,
 The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe :
 Drawne with my blood, and painted with my cares,
 Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd so.
 Who whilst I burne, she sings at my soules wrack,
 Looking aloft from turret of her pride :
 There my soules tyrant ioyes her, in the sack
 Of her owne feate, whereof I made her guide.
 There do these smoakes that from affliction rise,
 Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame :
 A sacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
 Because their power serue to exact the fame.
 Thus ruines she (to satisfie her will,)
 The temple, where her name was honour'd still.

Sonnet 47. l. 1, , after 'face' accepted ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3, 'printed' ^{1, 2, 3}:
 last l., , after 'Temple' accepted ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. XLVIII.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eies,
 The ready handmayds on her grace t'attend :
 That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer rife,
 For to their flow she neuer grants an end.
 Th'Ocean neuer did attend more duly
 Vpon his souereignes course, the nights pale Queene,
 Nor payd the impost of his waues more truly,
 Then mine vnto her cruelty hath beene.

Yet nought the rocke of that hard heart can moue,
 Where beat these teares with zeale, and fury driues :
 And yet I'd rather languish for her loue,
 Then I would ioy the fairest she that liues.
 And if I finde such pleasure to complaine,
 What should I do then, if I should obtaine ?

[Sonnet 48. l. 1, 'Cynthia' ^{1, 2}: l. 2, 'attending' ^{1, 2, 3}: *a* badly 'but
 neuer dries' from ^{4, 5}; ³ giues the true reading 'but euer rife'—accepted :
 l. 4, 'ending' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 8, 'to her in truth haue euer beene' ^{1, 2, 3}: *ibid.*,
 'Deitie become' ³ : l. 10, 'these' accepted ^{1, 2, 3}: *a* badly 'their' from ^{4, 5}:
ibid., 'driueth' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 11, 'for' ^{1, 2, 3}: 'I'd' for 'I' : l. 12, 'liueth'
^{1, 2, 3} : ll. 13, 14—

'I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,
 As now I taste in compas of complayning' (^{1, 2, 3}).

SONNET. XLIX.

How long shall I in mine affliction mourne ?
 A burden to my selfe, distrest in minde :
 When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
 From out dispaire, wherein they liue confinde ?
 When shal her troubled brow charg'd with disdaine
 Reueale the treasure which her fmailies impart ?
 When shall my faith the happines attaine,
 To breake the Ise that hath congeald her heart ?
 Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue doth sommon,
 (If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
 And let her tell me as she is a woman,
 Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue ?
 I know her heart cannot but iudge with me,
 Although her eyes my aduersaries be.

Sonnet 49. l. 1, 'morne' ^{1, 2}—cf. Sonnet XVI., l. 2 : l. 5, 'troubled'
 in errata ¹, as dropped : ll. 13, 14—

'I knowe she cannot but must needes confesse it,
 Yet deignes not with one simple signe t'expresse it' (^{1, 2, 3}).

SONNET. L. ✓

Beautie (sweet Loue) is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh vpon the tender greene :
 Cheeres for a time, but till the Sunne doth shew,
 And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
 Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest florish,
 Short is the glory of the blushing Rose :
 The hew which thou so carefully dost norish,
 Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
 When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
 Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
 And that in Beauties lease expir'd, appeares
 The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.
 But ah ! no more, this must not be foretold,
 For women grieue to thinke they must be old.

Sonnet 50. ll. 11, 12—
 ‘When tyme hath made a pasport for thy feares,
 Dated in age . . .’^(1, 2, 3):
 l. 13, ‘hath beene often tolde’^{1, 2, 3}: l. 14, ‘And.’

SONNET. LI.

IMust not grieue my Loue, whose eies would reede
 Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile :
 Flowers haue a time before they come to seede,
 And she is yong, and now must sport the while.
 Ah sport (sweet Maide) in season of these yeares,
 And learne to gather flowers before they wither :
 And where the sweetest blosomes first appeares,
 Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten foorth smiles to cleere the clouded aire,
 And calme the tempest which my sighs doo raise :
 Pitty and smiles doe best become the faire,
 Pitty and smiles must onely yeeld thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my grieves are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Sonnet 51. l. 3, 'a' dropped by α inadvertently : l. 5, 'Ah,' ^{1, 2, 3} accepted for 'And' of α and ^{4, 5} : l. 12, 'shall yeeld thee lasting' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 13, 'I hope' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. LII.

At the Authors going into Italie.

A Nd whither (poore forsaken) wilt thou goe,
 To goe from sorrow, and thine owne distresse ?
 When euery place presents like face of woe,
 And no remoue can make thy sorrowes lesse ?
 Yet goe (forsaken) leaue these Woods, these plaines,
 Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
 Thee and thy Loue forlorne, and both disdaines :
 And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues.
 Seeke out some place, and see if any place
 Can giue the least release vnto thy grieve :
 Conuay thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
 Steale from thy selfe, and be thy cares owne thief.
 But yet, what comforts shall I hereby gaine ?
 Bearing the wound, I needes must feele the paine.

Sonnet 52. Not in ^{1, 2} : heading accepted from ³ : l. 1, 'O Whether' ³.

SONNET. LIII.

¶ This Sonnet was made at the Author's beeing in
Italie.

DRawne with th'attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht heart turnes it to that happy cost :
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lies,
The leuell of my hopes desired most,
There where my *Delia* fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world doth smile,
Ioyes in that honor which her eyes haue wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happy Ile.
Florish faire *Albion*, glory of the North,
Neptunes best darling, held betweene his armes :
Diuided from the world, as better worth,
Kept for himselfe, defended from all harmes.
Still let disarmed peace decke her and thee :
And Muse-foe *Mars*, abroad farre fostred bee.

Sonnet 53. Heading from ⁹ accepted : l. 5, α badly misprints 'were' : l. 6, 'smyleth' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 7, 'beautie wonne' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 8, 'Th' eternall volume which her fame compyleth' ^{1, 2} : l. 10, 'Neptunes darling' ^{1, 2} : *ibid.*, misprinted 'arme' in α .

SONNET. LIV.

CAre-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the fable night,
Brother to death, in silent darknes borne :
Relieu my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my care returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The shipwracke of my ill aduentred youth :
Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.

Cease dreames, th' Images of day desires,
 To modell forth the passions of the morrow :
 Neuer let rising Sunne approue you liers,
 To adde more grieve to agrauate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,
 And neuer wake to feele the dayes disdaine.

Sonnet 54. l. 5, 'morne' ^{1, 2}, as before : l. 9, 'th' ymagery of our day' ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. LV. ✓

L Et others sing of Knights and Palladines ;
 In aged accents, and vntimely words :
 Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,
 VVhich well the reach of their high wits records ;
 But I must sing of thee, and those faire eies,
 Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
 VVhen yet th'vnborne shall say, Lo where she lies,
 VVhose beauty made him speake that else was
 dombe.
 These are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect,
 That fortifie thy name against old age :
 And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
 Against the darke and times consuming rage.
 Though th'error of my youth in them appeare,
 Suffice, they shew I liu'd and lou'd thee deare.

Sonnet 55. l. 13, 'they shall discouer' ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 14, 'was thy louer'
^{1, 2, 3}

SONNET. LVI.

AS to the Roman that would free his Land,
 His error was his honour and renowne :
 And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
 Then if he had the tyrant ouer-throwne.
 So DELIA, hath mine error made me knowne,
 And my deceiu'd attempt, deferu'd more fame ;
 Then if I had the victory mine owne :
 And thy hard heart had yeelded vp the same.
 And so likewise, renowned is thy blame,
 Thy cruelty, thy glory ; O strange case
 That errors should be grac'd that merit shame,
 And finne of frownes bring honour to the face.
 Yet happy DELIA that thou wast vnkind,
 Though happier far if thou wouldest change thy mind.

Sonnet 56. First in ^s: l. 14, 'yet' ^s.

SONNET. LVII.

LIKE as the Lute delights or els dislikes,
 As is his art that playes vpon the fame :
 So sounds my Muse according as she strikes
 On my heart-strings high tun'd vnto her fame.
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
 VVhich here I yeeld in lamentable wife :
 A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,
 VVhose due reports giue honor to her eyes.

Else harsh my stile, vntunable my Muse,
 Hoarce sounds the voyce that prayseth not her
 name ;
 If any pleasing relish here I vse,
 Then iudge the world her beauty giues the same.
 For no ground els could make the Musicke such,
 Nor other hand could giue so true a touch.

Sonnet 57. l. 1, 'that ioyes' ^{1, 2, 3}: ll. 13, 14—

'O happie ground that makes

And blessed hand that giues so sweete' ^(1, 2, 3).

SONNET. L VIII.

NOne other fame mine vnambitious Muse,
 Affected euer, but t'eternize thee :
 All other honors doe my hopes refuse,
 Which meaner priz'd and momentary bee.
 For God forbid I should my Papers blot,
 With mercenary lines, with seruile Pen :
 Praising vertues in them that haue them not,
 Basely attending on the hopes of men.
 No, no, my Verse respects not *Thames* nor *Theaters*,
 Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,
 But *Auon* rich in fame, though poore in waters,
 Shall haue my Song, where *Delia* hath her seat:
Auon shall be my *Thames*, and she my Song,
 No other prouder Brookes shall heare my wrong.

Sonnet 58. l. 11, 'rich' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'poore' of ^{3, 4, 5}, and *a* ;
 also 'though' for 'and' : l. 14, 'Ile found her name the Ryuer all along'
^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. LIX.

VNhappy Pen, and ill-accepted lines
 That intimate in vaine my chaste desire :
 My chaste desire, which from darke sorrow shines,
 Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fire.
 Celestiall fire, and vnrespecting powres
 Which pitty not the wounds made by their might,
 Shew'd in these lines, the worke of carefull houres,
 The sacrifice here offred to her sight.
 But fince she weighs them not, this rests for me,
 Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue :
 And so content me that her frownes should be
 To m'infant stile the Cradle, and the Graue.
 What though my Muse no honor get thereby,
 Each Bird sings to her selfe, and so will I.

Sonnet 59. l. 1, ‘papers’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 2, ‘defiers’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3, ‘defiers, the euer burning tapers’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 4, ‘fiers’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 5, ‘fiers’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 6, ‘That deigne not view the glory of your’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 7, ‘In’ humble lines’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 8, ‘I offer’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 9, ‘fith’ ^{1, 2, 3}: *ibid.*, ‘scornes her owne’ ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 13, ‘selfe’ ^{1, 2, 3}.

SONNET. LX.

LO here the impost of a faith entire
 Which loue doth pay, and her disdaine extorts :
 Behold the message of a chaste desire
 Which tells the world how much my grieve imports.
 These tributary passions, beauties due,
 I send those eyes the cabinets of loue :
 That Cruelty her selfe might grieue to view
 Th'affliction her vnkind disdaine doth moue.

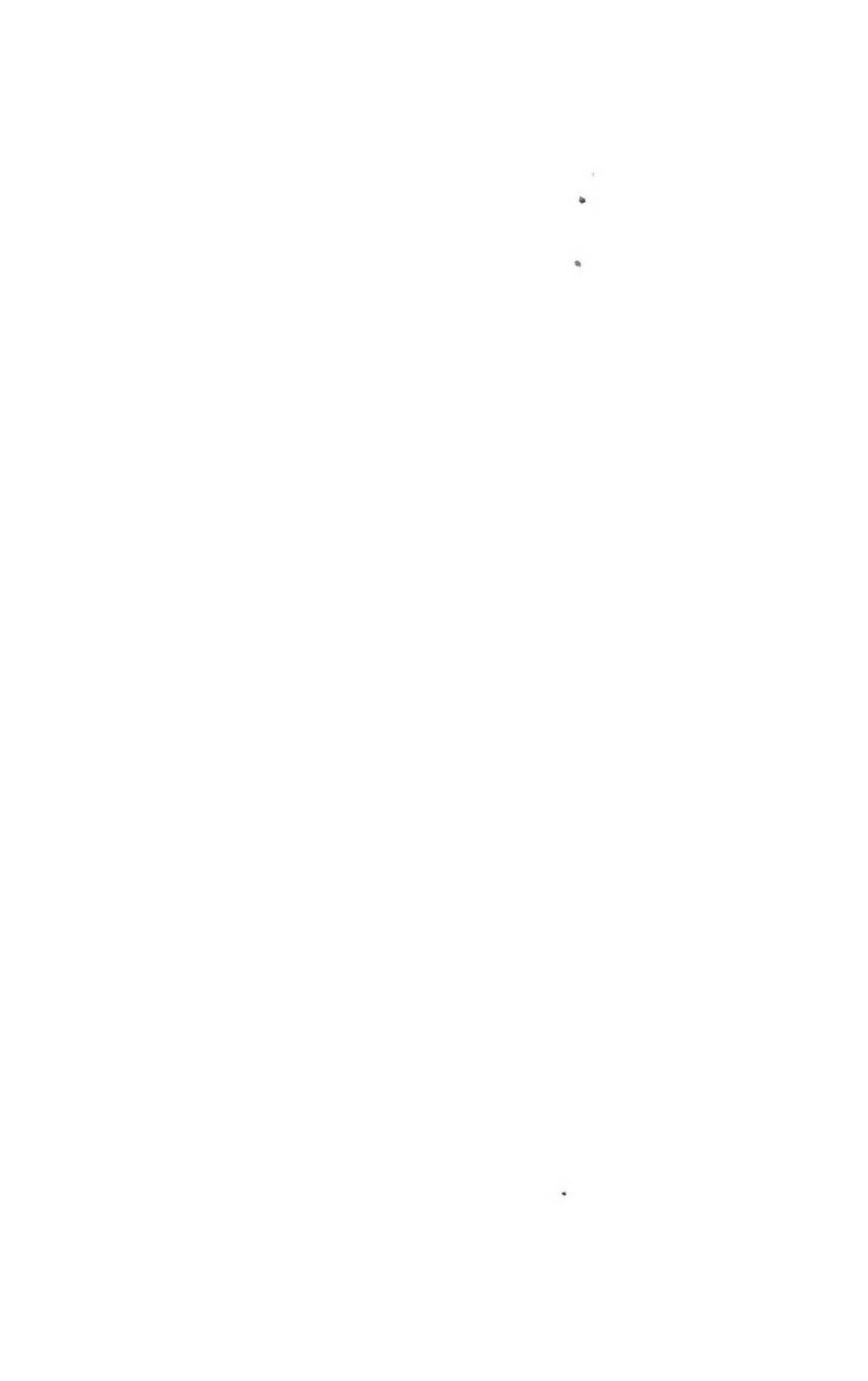
And how I liue cast downe from off all myrth,
 Pensie alone, onely but with Dispaire :
 My ioyes abortiue, perish in their byrth.
 My grieves long liu'd, and care succeeding care.
 This is my state, and DELIAS heart is such,
 I say no more, I feare I sayd too much.

Sonnet 60. l. 1, 'vnfaining' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 2, 'That loue hath paide extortes' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 3, 'my iust complayning' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 4, 'That shewes . . . imported' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 5, 'plaintes fraught with desire' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 7, 'The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire' ^{1, 2, 3}: ll. 8, 9—

' From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.

Wherein I thus doe liue cast downe from myrth' ^(1, 2, 3):
 l. 10, 'none but despayre about mee' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 11, 'perifst at' ^{1, 2, 3}—
 'perifst' accepted for 'perish' from ^{4, 5} and *a*: l. 12, 'carres . . . will
 not dye without mee' ^{1, 2, 3}: 'Finis' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 14, qu.—'I've'?

The Ode and other related Poems appended will be found under 'IX.
 Occasional Poems.'



III.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

1592.

NOTE.

As shown by the title-pages of 1592 (1st and 2nd edition), the ‘Complaint of Rosamond’ accompanied the ‘Sonnets to Delia’; and so in ³, ⁴, ⁵, and ^a. Our text (as throughout) is the 4to of 1623; but underneath the various readings, additions, etc., of the earlier texts are recorded.

In 1594 edition (Malone 354) on last leaf (verso) the following notes are written:—

EPITAPHIUM.

Hic jacet in tombo Rosa mundi non Rosa munda.
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere folet.

Heer lyes intoumbd wthin this compast stone,
ffayre *Rosamond*, not nowe the world's fayre rose;
Who whilome sweetest smelt, follow'd by none,
Doth nowe wth deadly staunch infest y^e nose.

F. L.

AND

This marble stōne doth heere encloſe
The worlds fayre not now sweete rose,
In whome too late the worlds repose
Doth nowe wth stinch offende the nose.

F.d.

See Memorial-Introduction on Mr. J. Payne Collier's reprints of the early texts of the ‘Complaint.’

A. B. G



THE
COMPLAINT OF
Rosamond.

O Vt from the horror of infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,
The spot wherewith my kind, and youth did staine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it :
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame findes neuer Tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elisian rest,
The ioyfull blisse for Ghosts repurified,
The euer-springing Gardens of the blest :
Caron denies me waftage with the rest.

10

And saies my soule can neuer passe the Riuver,
Till Louers sighs on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe ; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing ?
Time hath long since worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriving :
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

Rosamond hath little left her but her name, 20
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

l. 4, , accepted from ^{1, 2}: also : after 'it' for . : l. 9, 'Elisean' ¹: l. 18, : for , ^{1, 2, 3}.

No Muse suggests the pitty of my case,
 Each Pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
 Whilst others are prefer'd, though farre more base ;
Shores wife is grac'd, and passes for a Saint ;
 Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.

Her well-told tale did such compassion finde,
 That she is pass'd, and I am left behinde.

Which seene with grieve, my miserable Ghost,
 (Whilome inuefted in so faire a vaile, 30
 Which whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most,
 And being dead, giues matter to bewaile,)
 Comes to follicite thee, (whilst others faile)

To take this taske, and in thy wofull song
 To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
 Toill'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
 In others cares hath little time to vse,
 And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :
 Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse, 40

The ioyes depending on a womans grace,
 So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our Story,
 And offer vp her sighs among the rest,
 Whose merit wculd suffice for both our glory,
 Whereby thou might'ft be grac'd and I be blest ;
 That indulgence would profit me the best.

Such powre she hath by whom thy youth is led,
 To ioy the liuing, and to blesse the dead.

l. 27, hyphen accepted ¹, ², ³: l. 33, 'since' ¹, ², ³: l. 37, 'affliction'
 accepted ¹, ², ³, for 'affection': l. 43, 'deyng' ¹, ².

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'ſt wight,
By beauty might haue comfort after death :
That dying faireſt, by the faireſt might
Finde life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath
She that can bleſſe vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muſe to doe her beſt,
That thereby thou mayſt ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaid : forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pitty (which my ſelſe could neuer find;) 50
What ſhe deſir'd, my Muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tell her mind.
And I (more willing) tooke this charge affign'd,
Because her grieſes were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth ſhe) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my ſlippry ſtate :
Of all my life reueale the ſimple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late..
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them tis forbidden. 70

For whilſt the Sun-shine of my fortune laſted,
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate
That euer yet imperious beauty taſted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get :
But this faire morning had a shamefull ſet.

Disgrace dark'd honour, finne did cloude my brow,
As note the ſequell, and Ile tell thee how.

The bloud I stain'd, was good and of the best,
 My birth had honour, and my beauty fame :
 Nature and Fortune ioynd to make me blest.
 Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the same.
 My education shew'd from whence I came,
 And all concurr'd to make me happy furst,
 That so great hope might make me more accurst.

85

Happy liu'd I whilst parents eye did guide
 The indiscretion of my feeble wayes,
 And Countrey-home kept me from being eide,
 Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest daies :
 Till that my friends mine honour sought to raire
 To higher place, which greater credit yeelds,
 Deeming such beauty was vnfitt for fields.

90

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd
 From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes :
 There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
 There where I lost the floure which honour keepes,
 There where the worser thriues, the better weepes ;
 Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy shelfe,
 I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

There whereas fraile and tender beauty stands,
 With all assaulting powres inuironed ;
 Hauing but prayers and weake feeble hands
 To hold their honours Fort vnuanquished ;
 There where to stand, and be vnconquered,
 Is to b'aboue the nature of our kinde,
 That cannot long for pitty be vnkinde.

100

I. 98, , 1, 2, 3, accepted : II. 99—105 first inserted in * are reprinted in ⁵, though left out in 1599 edition, but again in 1605.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
 With rarest prooфе of beauty euer seene :
 When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,
 That it had powre to make the winter greene,
 And floure affections whereas none had beene ; 110
 Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
 And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw (though yeeres with cold conceit,
 Congeal'd their thoughts against a warme desire,)
 Yet figh their want, and looke at such a baite ;
 I saw how youth was waxe before the fire ;
 I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.

Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
 The enuie of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing, 120
 Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it ;
 Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing,
 Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
 So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it ;
 So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
 T'amaze the world, that holdes such sights so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
 Sweet silent Rhetorique of perswading eyes :
 Dombe Eloquence, whose powre doth moue the bloud,
 More then the words or wisedome of the wise ; 130
 Still harmony, whose Diapason lyes
 Within a brow, the key which passions moue,
 To rauish fence, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe whose powre was such ?

What cannot women doe that know their powre ?

What women knowes it not (I feare too much)

How blisse or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre ?

Whilst they inioy their happy blooming flowre,

Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires

Of youth and beauty, which the world admires. 140

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,

No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke :

That new-found shame, a finne to vs vnknowne,

Th'adulterate beauty of a falsoed cheeke :

Vilde staine to honour, and to women eeke,

Seeing that time our fading must detect,

Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, Chastities abator,

Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest :

Treason to counterfeit the feale of Nature,

150

The stampe of heauen, impressed by the higher

Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest,

Idoll vnto thy selfe, shaine to the wife,

And all that honour thee Idolatrise.

Farre was that finne from vs whose age was pure,

VVhen simple beauty was accounted best,

The time when women had no other lure

But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest :

This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.

These were the weapons which mine honour wonne,

In all the conflicts which mine eyes begunne. 161

l. 139, 'her' (*bis*) 'proper fayre' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 140, 'Which cheeres the worlde, ioyes each fight, sweetens th'ayre' ^{1, 2, 3} (in ² misprinted 'arye') : l. 152, , ^{1, 2, 3}, for . : l. 158, : ^{1, 2, 3} for . : l. 160, spelt 'wunne' ^{1, 2} : 'wun' ³.

VVhich were not small; I wrought on no meane obiect,
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obey'd me :
VVhom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,
VVho did command the Land, most humbly pray'd me :
Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd me,
 Found well (by prooфе) the priuiledge of beauty,
 That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in *France*,
And all the triumphs of his honour wonne : 170
Vnmatcht by sword, was vanquisht by a glance,
And hotter warres within his breast begunne.
VVarres, whom whole legions of desires drew on :
 Against all which, my chasteitie contends,
 VVith force of honour, which my shame defends.
No Armour might be found that could defend,
Transpearcing raies of cristall poynted eyes :
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age ; (yet old men should be wise)
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies. 180

Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
 For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

VVho would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obey'd his hand-maide of so meane estate ;
Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date.
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late,
 For such a dainty which his youth found not,
 Vnto his feeble age did chaunce allot.

l. 163, :^{1, 2, 3} for , : and so l. 165 : l. 170, 'Tryumphing in the honour
of his deedes' :^{1, 2, 3} l. 172, 'bosome breedes' :^{1, 2, 3} l. 173, 'desires feedes'
: l. 174, 'oppofes' :^{1, 2, 3} l. 175, 'The fielde of honour vertue neuer
loses' :^{1, 2, 3} l. 184, 'a state' :^{1, 2}

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good, 190
 For that some crosse still counter-checks our lucke ;
 As here behold th'incompatible blood,
 Of age and youth was that whereon we stucke :
 VVhose lothing, we from Natures breasts doe fucke,
 As opposite to what our bloud requires ;
 For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour fitting,
 Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :
 Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
 May not be suffred once to thinke the're old : 200
 Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
 Miserable fortune to forget so farre
 The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect ;
 For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
 H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
 Of maiesty, whereon his state relies :
 And now of loues and pleasures must devise.
 For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
 And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth. 210

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
 So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :
 My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaste louer.
 The Crowne that could command what it requires,
 I lesser priz'd then Chastities attires.

Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adorns,
 Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And safe mine honor stood, till that in truth,
One of my Sexe, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.

220

One in the habit of like frailtie clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weakenesse had.

A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull Monster,
As by her words the Chaster fort may conster.

She set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That Court and age could cunningly devise :
Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to subtilise.
Both were enough to circumuent the wife.

A document that well might teach the sage, 230
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she) behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou mayst thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap :
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,

T'oppose thy selfe against thine owne good fortune,
That poynts thee out, and seemes thee to importune.

Doost thou not see, how that thy King (thy *Ioue*)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate : 240
And showers downe gold and treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doost shut thy lap against thy Fate ?
Fie Fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late

The error of thy youth ; that canst not see
What is the Fortune that doth follow thee.

l. 230, 'may' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 232, 'faith' ^{1, 2}.

Thou must not thinke thy flower can alwayes flourish,
 And that thy beauty will be still admired ;
 But that those raies which all these flames doe nourish,
 Cancell'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
 And men will scorne what now is so desired. 250

— Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
 Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
 The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow ;
 I haue beene faire (I must confesse the truth)
 And stood vpon as nice respects as thou ;
 I lost my time, and I repent it now.

But were I to beginne my youth againe,
 I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine.

But thou hast yeeres and priuiledge to vse them, 260
 Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great seale ;
 Besides, the Law of Nature doth excuse them,
 To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.
 Esteeme not Fame more then thou doft thy weale.

Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choice)
 Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
 In th'imaginarie lists of Reputation ?
 Titles which cold feueritie hath found vs,
 Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation : 270
 Melancholies opinion, Customes relation ;

Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the faire,
 To leauue the sweet for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
 Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :
 Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
 Which should haue reap'd the glory they had fowne :
 And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.

So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
 Whereof the wisest haue esteemeed least.

280

The subtil City-women, better learned,
 Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so :
 Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
 Their face bewraies not what their bodies do ;
 Tis warie walking that doth saflyest go,
 With shew of Vertue, as the cunning knowes :
 Babes are beguild with sweets, and men with showes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
 And let not honor from thy sports detract :
 Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparant, 290
 That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact ;
 Let her haue shame that cannot closely a&t.

And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefest arte,
 For what we seeme each sees, none knowes our hart.

The mightie who can with such finnes dispence,
 In steed of shame doe honors great bestow,
 A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,
 And makes the scarlet sinne as white as snow.
 The Maiestie that doth descend so low,

Is not defilde, but pure remaines therein : 300
 And being sacred, sanctifies the sin.

l. 279, 'blasts' ^{1, 2} : l. 291, 'the' ^{1, 3} : l. 294, 'fees' ^{1, 3}, accepted for
 'fee' : ll. 295—301 from ^{1, 2, 3} : l. 298, misprinted 'sarelet.'

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is old ?
 Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon ;
 Thy pleasures want shall be supplide with gold,
 Cold age dotes most when heate of youth is gone :
 Enticing words preuaile with such a one.

Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
 For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,
 When loe beganne the cumbat in my blood : 310
 Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
 The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood ;
 Small my defence to make my party good,
 Against such powers which were so surely laid,
 To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull Maide.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
 To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sin :
 Pure-blushing shame was euen in retiring,
 Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.
 Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win, 320
 When cleaner thoughts my weakenesse gan vpbray
 Against my selfe, and shame did force me say ;

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth thy flesh prepare ?
 Destruktion to thy dayes, death to thy fame :
 Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
 T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name ?
 Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame ?
 Opening thy feete to sinne, thy soule to lust,
 Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the dust ?

1. 321, 'can' ¹, ². See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

Nay first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee, 330
 And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
 Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
 Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed ;
 Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled ;
 So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
 That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to enjoy the Aire,
 Then that thou breath'st the breath of Chastitie :
 Longer then thou preseru'st thy soule as faire
 As is thy face, free from impuritie. 340
 Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eie,
 Where Natures care such rarities inroule ;
 Which vf'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But what ? he is my King, and may constraine me,
 Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed.
 The World will thinke Authoritie did gaine me,
 I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed :
 We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
 And if I yeeld, tis honorable shame,
 If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same. 350

What way is left thee then (vnhappy Maide)
 Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out
 This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laide,
 Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about ?
 Thy simple yeeres cannot resolute this doubt.
 Thy Youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
 But (in despite) some scandall will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,
 Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sin ;
 Till world and pleasure made me partialize, 360
 And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
 When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.

And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
 That though I sinn'd, my finne had honest cause.

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,
 Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :
 Whereat my wretchlesse youth stooping to store me,
 Lost me the Goale, the Glory and the Day.
 Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,

And bade me vse the vertue of mine eies, 370
 For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonise.

Thus wrought to finne, soone was I train'd from Court,
 T'a follitarie Grange, there to attend
 The time the King should thither make resort,
 Where he Loues long-desired worke should end.
 Thither he daily messages doth send,
 With costly Iewels (Orators of Loue,)
 Which (ah, too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
 He greetes me with a Casket richly wrought ; 380
 So rare, that Arte did seeme to striue with Nature,
 T'expresse the cunning Worke-mans curious thought ;
 The mysterie whereof I prying sought,
 And found engrauen on the lid aboue,
Amymone, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

l. 367, 'rechlesse' 1, 2, 3.

Amymone, old *Danaus* fairest Daughter,
 As she was fetching water all alone
 At *Lerna* : whereas *Neptune* came and caught her :
 From whom she striu'd and struggled to be gone,
 Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone ; 390

But all in vain, with him she's forc'd to go ;
 Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,
 At those proude feete, not satisfied with prayer :
 Wayling her heauy hap, cursing the day,
 In act so pitious to expresse despaire.

And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire.
 Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull Gerle,)
 Did seeme against the Sunne Christall and Pearle :

Whose pure cleere streames (which lo so faire appeares)
 Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of Loue 401
 That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
 And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
 Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue ;)

To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
 But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing view'd, and therewith someting moued,
 Figured I finde within the other squares,
 Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deereley loued,
 In her affliction how she strangely fares. 410
 Strangely distresi'd (O beauty, borne to cares)
 Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
 Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

1. 390, 'Beating' ^{1, 2, 3}, accepted for 'Bathing' of a : l. 391, 'sh'is' ^{1, 2, 3}:
 l. 404,) inserted instead of after l. 401 at 'Loue' : l. 406, 'that' ^{1, 2, 3}:
 l. 408, 'found' ^{1, 2}.

These presidents presented to my view,
 Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
 Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
 And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
 But Fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.

For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
 Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours. 420

Witnesse the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
 Then miseries vnken'd before they come :
 Who can the Characters of chaunce deciper,
 Written in cloudes of our concealed dome ?
 Which though perhaps haue beene reueal'd to some,

Yet that so doubtfull (as succeſſe did proue them)
 That men must know they haue the Heau'ns aboue
 them.

I saw the finne wherein my foote was entring,
 I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
 I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring, 430
 Yet had I not the power for to defend it.

So weake is fence, when error hath condemn'd it.
 We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
 But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnesse,
 Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
 Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnesse,
 And dreadfull blacke had dispossess't the cleere,
 Com'd was the Night (mother of sleepe and feare)

Who with her fable-mantle friendly couers 440
 The sweet-stolne sport of ioyfull meeting Louers.

ll. 433-4, 'vs' ¹, ²: added 'consent,' 'repent.'

When lo, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
 And felt the hand of lust most vndesired :
 Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,
 Which yeeldes no naturall pleasure when tis hired.
 Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.

Judge they who are vnfortunately wed,
 What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But foone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
 And sleepe seal'd vp his languishing desires : 450
 When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
 Into my selfe my waking thought retires :
 My nakednesse had prou'd my fences liers.

Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein ;
 For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I finde my selfe vnparradif'd,
 From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning :
 Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduif'd,
 My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of finning ;
 Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning. 460
 For Nature checks a new offence with loathing,
 But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnesse,
 And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
 That iealousie increas'd with ages coldnesse,
 Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale ;
 Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
 His driuen to deuise some subtil way,
 How he might safelyst keepe so rich a pray.

1. 454, ; added for , : and so ll. 466, 474, 482.

A stately Pallace he forthwith did build,
 Whose intricate innumerable wayes
 With fuch confused errors, fo beguilde
 Th'vnguided Entrers, with vncertaine strayes,
 And doubtfull turnings, kept them in delaycs ;
 With bootelesse labor leading them about,
 Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

470

Within the closed bosome of which frame,
 That seru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
 Were lodgings, with a Garden to the fame,
 With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground, 480
 And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
 T'entertaine the sence of wanton eies ;
 Fuell of Loue, from whence lusts flames arise.

Here I inclofd from all the world asunder,
 The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
 The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
 Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case :
 None but the King might come into the place,
 With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,
 And he himselfe came guided by a threed. 490

O Iealousie, daughter of Enuie and Loue,
 Most wayward issue of a gentle Sire ;
 Fostred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
 Mirth-marring Monster, borne a fubtill lier ;
 Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne defire :
 Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
 Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou haft a thousand Gates thou enterefst by,
 Condemning trembling passions to our hart ;
 Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer waking Spie,
 Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures smart,
 Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part ;

500

Suspicio[n]ous, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
 O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst deprive (through false suggesting feare)
 Him of content, and me of libertie :
 The onely good that women hold so deere,
 And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,
 First made a prisoner, ere an enemie.

Enioyn'd the ransome of my bodies shame, 510
 Which though I paid, could not redeeme the same.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
 Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd ?
 For what is beauty if it bee not seene ?
 Or what is't to be seene if not admir'd ?
 And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd ?
 Neuer were cheeke[s] of Roses, locks of Amber,
 Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
 (Like as the Fire for heate, the Sunne for light :) 520
 The faire doe hold this priuiledge as due
 By ancient Charter, to liue most in sight,
 And she that is debar'd it, hath not right.

In vaine our friends from this, doe vs dehort,
 For Beauty will be where is most resort.

l. 515, 'vnlesse' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 524, 'in this vse dehorting' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 525
 'reforting' ^{1, 2, 3}.

Witnesse the fairest streetes that Thames doth visit,
 The wondrous concourse of the glittring Faire :
 For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
 That thither couets not to make repaire ?
 The solitary Countrey may not stay her.

530

Here is the centre of all beauties best,
 Excepting *Delia*, left t'adorne the West.

Here doth the curious with iudicall eies,
 Contemplate Beauty gloriously attired :
 And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
 To liue where we are prai'd and most desired.
 O how we ioy to see our selues admired,
 Whilst niggardly our fauours we discouer :
 We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd
 From Countrey-safety, from the fields of rest :
 To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
 And liue in pompe to braue among the best :
 Happy for me, better had I beene blest,
 If I vnluckily had neuer straide,
 But liu'd at home a happy Countrey Maide.

540

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinkes
 No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer :
 Shee's deckt with truth ; the Riuver where she drinkes
 Doth serue her for her glasse, her Counsell-giuer ; 550
 She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.

Her dayes are peace, and so she endes her breath,
 (True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

l. 531, mis-spelt 'beatties,' and l. 532, 'Delea' in *a*: l. 549, ; for , inserted.

So should I neuer haue beeene registred,
 In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :
 Nor had my name inrol'd with maides misled,
 Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
 Nor had I taught, (through my vnhapy fate)

This Lesson (which my selfe learn't with expence)
 How most it hurts, that most delights the fence. 560

Shame followes finne, disgrace is duely giuen,
 Impietie will out, neuer so closly done :
 No walles can hide vs from the eye of Heauen,
 For shame must end what wickednesse begun ;
 Forth breakes reproch when we leaft thinke thereon,
 And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
 That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
 Entring the Closet of the Pallace dweller :
 Abroade reuealing what is most forbidden. 570
 Of truth and falsehood both an equall teller,
 Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.
 The Sword of Iustice cannot cut her Wings,
 Nor stop her mouth from vtt'ring secreit things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
 From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :
 The wronged Queene, who could so closly deale,
 That she the whole of all our practise learned,
 And watcht a time when leaft it was discerned,
 In absence of the King to wreake her wrong, 580
 With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Labyrinth she entred by that Threed,
 That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
 Lest there by chance, reseru'd for such a deed,
 Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhor'd.
 Enrag'd with madnesse, scarce she speakes a word,
 But flies with eager furie to my face,
 Offring me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her Whelpe,
 Runnes fiercely ranging through the Woods astray: 590
 And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
 Furiously assaults what's in her way,
 To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)
 So fell she on me in outragious wife,
 As could Difdaine and Iealousie deuise.

And after all her vile reproches vsde,
 She forc'd me take the Poyson she had brought,
 To end the lise that had her so abusde,
 And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought.
 No cruelty her wrath could leauue vnwrought, 600
 No spitefull act that to Reuenge is common ;
 (No beast being fiercer then a iealous woman.)

Here take (faith she) thou impudent vncleane,
 Base gracelesse Strumpet, take this next your heart ;
 Your Love-sicke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
 With Pleasures surfeit, must be purg'd with Art.
 This potion hath a power that will conuart
 To naught, those humors that oppresse you so.
 And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

I. 608, 'nought' ³.

What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe ? 610
 Tremble you (Minion ?) come, dispatch with speed ;
 There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
 And all these teares you shed will nothing steed ;
 Those dainty fingers needles must doe the deed.

Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
 And trifle not, lest that I vse you worse.

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,
 My wofull eyes on euery side I cast :
 Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
 Presenting me the horror of my last : 620
 All hope of pitty and of comfort past.
 No meanes, no power ; no forces to contend,
 My trembling hands must giue my felfe my end.

Those hands that beauties ministres had bin,
 They must giue death, that me adorn'd of late,
 That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
 Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
 That body which my lust did violate,
 Must sacrifice it felfe t'appease the wrong.
 (So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.) 630

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
 But forth she rushes (proud with victorie)
 And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
 Except of Death, which she had left with me.
 (Death and my felfe alone together be.)

To whom she did her full reuenge refer.
 Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

ll. 617—770 first appeared in ³, and reprinted in ⁴ and ⁵ : also in 1599 and 1605.

Then straight my Conscience summons vp my finne,
T'appeare before me in a hideous face ;

Now doth the terror of my soule beginne, 640
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace ;

Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,
Death in my body, Horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in euidence
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchaift ;
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed fence,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence ;

Must here the right of Heauen needes satisfie, 650
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Here I beganne to waile my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange vnlookt for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me such a fall of infamy.
And poore distressed *Rosamond* (said I)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Desarts where no eare can heare thee mourne ?

Nor any eye of pitty to behold
The wofull end of my sad tragedie ; 660
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
Thy finne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these Walles the breath of mone,
 Tell th'Aaire thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
 And though thou perish desolate alone,
 Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well :
 Vtter thy griefe wherewith thy soule doth fwell. 670

And let thy heart pitty thy hearts remorse,
 And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
 With silence onely, and a dying bed ;
 Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
 Did'st glorious liue, admir'd and honored :
 And now from friends, from succour hither led,
 Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
 And in disgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate, 680
 To shew in thee the glory of her best ;
 Framing thine eye the starre of thy ill fate,
 Making thy face the foe to spoyle the rest ?
 O Beautie thou an enemie profest
 To Chastitie and vs that loue thee most,
 Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost ?

You, you that proude with libertie and beautie,
 (And well may you be proude that you be so)
 Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie ;
 Would God I might to you but ere I goe 690
 Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
 To keepe your feete in cleanly paths of shame,
 That no inticing may diuert the same.

l. 680 ('ô for thys')^s : l. 687, 'O you'^s.

See'ng how against your tender weakenesse still,
 The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent ;
 And all th'affaults that euer might or skill,
 Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent :
 Ah let not greatnesse worke you to consent.

The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
 Kings cannot priuiledge what God forbade. 700

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame :
And let no powers haue power chaste thoughts to moue
To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,
In those pure wayes that leade to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
 Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride
 Haue cauf'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds 710
 Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside :
 Whilst married but to titles, we abide
 As wedded Widowes, wanting what we haue,
 When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
 The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayre ;
 Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to clime ;
 Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
 Whilst those decayes which are without repaire,
 Make vs neglected, scorned and reproud'. 720
 (And O what are we, if we be not lou'd ?)

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
 Lest this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
 Doe ouer-take your youth or ruine it,
 And cloude with infamie your beauties shne :
 Seeing how many seeke to vndermine
 The treasurie that's vnpossest of any :
 And hard tis kept that is desired of many.

And flie (O flie) these Bed-brokers vncleane,
 (The Monsters of our Sexe) that make a pray 730
 Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane ;
 And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way
 Through th'wombe of their owne shame, accursed they
 Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of sin,
 The filth of lust, vncleanness wallowes in.

As if t'were not inough that we (poore we)
 Haue weakenesse, beautie, gold and men our foes,
 But we must haue some of our felues to be
 Traitors vnto our felues, to ioyne with those ?
 Such as our feeble forces doe disclose, 740
 And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
 To lust, to folly, and to mens vntruth ?

Hatefull confounders both of bloud and lawes,
 Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight :
 Vngracious agents in a wicked cause,
 Factors for darkenesse, messengers of night,
 Serpents of guile, Deuils, that doe inuite
 The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
 Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we bee.

You in the habite of a graue aspect,
 (In credit by the trust of yeeres) can shoe
 The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
 The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
 Hauing (your lothesome selues) your youth spent so.

750

And in vncleanness euer haue beene fed,
 By the reueneue of a wanton bed.

By you haue beene the innocent betraide,
 The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto fin,
 The wife made subtil, subtil made the maide,
 The husband scorn'd, dishonored the kin :
 Parents disgrac'd, children infamous bin.

760

Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
 Whilst fathers sonnes posseſſe wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would haue vttered then,
 A testament to be recorded still,
 Sign'd with my bloud, subscrib'd with Conscience Pen,
 To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
 Though I could wish (by th'example of my will)

I had not left this note vnto the faire,
 But dide intestate to haue had no heire.

770

But now, the poyſon ſpread through all my vaines,
 Gan diſpoſeſſe my liuing ſences quite :
 And noug̃t-reſpecting death (the laſt of paines)
 Plac'd his pale colours (th'enfigne of his might)
 Vpon his new-got ſpoyle before his right ;

Thence chac'd my foule, fetting my day ere noone,
 When I leaſt thought my ioyes could end ſo foone.

l. 768, 'And & I wiſh': l. 771, 'The poyſon foone diſperc'd' ^{1, 2}:
 l. 772, 'Had' ^{1, 2, 3}: l. 773, 'When naught' ^{1, 2}; 'and naught' ³; hyphen
 inserted.

And as conuaide t'vntimely funerals,
 My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,
 Behold, the King (by chance) returning, fals
 T'incounter with the same vpon the way,
 As he repair'd to see his dearest ioy.

780

Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
 To see his Loue, and seeing bin vnseene.

Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest treasure,
 What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :
 The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
 The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
 What passions feeles that heart, inforc'd to beare
 The deepe impression of so strange a fight, 790
 That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite ?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares,
 Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
 For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares ;
 Confus'd affects each other doe confound.
 Opprest with griefe, his passions had no bound :
 Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come ;
 For light cares speake, when mightie griefes are dombe.

At length, extremitie breakes out a way,
 Through which, th'imprisoned voice with teares attended,
 Wailes out a sound that sorrowes doe bewray : 801
 With armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,
 Vaporizing out sighs that to the skies ascended.

Sighs (the poore easie calamitie affords)

Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

I. 791, 'Tongue, pen, nor art, can neuer shew a right'^{1, 2, 3} : I. 799,
 'away'^{1, 2} (bad).

O Heauens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold
 The hatefull raies of this vnhappy Sunne ?
 Why haue I light to see my finnes controld,
 With bloud of mine owne shame thus vildely done ?
 How can my sight endure to looke thereon ? 810

Why doth not blacke eternall darkenesse hide,
 That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide ?

What saw my life wherein my soule might ioy ;
 What had my dayes whom troubles still afflicted,
 But onely this, to counterpoize annoy ?
 This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted ;
 This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted ;
 This, that did season all my sowre of life,
 Vext still at home with broiles, abroade in strife.

Vext still at home with broiles, abroade in strife, 820
 Diffension in my bloud, iarres in my bed :
 Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
 Spending the night in horror, daies in dread ;
 (Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)
 These miseries goe mask'd in glittering showes,
 Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme,
 He drawes him neere my body to behold it.
 And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
 With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it : 830
 And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
 Viewing the face that euen death commends,
 On fencelesse lippes, millions of kisses spends.

1. 807, 'Sonne' ^{1, 2, 3} : 1. 817, 'afflicted' ^{1, 2}.

Pittifull mouth (faith he) that liuing gauest
 The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish :
 O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
 This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiffe ;
 And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,

Motives of Loue, borne to be matched neuer,
 Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleepe for euer. 840

Ah, how me thinkes I see Death dallyng seekes,
 To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place ;
 Decayed Rofes of discoloured cheekes,
 Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace :
 And vgly Death fits faire within her face ;
 Sweet remnants resting of Vermillian red,
 That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue these plaints,
 These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee :
 For loe, my soule that now already faints, 850
 (That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forfake thee)
 Haftens her speedy course to ouer-take thee.
 Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
 For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
 Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde :
 And I will cause Posterity shall know,
 How faire thou wert about all women kinde ;
 And after-Ages Monuments shall finde,
 Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name, 860
 Rose of the world, that sweetned so the same.

l. 834, 'quoth' ^{1, 2, *}: l. 845, 'ougly' ^{1, 2}: l. 849, 'The' ^{1, 2}.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
 (For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)
 He doth represse what grieve would else bewray,
 Lest he too much his passions should discouer ;
 And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer,
 So farre transported that he knowes not whither,
 For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill togither.

Then were my Funerals not long deferred,
 But done with all the rites pompe could deuise, 870
 At *Godflow*, where my body was interred,
 And richly tomb'd in honorable wife :
 Where yet as now scarce any note descries
 Vnto these times, the memory of me,
 Marble and Brasse so little lasting be.

For those walles which the credulous deuout,
 And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found ;
 With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
 That time their workes should euer so confound,
 Lie like confused heapes as vnder-ground. 880
 And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
 The wiser ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lines
 Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
 And that thy accents willingly affignes
 Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,
 Few in this age had knowne my beauties praiſe.
 But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes ſome time,
 Till other ages shall neglect thy Rime.

1. 865, 'might' ¹, ² : 1. 867, 'whether' ¹, ².

Then when Confusion in her course shall bring 890
 Sad desolation on the times to come :
 When mirthlesse *Thames* shall haue no Swanne to sing,
 All Musicke silent, and the Muses dombe.
 And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,
 That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
 And *Thames* had Swannes as well as euer *Po.*

/ But here an end, I may no longer stay,
 I must returne t'attend at *Stygian* flood :
 Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray,
 Tell *Delia*, now her sigh may doe me good, 900
 And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
 And if I passe vnto those happy bankes,
 Then she must haue her praise, thy Pen her thankes.

So vanisht she, and left me to returne
 To prosecute the tenor of my woes,
 Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne :
 But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,
 My youth such errors must no more disclose.
 Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene ;
 Who made me knowne, must make me liue vnseene.

910

ll. 902, 904, 'thee' added : l. 914, 'vanisht' accepted from 1, 2, for 3 and
 a 'vanquisht.'

FINIS.

IV.

A LETTER FROM OCTAUIA TO
MARCUS ANTONIUS.

1599.

NOTE

This 'Letter from Octavia' was first published in the 'Poeticall Essays' of 1599, and was reprinted in the folios of 1601 and 1602, and also in 1605, 1607, 1611 onward to *a.* Exceptionally, a collation of the successive editions reveals practically no variations.

A. B. G.



To the right Honourable and most
vertuous Lady, the Lady MARGARET
*Countesse of Cumberland.*¹



Lthough the meaner sort (whose
thoughts are plac'd
As in another Region, farre below
The sphere of greatnesse) cannot
rightly taste
What touch it hath, nor right her
paffions know :
Yet haue I here aduentur'd to bestow
Words vpon griefe, as my grieves comprehend ;
And made this great afflicted Lady show, 10
Out of my feelings, what she might haue pend.
And here the same, I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
Most vertuous Lady, that vouchsaf't to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto mee,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues spread,
B'ing Secretary now but to the dead. 17

¹ See Memorial-Introduction for notice of this 'Fair Lady.'





The Argument.



Pon the second agreement (the first being broken through iealousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweenc the Triumuir Octauius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, & Lepidus: Octauia the sister of Octauius Cæsar, was maried to Antonius, as a lincke to combine that which nere yet, the greatest strength of Nature, or any power of nearest respect could long 10 hold together, who made but the instrument of others ends, and deliuered vp as an Ostage, to serue the opportunity of aduantages, met not with that integrity she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction, encountring with all the grieuances that beate vpon the misery of greatnessse, exposed to stand betwixt the diuerse tending humours of vnquiet parties. For Antonie hauing yet vpon him the fetters of Ægypt, layd on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new Lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe, being 20 not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward, whither the poynt of his desires were directed, toucht with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraignty could draw a man unto: could not truly descend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred

Matron, whose entertainment bounded with modesty, and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours, then the plaine habit of truth: wherein she euer suted all her actions, and vsed all her best ornaments of Honestie, to winne the good 30 liking of him that held her, but as a Curtaine, drawne betweene him and Octauius, to shadow his other purposes withall: which the sharpe sight of an equally jealous ambition could soone pierce into, and as easily looke thorow, and ouer bloud and nature, as he to abuse it: and therefore, to preuent his aspiring, he armes his forces, either to reduce Antonie to the ranke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of state and all. When Octauia by the imployment of Antonie (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her tryall) throwes her selfe, great 40 with childe, and as big with sorrow, into the trauell of a most laboursome reconciliation: taking her iourney from the farthest part of Greece, to finde Octauius, with whom her care and teares were so good agents, that they effected their Commission beyond all expectation: and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunity, got ouer againe into Aegvpt, where he so forgot himselfe, that hee quite put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey 50 to his pleasures, as if he had wound himselfe out of the respect of Countrey, bloud and alliance; which gave to Octauia the cause of much affliction, and to mee, the Argument of this Letter. 56

A Letter sent from *Oetavia* to
her husband *Marcus Antonius*
into *Ægypt*.

I



O thee (yet deere) though most dis-
loyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keeps in a
barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife *Oetavia* sendeth
word
Of th'vnkind wounds receiued by thy
hand :

Great *Antony*, O let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand
The hurt thou dost, and doe but reade her teares,
That still is thine though thou wilt not be hers.

2

Although perhaps, these my complaints may come
Whilst thou in th'armes of that incestuous Queene,
The staine of *Ægypt*, and the shame of Rome
Shalt dallyng fit, and blush to haue them seene :
Whilst proud disdainfull she, gessing from whome
The message came, and what the caufe hath beene,
Will scorning say, Faith this comes from your Deere,
Now Sir you must be shent for staying heere.

3

From her indeede it comes, delitious Dame,
 (Thou royll Concubine and Queene of lust)
 Whose armes yet pure, whose breasts are voyde of blame,
 And whose most lawfull flame proues thine vnjust :
 Tis she that sends the message of thy shame,
 And his vntruth that hath betraid her trust :
 Pardon, deare Lord, from her these sorrowes are,
 Whose bed brings neither infamie nor warre.

4

And therefore heare her words, that too too much
 Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame,
 Although at first my trust in thee was such,
 As it held out against the strongest fame :
 My heart would neuer let in once a touch
 Of least beleefe, till all confirm'd the same :
 That I was almost last that would belieue,
 Because I knew me first that most must grieue.

5

How oft haue poore abused I tooke part
 With Falshood, onely for to make thee true ?
 How oft haue I argued against my heart,
 Not suffering it to know that which it knew ?
 And for I would not haue thee what thou art,
 I made my selfe, vnto my selfe vntrue :
 So much my loue labour'd against my finne,
 To shut out feare which yet kept feare within.

6

For I could neuer thinke th'aspiring mind
 Of worthy and victorious *Anthonie*,
 Could be by such a Syren so declind,
 As to be traind a prey to Luxury :
 I could not thinke my Lord would be s'vnkind,
 As to despise his Children, *Rome* and me :
 But O how foone are they deceiu'd that trust,
 And more their shame that will be so vniust.

7

But now that certaine fame hath open laid
 Thy new relapse, and strange reuolt from me,
 Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
 And made the passage of my sorrowes free ;
 For now poore heart, there's nothing in the way
 Remaines to stand betwixt Despaire and thee :
 All is throwne downe, there comes no fuccours new,
 It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

8

And now I may with shame inough pull in
 The colours I aduanced in his grace,
 For that subduing powre, that him did win,
 Hath lost me too, the honour of my face :
 Yet why should I, bearing no part of sinne,
 Beare such a mighty part of his disgrace ?
 Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine :
 And his renowne being clip'd, mine cannot shine.

9

Which makes me, as I doe, hide from the eye
 Of the misjudging vulgar that will deeme,
 That sure there was in me some reason why
 Which made thee thus, my bed to disesteeme :
 So that alas, poore vndeseruing I,
 A cause of thy vncleane deserts shall feeme,
 Though lust takes neuer ioy in what is due,
 But still leaues knowne delights to seeke out new.

10

And yet my brother *Cæsar* laboured,
 To haue me leauie thy house, and liue more free :
 But God forbid *Octavia* should be led,
 To leauie to liue in thine, though left by thee.
 The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,
 Are still the obiects that remember me
 What *Antony* was once, although false now,
 And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

II

These walles that here doe keepe me out of sight,
 Shall keepe me all vnspotted vnto thee,
 And testifie that I will doe thee right ;
 Ile neuer staine thy house, though thou shame me :
 The now sad Chamber of my once delight,
 Shall be the Temple of my pietie,
 Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
 Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.

I 2

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong
 Right draw my blood to forfeit vnto shame;
 Nor neede I frustrate my delights so long,
 That haue such meanes to carry so the same,
 Since that the face of greatnesse is so strong,
 As it dissolues suspect, and beares out blame;
 Hauing all secret helpes that long thereto,
 That feldome wants there aught, but will to do.

I 3

. Which yet to doe, ere lust this heart shall frame,
 Earth swallow me aliuie, Hell rap me hence :
 Shall I, because dispif'd, contemne my shame,
 And adde disgrace to others impudence ?
 What can my powre, but giue more powre to fame ?
 Greatnesse must make it great incontinence :
 Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,
 No doore keepes in their shame that doe not well.

I 4

Hath greatnesse aught peculiar else alone,
 But to stand faire and bright aboue the base ?
What doth diuide the Cottage from the Throne,
If vice shall lay both leuell with disgrace ?
 For if vncleannessesse make them but all one,
 What priuiledge hath Honour by his place ?
 What though our finnes goe braue and better clad
 They are as those in ragges, as base, as bad.

15

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
 Hath vndiscerning custome plac'd our kind
 Vnder desert, and set vs farre below
 The reputation to our sexe assign'd :
 Charging our wrong reputed weaknesse, how
 We are vncoustant, fickle, false, vnkinde :
 And though our life with thousand proofes shewes no,
 Yet since strength faies it, weakenesse must be so.

16

Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no share
 Of power to doe of lifes best benefit :
 But stand, as if we interdicted were
 Of vertue, action, liberty and might :
 Must you haue all, and not vouchsafe to spare
 Our weaknesse any int'rest of delight ?
 Is there no portion left for vs at all,
 But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance and thrall ?

17

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
 To know, to speake, to doe, and to be wise :
 Whose words haue credit, and whose deedes, though
 naught,
 Must yet be made to seeme farre otherwise :
 You can be onely heard, whilst we are taught
 To hold our peace, and not to exercise
 The powers of our best parts, because your parts
 Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our harts.

18

We, in this prison of our felues confin'd,
 Must here shut vp with our owne passions liue,
 Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find
 The vent of outward meanes that might relieue :
 That they alone must take vp all our mind,
 And no room left vs, but to thinke and grieue :
 Yet oft our narrowed thoughts looke more direct
 Then your loose wsdomes born with wild neglect.

19

For, should we to (as God forbid we should)
 Carry no better hand on our desires
 Then your strength doth, what int'rest could
 Our wronged patience pay you for your hires ?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succeede the fortunes of vncertaine Sires ?
 What foule confusion in your bloud and race
 To your immortall shame and our disgrace ?

20

What ? are there barres for vs, no bounds for you ?
 Must Leuitie stand sure, though Firmenesse fall ?
 And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
 And we no grant to be dispens'd withall ?
 Must we inuiolable keepe your due,
 Both to your loue, and to your falsehood thrall ?
 Whilst you haue stretch't your lust vpon your will,
 As if your strength were licenc'd to doe ill.

21

O if you be more strong, then be more iust,
 Cleere this suspition, make not the world to doubt,
 Whether in strong or weake be better trust,
 If frailty or else valour be more stout :
 And if we haue shut in our hearts from lust,
 Let not your bad example let them out,
 Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud :
 If you will haue vs good, be you then good.

22

Is it, that loue doth take no true delight
 In what it hath, but still in what it would,
 Which drawes you on to doe vs this vnright,
 Whilst feare in vs, of loosing what we hold,
 Keepes vs in still to you, that set vs light,
 So that, what you vnties, doth vs infolde ?
 Then Loue, tis thou that doft confound vs so,
 To make our truth the occasion of our wo.

23

Distressed woman kind, that either must
 For louing loose your loues, or get neglect :
 Whilst wantons are more car'd for then the iust,
 And falsehood cherisht, Faith without respect :
 Better she fares in whom is lesse trust,
 And more is lou'd that is in more suspect.
 Which (pardon me) shewes no great strength of mind
 To be most theirs, that vse you most vnkind

24

Yet well it fits, for that finne euer must
 Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame ;
 For he that holdes no faith, shall find no trust,
 But sowing wrong, is sure to reap the same :
 How can he looke to haue his measure iust,
 That fils deceit, and reckons not of shame,
 And being not pleaf'd with what he hath in lot,
 Shall euer pine for that which he hath not ?

25

Yet if thou couldſt not loue, thou mightſt haue ſem'd
 Though to haue ſeem'd, had likewiſe beene vniuſt :
 Yet ſo muſch are leane ſhewes of vs eſteem'd,
 That oft they feede, though not ſuffice our truſt :
 Because our naſure grieueth to be deem'd
 To be ſo wrong'd, althoſh we be, and muſt,
 And it's ſome eaſe yet to be kindly vi'd
 In outward ſhew, though ſecreſtly abuf'd.

26

But woe to her that both in ſhew deſpif'd
 And in effeſt diſgrac'd, and leſt forlorne,
 For whom no comforts are to be deuif'd,
 Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne :
 O *Antony*, could it not haue ſuffiz'd
 That I was thine, but muſt be made her ſcorne
 That enuies all her bloud, and doth deuide
 Thee from thy felfe, onely to ferue her pride ?

27

What fault haue I committed that should make
 So great dislike of me and of my loue ?
 Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
 For to dislike what most doth it reproue ?
 Because the conscience gladly would mistake
 Her owne mifdeeds which she would faine remoue ;
 And they that are vnwilling to amend,
 Will take offence, because they will offend.

28

Or hauing runne beyond all pardon quite,
 They flie and ioyne with finne as wholly his,
 Making it now their fide, their part, their right,
 And to turne backe, would shew t'haue done amisse :
 For now they thinke, not to be oppofite
 To what obraides their fault, were wickednesse :
 So much doth folly thrust them into blame,
 That euen to leaue off shame, they count it shame.

29

Which doe not thou, deere Lord, for I doe not
 Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy returne
 Backe to thy felfe, whom thou haft both forgot
 With me, poore me, that doth not fpight, but mourne :
 And if thou couldſt as well amend thy blot
 As I forgiue, these plaints had beene forborne :
 And thou ſhouldſt be the ſame vnto my hart
 Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

30

Though deepe doth fit the hard recouering smart
 Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)
 And more doth touch that tender feeling part
 Of my sad soule, then all th'vnkindnesse past :
 And *Antony*, I appeale to thine owne hart,
 (If th'heart which once was thine thou yet still hast)
 To iudge if euer woman that did liue
 Had iuster cause, then wretched I, to grieue.

31

For comming vnto *Athens*, as I did,
 Weary and weake with toyle, and all distrest,
 After I had with sorrow compassed
 A hard consent, to grant me that request :
 And how my trauell was considered,
 And all my care and cost, thy selfe knowes best :
 That wouldst not moue one foote from lust for me,
 That had left all was deere to come to thee.

32

For first what great adoe had I to win
 M'offended brother *Cæsars* backward will ?
 And praid, and wept, and cride to stay the sinne
 Of ciuill rancor rising twixt you still :
 For in what case shall wretched I be in,
 Set twixt both, to share with both your ill ?
 My bloud said I with either of you goes,
 Who euer win, I shall be sure to lose.

33

For what shame should such mighty persons get,
 For two weake womens cause to disagree ?
 Nay, what shall I that shall be deem'd to set
 Th'inkindled fire, seeming inflam'd for me ?
 O if I be the motiue of this heate,
 Let these vngilty hands the quenchers be,
 And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
 The agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

34

With prayers, vowes and teares, with vrging hard
 I wrung from him a slender grant at last,
 And with the rich prouisions I prepar'd
 For thy (intended Parthian warre) made hafte,
 Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,
 But all the tedious difficulties past :
 And came to *Athens* ; whence I *Niger* sent,
 To shew thee of my comming and intent.

35

Whereof, when he had made relation,
 I was commanded to approach no neare ;
 Then sent I backe, to know what should be done
 With th'horse, and men, and money I had there :
 Whereat perhaps when some remorse begun
 To touch thy soule, to thinke yet what we were,
 Th'inchantresse strait stopt twixt thy heart and thee,
 And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.

36

She armes her teares, the ingins of deceit
 And all her batterie, to oppose my loue,
 And bring thy comming grace to a retreit,
 The powre of all her subtilty to proue :
 Now pale and faint she languishes, and strait
 Seemes in a sound, vnable more to moue :
 Whilst her instructed fellowes ply thine eares
 With forged passions, mixt with fained teares.

37

Hard-hearted Lord, say they, how canst thou see
 This mighty Queene, a creature so diuine
 Lie thus distrest, and languishing for thee,
 And onely wretched, but for being thine ?
 Whilſt base *Oclauia* must intitled be
 Thy wife, and ſhe esteem'd thy Concubine :
 Aduance thy heart, raiſe it vnto his right,
 And let a Scepter baſer paſſions quit.

38

Thus they affaile thy natures weakest ſide,
 And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy minde,
 Knowing where iudgement stood leaſt fortified,
 And how t'incounter folly in her kinde :
 But yet the while, O what doſt thou abide,
 Who in thy ſelſe ſuch wraſtling thoughts doſt finde ?
 In what conuſed caſe is thy ſoule in,
 Rackt betwixt pitty, ſorrow, shame and ſin ?

39

I cannot tell, but sure I dare beleue
 My trauels needs must some compasslion moue :
 For no such lockē to bloud could Nature giue
 To shut out Pitty, though it shut out Loue :
 Conscience must leaue a little way to grieue
 To let in horror comming to reprove
 The guilt of thine offence that cauf'd the same,
 For deepest wounds the hand of our owne shame.

40

Neuer haue vniuft pleasures beene compleete,
 In ioyes intire, but still feare kept the dore,
 And held backe someting from that full of sweete,
 To intersowre vnsure delights the more :
 For neuer did all circumstancies meete
 With those desires which were conceiu'd before :
 Some thing must still be left to checke our finne,
 And giue a touch of what should not haue bin.

41

Wretched Mankinde, wherfore hath nature made
 The lawfull vndelightfull, th'vniuft shame ?
 As if our pleasure onely were forbade,
 But to giue fire to lust, t'adde greater flame ;
 Or else, but as ordained more to lade
 Our heart with passions to confound the same ;
 Which though it be, yet adde not worse to ill,
 Do, as the best men do, bound thine owne will.

42

Redeeme thy selfe, and now at length make peace
With thy diuided heart opprest with toile :
Breake vp this warre, this breft-diffention cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile :
I do not onely seeke my good t'increase,
But thine owne ease, and liberty : the while
Thee in the circuit of thy selfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43

I know my pittied loue, doth aggrauate
Enuy and Wrath for these wrongs offered :
And that my suffrings adde with my estate,
Coales in thy bosome, hatred on thy head :
Yet is not that, my fault, but, my hard fate,
Who rather wish to haue beene vnpitied
Of all but thee, then that my loue should be
Hurtfull to him that is so deere to me.

44

Cannot the busie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they must intermeddle with my mone,
And seeke t'offend me with vnsought relief ?
Whilst my afflictions labour to moue none
But onely thee, must Pitty play the thieve,
To steale so many hearts to hurt my hart,
And moue a part against my dearest part ?

45

Yet all this shall not preuidice my Lord,
 If yet he will but make returne at last ;
 His fight shall raze out of the sad record
 Of my inrowled grieve all that is past :
 And I will not so much as once afford
 Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac'd :
 And pitty shall bring backe againe with me
 Th'offended harts that haue forsaken thee.

46

And therefore come deere Lord, leſt longer stay
 Do arme againſt thee all the powres of ſpight,
 And thou be made at laſt the wofull pray
 Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite :
 But what prefaging thought of bloud doth stay
 My trembling hand, and doth my ſoule affright ?
 What horror do I fee, prepar'd t'attend
 Th'euent of this ? what end vnleſſe thou end ?

47

With what ſtrange formes and shadowes ominous
 Did my laſt ſleepe, my grieu'd ſoule intertwaine ?
 I dreamt, yee O dreames are but fruiolous,
A ſea horſe. And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.
 Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*
 From *Nilus* floating, thrusts into the maine,
 Vpon whose backe, a wanton Mermaide ſate,
 As if ſhe rul'd his course, and ſteer'd his fate.

48

With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and powre as good :
At whose ingrappling, *Neptunes* mantle takes
A purple colour, dyde with stremes of bloud ;
Whereat this looker on amaz'd, forsakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better stood :
But se'ing her gone, strait after her he hies,
As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

49

On followes Wrath vpon Disgrace and Feare,
Whereof th'euent forsooke me with the night
But my wak'd cares, gaue me : these shadowes were
Drawne but from darkenesse to instruct the light.
These secret figures, natures message beare
Of comming woes, were they desciphered right ;
But if as cloudes of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credite Wrath and Spight that are awake.

50

Preuent, great spirit, the tempests that begin,
If Lust and thy Ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,
To stop thy iudgement from a true furuay
Of thy estate, and let my hart within
Confider in what danger thou doft lay
Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadowes ouercast.

51

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toile,
Posseſſe thine owne with right, with trueth, with peace :
Breake from these snares, thy iudgment vnbeguile,
Free thine owne torment, and my grieſe release.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my ſcope, and know not when to ceafe ?
Words ſtill with my increasing ſorrowes grow :
I know t'haue ſaid too much, but not enow.
Wherfore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the hart that's thine, and fo I end.

Finis.

V.

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVULATORIE
TO
THE KING

(*JAMES I.*).

1603.

NOTE.

In the gift-folio of 1601 in the Bodleian and other copies, this ‘Panegyrike’ is found, so that it was probably privately printed and presented before the King arrived in England ; albeit the 1601 volume is evidently made up of earlier and later printed pieces. A holograph MS. of this ‘Panegyrike’ is in the British Museum (Royal MSS. A 18. 72). So far as appears it was first published in 1603 :—“A Panegyrike congratulatorie to the King’s Maiestie ; also certaine epistles”—folio [British Museum, 837 K 9 (1)]. In the same year it was re-issued with a new general title-page, and ‘Defence of Ryme’ added : ‘Printed by V. S. for E. Blount’ [*Ibid.* 644, K 8 (2) folio]. Another (8vo) edition bears the same date (*Ibid.* 1076, f. 2). It was also contemporarily reprinted at Edinburgh (4to, 1603). The special title-page in the 1601 volume is given opposite this. It is within the wood-cut border of the others. Unlike his ‘Delia’ and ‘Funerall Poeme’ for Devonshire, the Author seems to have left the ‘Panegyrike’ unaltered, save in the slight variations and margin-note recorded in their places, and in st. 30. See our Memorial-Introduction on this ‘Panegyrike.’

A. B. G.

Semper Eadem.

A

P ANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLA TORY

Deliuered to the Kings most
excellent maiesty at *Burleigh*
Harrington in Rutlandshire.

By Samvel Daniel.

Also certaine Epistles.

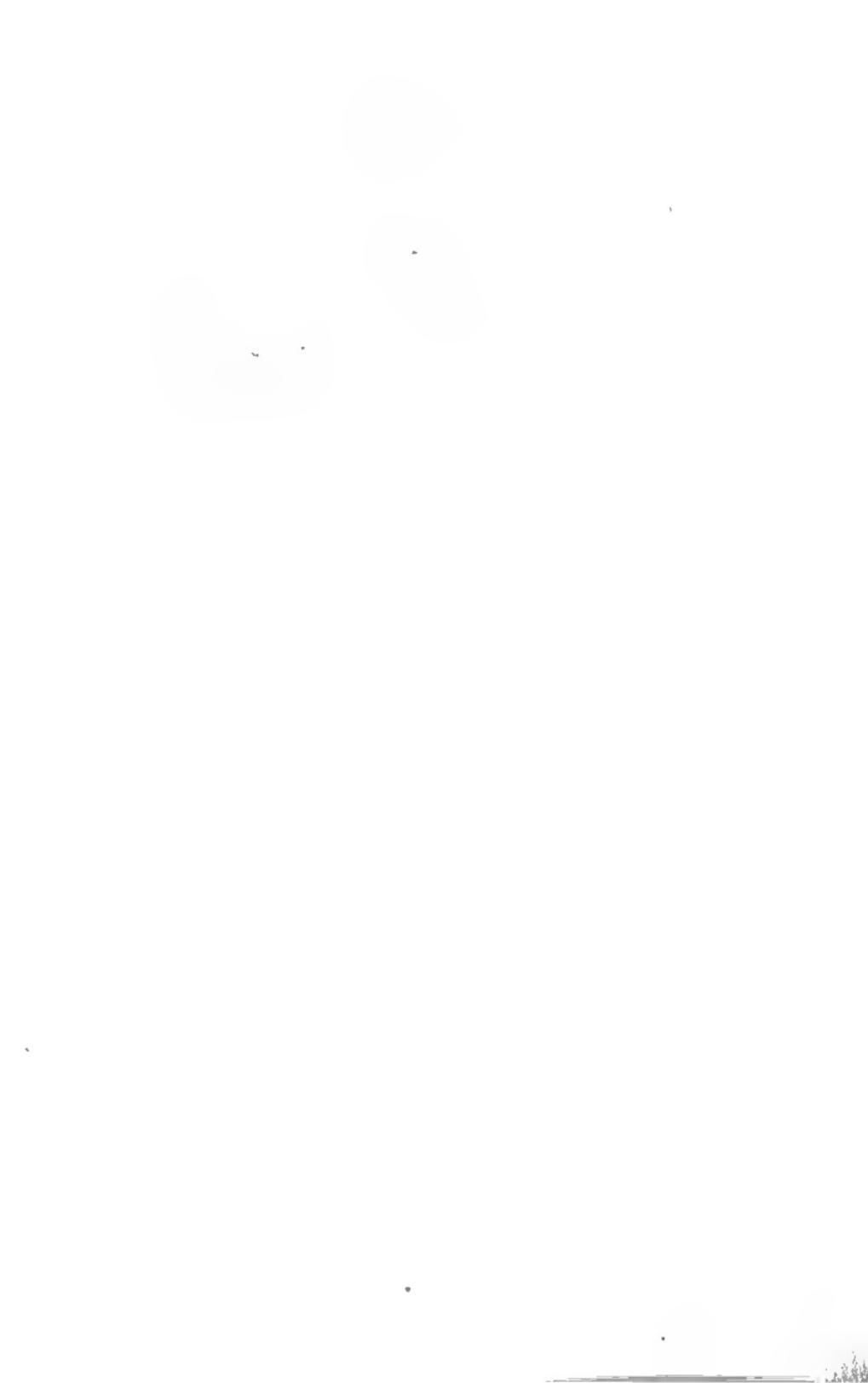
With a Defence of Ryme
heeretofore written, and now
published by the
Author.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.



At London

Printed by V. S. for *Edward Blount.*



A P A N E G Y R I K E
C O N G R A T V L A T O R I E
to the Kings most excellent
Maiefie.

I



Oe here the glory of a greater day
Then *England* euer heretofore could
see
In all her daies ! When she did most
display
The ensignes of her pow'r, or whenas
she
Did spread her felfe the most, and
most did fway
Her state abroade, yet could she neuer be
Thus bleſt at home, nor euer come to grow
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2

And now ſhe is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with Vnion, O thou mighty State,
Now thou art all *Great-Britaine* and no more,
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate ;
No borders but the Ocean and the ſhore :
No wall of *Adrian* ſerues to ſeparate
Our muuall loue, nor our obedience,
Being Subiects all to one imperiaſl Prince.

3

What heretofore could neuer yet be wrought
 By all the swords of pow'r, by bloud, by fire,
 By ruine and distruption ; here is brought
 To passe with peace, with loue, with ioy, desire :
 Our former blessed vnion hath begot
 A greater vnion that is more intire,
 And makes vs more our felues, sets vs at one
 With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

4

Glory of men, this hast thou brought to vs,
 And yet hast brought vs more then this by farre ;
 Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousnesse,
 Iudgement and iustice, which more glorious are
 Then all thy Kingdomes ; and art more by this
 Then Lord and Sou'raigne, more then Emperor
 Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in
 To more then all the pow'rs on earth can win.

5

✓ God makes thee King of our estates, but we
 Doe make thee King of our affection,
 King of our loue : a passion borne more free,
 And most vnsubiect to dominion :
 And know, that *England* which in that degree
 Can loue with such a true deuotion,
 Those that are lesse then Kings ; to thee must bring
 More loue, who art so much more then a King.

St. 3 in a, l. 3, 'to passe' ends l. 3 (error).

6

And King of this great Nation, populous,
 Stout, valiant, pow'rfull both by Sea and Land,
 Attemptive, able, worthy, generous,
 Which ioyfully embraces thy command ;
 A people tractable, obsequious,
 Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
 To any forme of honor, t'any way
 Of high attempts, thy vertues shall assay.

7

A people so inur'd to peace, so wrought
 To a successsive course of quietnesse,
 As th'haue forgot (and O, b'it still forgot)
 The nature of their ancient stubbornnesse :
 Time altered hath the forme, the meanes, and brought
 The State to that proportion'd euennesse,
 As 'tis not like againe 'twill euer come
 (Being vf'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

8

This people, this great State, these hearts adore
 Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee,
 Touch't with as pow'rfull zeale, and if not more,
 (And yet O more, how could there euer be
 Then vnto her, whom yet we doe deplore
 Amidst our ioy !) And giue vs leaue if we
 Reioyce and mourne, that cannot without wrong
 So foone forget her we enjoy'd so long.

9

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we holde
 True after death, and bring not this respect
 To a new Prince for hating of the olde ;
 Or from desire of change, or from neglect ;
 Whereby, O mighty Soueraigne, thou art tolde
 What thou and thine are likely to expect
 From such a faith, that doth not haste to runne
 Before their time to an arising Sunne.

10

And let my humble *Muse*, whom she did grace,
 Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead,
 That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
 Nor that her fame become disfigured :
 O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace ;
 Let not her honour be disquieted
 Now after death : but let the Graue inclose
 All but her good, and that it cannot close.

11

It addes much to thy glory and our grace,
 That this continued current of our loue
 Runnes thus to thee, all with so swift a pace ;
 And that from peace to peace we doe remoue
 Not as in motion put from out our place,
 But in one course, and doe not seeme to moue,
 But in more ioy then euer heretofore ;
 And well we may, since thou wilt make vs more.

I 2

Our loue we see concurses with Gods great loue,
 Who onely made thy way, thy passage plaine,
 Leuell'd the world for thee, did all remoue,
 That might the shew but of a let retaine :
 Vnbarr'd the *North*, humbled the *South*, did moue
 The hearts of all the right to entertaine ;
 Held other states embroil'd, whose enuie might
 Haue fostred factions to impugne thy right :

I 3

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
 The glory of his powre, and reuerence thine,
 Whom he hath rais'd to glorifie our dayes,
 And make this Empire of the *North* to shine
 Against all th'impious workings, all th'affayes
 Of vile disnatur'd Vipers, whose designe
 Was to embroile the State, t'obscure the light,
 And that cleere brightnesse of thy sacred right.

I 4

To whose reproch, since th'issue and succeſſe
 Doth a ſufficient marke of shame returne,
 Let no Pen elſe blazon their ouglineſſe ;
 Be it enough, that God and men doe ſcorne
 Their proiects, censures, vaine pretendences :
 Let not our children, that are yet vnborne,
 Find there were any offred to conteinſt,
 Or make a doubt to haue our Kingdome bleſſt.

15

Burie that question in th'eternall graue
 Of darknesse, neuer to be feene againe :
 Suffice we haue thee whom we ought to haue,
 And t'whom all good men knew did appertaine
 Th'inheritance thy sacred birth-right gau,
 That needed n'other suffrages t'ordaine
 What onely was thy due, nor no decree
 To be made know'n, since none was known but thee.

16

Witnesse the ioy, the vniuersall cheere,
 The speede, the ease, the will, the forwardnesse
 Of all this great and spacious State, how deere
 It held thy title and thy worthinesse :
 Haste could not post so speedy any where,
 But Fame seem'd there before in readinesse,
 To tell our hopes, and to proclaime thy name ;
 O greater then our hopes, more then thy fame !

17

What a returne of comfort dost thou bring
 Now at this fresh returning of our bloud,
 Thus meeting with the opening of the Spring,
 To make our spirits likewise to imbud !
 What a new seafon of incouraging
 Biginnes t'inlength the dayes dispos'd to good !
 What apprehenfion of recouerie
 Of greater strength, of more abilitie !

18

The pulse of *England* neuer more did beat
 So strong as now : nor euer were our harts
 Let out to hopes so spacious and so great
 As now they are : nor euer in all parts
 Did we thus feele so comfortable heat,
 As now the glory of thy worth imparts :
 The whole complection of the Common-wealth,
 So weake before, hop'd neuer for more health.

19

Could'ft thou but see from *Douer* to the Mount,
 From *Totnes*, to the *Orcades*, what ioy,
 What cheere, what triumphs, and what deere account
 Is held of thy renowne this blessed day :
 A day which we and ours must euer count
 Our solemne festiuall, as well we may.
 ✓ And though men thus court Kings still which are new,
 Yet doe they more, where they find more is due.

20

They feare the humours of a future Prince,
 Who either lost a good or felt a bad,
 But thou hast cheer'd vs of this feare long since,
 We know thee more, then by report we had :
 We haue an euerlafting euidence
 Vnder thy hand, that now we need not dread
 Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designes
 Then there thou art in those iudicall lines.

21

It is the greatest glory vpon earth
 To be a King, but yet much more to giue
 The institution with the happy birth
 Vnto a King, and teach him how to liue :
 VVe haue, by thee, far more then thine owne worth,
 That doth encourage, strengthen and relieue
 Our hopes in the succession of thy blood,
 That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

22

VVe haue an earnest, that doth euen tie
 Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne
 (That els no band can binde) to ratifie
 VVhat thy religious hand hath there set downe,
 VVherein thy all commanding Soueraigntie
 Stands subiect to thy Pen and thy renowne ;
 There we behold thee King of thine owne hart,
 And see what we must be, and what thou art.

23

There great *Exemplare, Prototipe*, of Kings,
 VVe finde the good shall dwell within thy Court ;
 ✓ Plaine zeale and truth, free from base flatterings,
 Shall there be entertain'd, and haue resort ;
 Honest discretion, that no cunning brings,
 But counsels that lie right, and that import,
 Is there receiu'd, with those whose care attends
 Thee and the State more then their priuate ends.

24

There grace and fauour shall not be dispos'd,
 But by proportion, euen and vpright ;
 There are no mightie Mountaines interpos'd
 Betweene thy beames and vs, t'imbarre thy light ;
 There Maiesty liues not as if incloſ'd
 Or made a prey t'a priuate benefit :
 The hand of Pow'r deales there her owne reward,
 And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

25

There is no way to get vp to respect,
 But onely by the way of worthinesse ;
 All passages that may feeme indirect
 Are stopt vp now, and there is no acceſſe
 By grosse corruption, bribes cannot effect
 For th'vndeseruing any offices ;
 Th'ascent is cleane, and he that doth ascend
 Must haue his meanes as cleane as is his end.

26

The deeds of worth and laudable defarts
 Shall not now passe thorow the straight report
 Of an imbaſing tongue, that but imparts
 What with his ends and humours ſhall comport :
 The Prince himſelfe now heares, fees, knowes what parts
 Honor and Virtue acts, and in what ſort :
 And thereto giues his grace accordingly,
 And cheeres vp other to the like thereby.

27

Nor shall we now haue vse of flatterie,
 For he knowes falshood farre more subtil is
 Then truth, basenesse then libertie,
 Feare then loue, t'inuent these flourishes :
 And Adulation now is spent so nie
 As that it hath no colours to expresse
 That which it would, that now we must be faine
 T'vnlearne that Arte, and labour to be plaine.

28

For where there is no eare to be abus'd
 None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong :
 The insolent deprauer stands confus'd :
 The impious Atheist seemes to want a tongue,
 Transform'd into the fashion that is vf'd.
 All striue t'appeare like thos they liue among,
 And all will seeme compof'd by that same square
 By which they see the best and greatest are.

29

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
 As that without a sword, without debate,
 Without a noise (or feeling in effect)
 Thou wilt dispose, change, forme, accommodate
 Thy Kingdome, people, rule, and all effect
 Without the least conuulsion of the State;
 That this great passage and mutation will
 Not seeme a change, but onely of our ill.

30

We shall continue and remaine all one,
 In Law, in Iustice, and in Magistrate ;
 Thou wilt not alter the foundation
 Thy Ancestors haue laid of this Estate,
 Nor grieue thy Land with innouation,
 Nor take from vs more then thou wilt collate ;
 Knowing that course is best to be obseru'd,
 Whereby a State hath longest beene preseru'd.

31

A King of *England* now most graciouslie,
 Remits the iniurie that haue beene done
 T'a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie
 To checke them more then his correction ;
 Th'annointed bloud that stain'd most shamefully
 This ill seduced State, he lookes thereon
 With th'eye of griefe, not wrath, t'auenge the same,
 Since th'Authors are extinct that cauf'd that shame.

32

Thus mightie riuers quietly doe glide,
 And doe not by their rage their powers professe,
 But by their mightie workings, when in pride
 Small *Torrents* roare more lowd, and worke much lesse :
 Peace, greatnesse best becomes : calme power doth guide
 With a farre more imperious statelinesse,
 Then all the swords of violence can doe,
 And easier gaines thosse ends she tends vnto.

- St. 30. We shall continue one, and be the same
 In Law, in Iustice, Magistrate and forme,
 Thou wilt not touch the fundamentall frame
 Of their Estate thy Ancestors did forme
 But with a reuerence of their glorious fame
 Seek only the corruptions to reforme (1601 folio).

33

Then *England*, thou haft reason thus to cheare,
 Reason to ioy and triumph in this wife,
 When thou shalt gaine so much, and haue no feare
 To lose ought els but thy deformities ;
 When thus thou shalt haue health and be set cleare
 From all thy great infectious maladies,
 By such a hand that best knowes how to cure,
 And where most lie those griefes thou dost endure.

34

When thou shalt see there is another grace
 Then to be rich ; another dignitie

Nam ubi cupi- Then money ; other meanes for place
do divitiarum Then gold ; wealth shall not now make
iuuasit, neque honestie ;
disciplina,
neque artes
bonae neque When thou shalt see the estimation bafe
ingenium Of that which most afflicts our miserie :
vllum satis
pollet. Without the which, else could'st thou neuer fee
 Our wayes laid right, nor men themselues to bee.

35

By which improouement we shall gaine much more
 Then by *Peru*, or all discoueries :
 For this way to imbaze, is to instore
 The treasure of the Land, and make it rise.
 This is the onely key t'vnlocke the dore,
 To let out plenty, that it may suffice :
 For more then all this Ile, for more increafe
 Of subiects then by thee, there can increase.

36

This shall make roome and place enough for all,
 Which otherwise would not suffice a few,
 And by proportion Geometricall
 Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
 As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle,
 Intrusion, wresting, and by meanes vndue,
 Deserte shall haue her charge, and but one charge,
 As hauing but one body to discharge.

37

Whereby the all in-cheering Maiestie
 Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
 And spread her beames of comfort equally,
 As being all alike to like desarts :
 For thus to checke, imbaze and vilifie
 Th'esteeme of wealth, will fashion so our hearts
 To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
 More labour to be good then to be rich.

38

This will make peace with *Law*, restore the *Bar*,
 T'her ancient silence, where contention now
 Makes so confus'd a noise ; this will debar
 The fostring of debate, and ouerthrow
 That ougly Monster, that foule rauener,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
 By making prey vpon our misery,
 And wasting it againe as wickedly.

Eustace.

39

The strange examples of impou'rishments,
 Of sacrilege, exaction and of waste,
 Shall not be made, nor held as presidents
 For times to come, but end with th'ages past :
 Whenas the State shall yeeld more suppliments
 (Being well employ'd) then Kings can well exhaust ;
 This golden Meadow lying ready still
 Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

40

Fauour, like pitie, in the hearts of men
 Haue the first touches euer violent :
 But foone againe it comes to languish, when
 The motiue of that humour shall be spent :
 But being still fed with that which first hath been
 The cause thereof, it holdes still permanent,
 And is kept in by course, by forme, by kinde,
 And time begets more ties that still more bindē.

41

The broken frame of this disioynted State,
 Being by the bliffe of thy great Grandfather
Henry the seuenth, restor'd to an estate
 More found then euer, and more stedfaster,
 Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate
 Stands bond to thee that art his successer :
 For without him it had not beene begunne,
 And without thee we had beene now vndone.

42

He, of a priuate man, became a King,
 Hauing indur'd the weight of tyrannie,
 Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the thing
 That good men wish for in their miserie
 Vnder ill Kings, saw what it was to bring
 Order and forme to the recouerie
 Of an vnrule State ; conceiu'd what cure
 Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

43

Thou, borne a King, hast in thy State endur'd
 The fowre affronts of priuate discontent
 With subiects broiles ; and euer beene enur'd
 To this great mysterie of gouernment :
 Whereby thy Princely wisdome hath allur'd
 A State to peace, left to thee turbulent,
 And brought vs an addition to the frame
 Of this great worke, squar'd fitly to the same.

44

And both you (by the all-working Prouidence,
 That fashions out of dangers, toyles, debates,
 Those whom it hath ordained to commence
 The first, and great establisments of States)
 Came when your aide, your powers experience
 (Which out of judgement best accommodates
 These ioynts of rule) was more then most desir'd,
 And when the times of neede the most requir'd.

St. 43, l. 1, *a* misprints 'Then.'

45

And as he laid the modell of this frame,
 By which was built so strong a worke of State,
 As all the powers of changes in the same,
 All that exceffe of a disordinate
 And lustfull Prince, nor all that after came,
 Nor child, nor stranger, nor yet womens fate,
 Could once difioynt the complements, whereby
 It held together in iust Symetry.

46

So thou likewise art come as fore-ordaind,
 To reinforce the same more really,
 Which oftentimes hath but beene entertain'd
 By the onely stile and name of Maiesty ;
 And by no other counsells oft attain'd
 Those ends of her inioy'd tranquility,
 Then by this forme, and by the incumbrances
 Of neighbour States that gaue it a succeſſe.

47

That hadſt thou had no title (as thou haſt
 The onely right, and none hath els a right)
 We yet muſt now haue bin inforc'd t'haue caſt
 Our felues into thy armes, to ſet all right,
 And to auert conuſion, bloudſhed, waste,
 That otherwife vpon vs needes muſt light :
 None but a King, and no King els beside
 Could now haue ſau'd this State from being deſtroid'.

48

Thus hath the hundred yeeres brought backe againe
 The sacred bloud lent to adorne the *North*,
 And here return'd it with a greater gaine,
 And greater glory then we sent it forth.
 Thus doth th' all-working Prouidence retaine,
 And keepe for great effects the seede of worth,
 And so doth point the stops of time thereby,
 In periods of vncertaine certainty.

49

Margaret of Richmond (glorious Grandmother
 Vnto that other precious *Margaret*,
 From whence th' Almighty worker did transfer
 This branch of peace, as from a roote well set)
 Thou Mother, Author, Plotter, Counsellor
 Of vnion, that didst both conceiue, beget
 And bring forth happinesse to this great State,
 To make it thus intirely fortunate.

50

O couldst thou now but view this faire successe,
 This great effect of thy religious worke,
 And see therein how God hath pleaf'd to blefse
 Thy charitable counsels and to worke
 Still greater good out of the blessednesse
 Of this conioyned *Lancaster* and *Yorke*:
 Which all conioyn'd within, and those shut out
 Whom nature and their birth had set without.

St. 48, margin-note from 1601 folio—"It is iuft a hundred yeares since the Lady Margaret was married to James the fourth King of Scots."

51

How much hast thou bound all posterities
 In this great worke to reuerence thy name !
 And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wife
 And learned *Mourton*, who contriu'd the same,
 And first aduise'd, and did so well aduise
 As that the good succeſſe that thereof came
 Shew'd well, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleere harts
 Are onely fit to act ſuch glorious parts.

52

But *Muse*, theſe deare remembrances muſt be
 In their conuenient places regiſtred,
 When thou ſhalt bring ſterne diſcord to agree,
 And bloody warre into a quiet bed :
 Which worke muſt now be finished by thee,
 That long hath laine vndone, as deſtined
 Vnto the glory of theſe dayes : for which
 Thy vowes and Verſe haue laboured ſo muſch.

53

Thou euer haſt oppoſed all thy might
 Againſt contention, furie, pride and wrong,
 Perswading ſtill to hold the course of right ;
 And peace hath beene the burden of thy ſong :
 And now thy ſelfe ſhalt haue the benefit
 Of quietneſſe, which thou haſt wanted long ;
 And now ſhalt haue calme peace, and vniōn
 With thine owne warres, and now thou muſt go on.

54

Onely the ioy of this so deare a thing
 Made me looke backe vnto the cause, whence came
 This so great good, this blessing of a King,
 When our estate so much requir'd the same :
 When we had need of pow'r for the well ordering
 Of our affaires, need of a spirit to frame
 The world to good, to grace and worthinesse,
 Out of this humour of luxuriosnesse.

55

And brings vs backe vnto our felues againe,
 Vnto our ancient natvie modestie ;
 From out these forren finnes we entertaine,
 These lothesome surfets, ougly gluttonie ;
 From this vnmanly and this idle vaine
 Of wanton and superfluous brauery :
 The wracke of Gentry, spoyle of Noblenesse ;
 And square vs by thy temp'rate sobernesse.

56

When Abstinence is fashion'd by the Time,
 It is no rare thing to be abstinent,
 But then it is, when th'age full fraught with crime
 Lies prostrate vnto all misgouernment.
 And who is not licencious in the prime
 And heate of youth, nor then incontinent
 When out of might he may, he neuer will ;
 No power can tempt him to that taste of ill.

57

Then what are we t'expect from such a hand
 That doth this sterne of faire example guide ?
 Who will not now shame to haue no command
 Ouer his lusts ? Who would be seene t'abide
 Vnfaithfull to his vowes, to infringe the band
 Of a most sacred knot which God hath tide ?
 Who would now feeme to be dishonoured
 With th'vnkleane touch of an vnlawfull bed ?

58

What a great checke will this chaste Court be now
 To wanton Court debausht with luxury ;
 Where we no other Mistresses shall know
 But her to whom we owe our loyalty ?
 Chaste Mother of our Princes, whence do grow
 Those righteous issues, which shall glorifie
 And comfort many Nations with their worth,
 To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

59

We shall not feare to haue our wiues distain'd,
 Nor yet our daughters violated here
 By an imperiall lust, that being vntrain'd,
 Will hardly be refisted any where.
 He will not be betrai'd with ease, nor train'd
 With idle rest, in soft delights to weare
 His time of life : but knowes whereto he tends,
 How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

60.

And that this mighty worke of vnion now
 Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
 And be so clof'd, as all the ioynts may grow
 Together firme in due proportion :
 A worke of power and Iudgement, that must shew
 All parts of wisedome and discretion
 That man can shew, that no cloud may impaire
 This day of hope, whose morning shewes so faire.

61

He hath a mighty burden to sustaine,
 Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious Prince,
 Or where mens expectations entertaine
 Hopes of more good, and more beneficence :
 But yet he vndergoes a greater paine,
 A more laborious worke, who must commence
 The great foundation of a gouernment,
 And lay the frame of Order and Content.

62

Especially where mens desires do runne
 A greedy course of eminency, gaine,
 And priuate hopes, weighing not what is done
 For the Republicke, so themselues may gaine
 Their ends, and where few care who be vndone,
 So they be made, whil'st all do entertaine
 The prefent motions that this passage brings
 With th'infancy of change, vnder new kings.

63

So that the weight of all seemes to relie
 Wholly vpon thine owne discretion ;
 Thy iudgement now must only rectifie
 This frame of pow'r thy glory stands vpon
 From thee must come ; that thy posterity
 May ioy this peace, and hold this vnion :
 For whil'st all worke for their owne benefit,
 Thy only worke must keepe vs all vpright.

64

For, did not now thy full maturity
 Of yeeres and wisdome, that discerne what showes,
 What arte and colours may deceiue the eye,
 Secure our trust that that cleere iudgement knowes
 Vpon what grounds depend thy Maiesty,
 And whence the glory of thy greatnessse growes ;
 We might distrust left that a side might part
 Thee from thy selfe, and so surprize thy heart.

65

Since th'art but one, and that against thy brest
 Are laid all th'ingins both of skill and wit,
 And all th'affaults of cunning are addrest
 With stratagems of Art to enter it,
 To make a prey of grace, and to inuest
 Their pow'rs within thy loue, that they might fit
 And stir that way which their affection tends,
 Respecting but themselues and their owne ends.

66

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
 To rule, and what strength is requir'd to stand
 Against all th'interplac'd respondences
 Of combinations, set to keepe the hand
 And eye of power from out the Prouinces
 That Auarice may draw to her command;
 Which, to keepe hers, she others vowes to spare,
 That they againe to her might vse like care.

67

But God, that rais'd thee vp to act this part,
 Hath giuen thee all those powers of worthines,
 Fit for so great a worke, and fram'd thy heart
 Discernable of all appearances;
 Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art
 Of ord'ring man, *Knowledge of Knowledges*;
 That from thee men might reckon how this State
 Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

68

That thou the first, with vs, in name, might'ſt be
 The first in course, to fashion vs a new,
 VVherein the times hath offred that to thee,
 VVhich ſeldome t'other Princes could accrue:
 Thou haſt th'aduantage only to be free
 T'employ thy fauours where they ſhall be due,
 And to dispose thy grace in generall,
 And like to *Ioue*, to be alike to all.

St. 68, in margin of 1601 folio, ‘*Eft Iupiter omnibus idem.*’

69

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
 But t' all thy people vniuersally,
 And not to them, but for their loue alone,
 Which they account is placed worthily :
 Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, wheron
 They rest, nor they faile in their loyalty ;
 Since no Prince comes deceiuied in his trust,
 But he that first deceiuies, and proues vniust.

70

Then since we are in this so faire a way
 Of Restauration, Greatnesse and Command,
 Cursed be he that causes the least stay
 In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand ;
 And cursed he that offers to betray
 Thy graces or thy goodnesse to withstand ;
 Let him be held abhorrd, and all his race
 Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

71

And he that shall by wicked Offices
 Be th'author of the least disturbancy,
 Or seeke t' auert thy godly purposes,
 Be euer held the scorne of infamy :
 And let men but consider their successe
 Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously :
 They shall perceiue their ends do still relate,
 That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.

72

And it is iuft, that they who make a prey
 Of Princes fauours, in the end againe
 Be made a prey to Princes, and repay
 The spoiles of misery with greater gaine ;
 Whose sacrifices euer do allay
 The wrath of men, conceiu'd in their disdaine :
 For that their hatred prosecuteth still,
 More than ill Princes, thofe that make them ill.

73

But both thy judgement and estate doth free
 Thee from theſe powers of feare and flattery
 The conquerours of Kings, by whom we ſee
 Are wrought the acts of all impiety :
 Thou art ſo ſet, as th'haſt no cauſe to be
 Iealous, or dreadfull of diſloyalty ;
 The pedeftal whereon thy greatneſſe ſtands,
 Is buiit of all our hearts, and all our hands.

St. 73, l. 7, miſprinted 'the.'



VI.

A Fvnerall Poeme Vpon the Death of
the late noble Earle of Deuonshire.

1606.

NOTE.

The Earl of Devonshire died on 3rd April, 1606, and this 'Fynerall Poeme,' which appeared originally as a thin quarto, having a title-page printed in white letters on a black ground, may be dated in the same year, though without date anywhere. The title-page thus runs :—

A Fvnerall Poeme
Vpon the Death of
the late noble Earle
of Deuonshire.

(ii leaves.)

An exemplar is in the British Museum. It is found in all the collective editions after 1606. A collation of the quarto of 1623 with this original edition—never before done—abundantly rewards us. At the bottom of the pages lines and whole passages left out by the Author on revision are recorded, and some re-introduced into the text. Passages in the quarto of 1623 not in the original edition are also noted. The 1607 edition supplies in margin an important name. See Memorial-Introduction on this nobleman, and for an original and unpublished letter from Daniel to him.

A
F V N E R A L L
P O E M E .

Vpon the Death of the late noble
Earle of Deuonshire.



OW that the hand of death hath layd
thee there,
Where neither greatnesse, pompe, nor
grace, we see,
Nor any differences of earth ; and
where
No vaile is drawne betwixt thy selfe
and thee :

Now *Deuonshire* that thou art but a name,
And all the rest of thee besides is gone,
When men conceiue thee not, but by the fame
Of what thy vertue, and thy worth haue done :

10

ll. 7-13 in the original edition are as follows :—

Where all must be, and leuel'd thee with th' Earth—
Where men are all of them alike, and where
There are no feu'rall roomes for state or birth :
Now thou hast nothing left thee but a name
(O noble *Deuonshire*) and all is gone
With thee, except the memorie, and fame
Of what thy vertue . . . hath . . .

Now shal my verse which thou in life didst grace,
 (And which was no disgrace for thee to do)
 Not leave thee in the graue, that ougly place
 That few regard, or haue respect vnto,
 Where all attendance, and obseruance ends,
 Where all the Sunshine of our fauour sets,
 Where what was ill, no countenance defends,
 And what was good, th'vnthankfull world forgets. 20
 Here shalt thou haue the seruice of my pen
 (The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
 I cannot be supposde to flatter, when
 I speake behinde thy backe, not to thy face :
 Men neuer sooth the dead but where they do
 Find liuing tyes, to hold them therevnto.
 And I stand cleere from any other chaine
 Then of my loue which freeborne, draws free breath.
 The benefit thou gau'ft me to sustaine 30
 My humble life, I loose it by thy death.
 Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
 Any exactiōn of respect so strong,
 As t'inforce m'obseruance, beyond thee,
 Or make my conscience differ from my tongue.
 Let those be vassals to such seruices
 Who have their hopes, or whose desires are hye,
 For me I haue my ends, and know it is
 For I haue learnt it is the property
 For free men to speake truth, for slaues to lye. 40

I. 16, 'darkefome'; ll. 26-7 not in original edition; I. 28, 'And am vntide'; ll. 36-8 accepted from original edition; I. 40—Here in the original edition a very striking but scarcely wrought-out passage is found, as follows:—

And if mistaken by the Parralax
 And distance of my standing too farre off

And therefore I sincerely will report
 First how thy parts were faire conuaid within,
 How that braue minde was built and in what fort
 All thy contexture of thy heart hath beene,
 Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compof'd
 As vertue neuer had a fairer seate,
 Nor could be better lodg'd nor more repof'd,
 Then in that goodly frame ; where all things sweete,
 And all things quiet, held a peacefull rest ;
 Where passion did no suddaine tumults raise 50
 That might disturbe her, nor was euer brest
 Contain'd so much, and made so little noyse;

I heretofore might erre, and men might tax
 My being to free of prayses, without prooфе.
 But here it is not so, and yet the choyce
 Of those I made did yeald the greatest shew
 Of honour and of worth, and had the voyce
 Of present times their virtues to allow.
 And if they haue not made them good, it is
 No fault of mine, nor ought it to be layd
 To disrepute these my obseruances :
 True prayses doe adorne, the false obrayd,
 And oftentimes to greatness we are glad
 To attribute those parts we wish they had.
 But *Deuonshire* I here stand cleere with thee,
 I haue a manumission to be free,
 I owe thee nothing, and I may be bold
 To speake the certaine truth of what I know :
 There is no power remaines in thee, to hold
 The tongues of men, that will be talking now :
 And now being dead may anatomise,
 And open here all that thou wert within,
 Shew how thy minde was built, and in what wife
 All the contexture . . . [See l. 39.]

l. 48, misprinted ‘thing.’

That by thy silent modestie is found
 The emptiest vessells make the greatest sound.
 For thou so well discernd'st thy selfe, had'st read
 Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
 The lesse to speake, as being ordain'd to spread
 Thy selfe in action, rather than discourse ;
 Though thou hadst made a generall Suruey
 Of all the best of mens best knowledges, 60
 And knew as much as euer learning knew,
 Yet did it make thee trust thy selfe the lesse,
 And lesse presume ; and yet when being mou'd
 In priuate talke to speake, thou didst bewray
 How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd
 That thou didst know what euer wit could say ;
 Which shew'd thou hadst not bookees as many haue
 For ostentation, but for vse, and that
 Thy bounteous memory was such, as gaue
 A large reuenue of the good, it gat. 70
 Witnesse so many volumes whereto thou
 Haft set thy notes vnder thy learned hand,
 And markt them with that print as will shew how
 The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did stand ;
 That none would thinke if all thy life had beene,
 Turn'd into leisure, thou couldst haue attain'd
 So much of time, to haue perus'd and seene,
 So many volumes that so much contain'd.
 Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare
 Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight 80
 Thy solitary *Wansteed*, where thy care
 Had gathered all what heart or eyes delight.

1. 56, 'simoake' ; 'the' for 'thee' ; l. 59, 'furview' ; ll. 81-2, in margin,
 * *The Library at Wanstead.*

And whereas many others haue, we see
 All things within their houes worth the fift,
 Except themselues, that furniture of thee
 And of thy presence, gaue the best delight.
 With such a seafon, such a temprature
 Wert thou compos'd, as made sweetnes one,
 And held the tenor of thy life still sure,
 In confort with thy selfe in perfect tone ; 90
 And neuer man had heart more truely seru'd
 Vnder the regiment of his owne care
 And was more at command, and more obseru'd
 The colours of that modesty he bare
 Then that of thine, in whom men neuer found
 That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell
 Of any veine thou hadst that was vnsound,
 Or motion of thy powers, that turn'd not well.
 And this was thy prouision laid within,
 Thus wert thou to thy selfe, and now remaines. 100
 VVhat to the world thou outwardly hast beene,
 VVhat the dimension of that fide containes,
 Which likewise was so goodly and so large
 As shewes that thou wert borne t'adorne the dayes
 Wherein thou liu'st, and also to discharge
 Those parts which Englands and thy fame should raise ;
 Although in peace, thou seem'dst to be all peace
 Yet being in warre, thou wert all warre, and there
 As in thy spheere thy spirits did neuer cease
 To moue with indefatigable care 110
 And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart
 Nor more inlarge thee into iollity,

Then when thou sawest thy selfe in armour girt,
Or any act of armes like to be nye.

The *Belgique* warre first tride thy martiall spirit,
And what thou wert and what thou wouldest be found
And markt thee there according to thy merit
With honors stampe, a deepe and noble wound.
And that same place that rent from mortall men
Immortall *Sidney*, glory of the field

120

And glory of the Muses, and their pen
(VVho equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)

Had likewise bin thy last, had not the fate
Of *England* then referu'd thy worthy blood,
Vnto the preseruation of a State

That much concern'd her honour and her good ;
And thence return'd thee to inioy the blis

Of grace and fauour in *Elizae*s fight
(That miracle of women) who by this

Made thee be held according to thy right;

130

Which faire and happy blessing thou mightst well
Haue farre more raifd had not thine enemy

Retired priuacy, made thee to fell

Thy greatnes for thy quiet, and deny

To meet faire Fortune, when she came to thee.

For neuer man did his preferment fly,

And had it in that eminent degree,

As thou, as if it fought thy modesty.

For that which many, whom ambition toyles

And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine

140

l. 128, 'eyes'; l. 130—

' . . . held, and made thee to arise
Vnto a note more hye, which thou . . .';

l. 413, 'quiet' accepted for *a*'s misprint 'quite'; l. 138, misprinted 'sought.'

With all their thrusfts, & shouldring-plots, and wiles
 VVas easilly made thine, without thy paine.
 And without any priuate malicing
 Or publique greeuance, euery good man ioy'd
 That vertue could come cleere to any thing,
 And faire deserts to be so fairely pay'd.
 Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee
 VVere not like fortunes fauours, they could fee.
Eliza's cleere-eied iudgement is renown'd
 For making choice of thy ability: 150
 But it will euerlastingly redound
 Vnto the glory, and benignity
 Of *Britaines* mighty Monarch, that thou wert
 By him aduanced for thy great desert ;
 It being the fairer worke of maiesy
 With fauour to reward, than to employ.
 And as thou saidst that naught thy heart did grieue,
 In death so much, as that time would not yeeld
 Thee meanes to shew thy zeale, that thou mightst liue
 T'haue done but one dayes seruice in the field, 160
 And that faire bed of honour died vpon,
 And with thy bloud haue feald thy gratefulnesse
 To such a royall Maister. Who had done
 So much for thee t'aduance thy seruices ;
 Which were indeed of that deſeart, as they
 Might aske their grace themſelues : yet do we ſee
 That to ſuccesse, deſert hath not a way
 But vnder Princes that moſt gracious be,

l. 149, hyphen accepted from original edition ; l. 151, misprinted 're-bound'; ll. 157-65 accepted and re-inserted from the original edition ; l. 165 in 1623 reads, 'Although thy seruices, were ſuch as they'; l. 166, 'although' for 'yet do.'

For without thy great valour we had lost
 The dearest purchase euer *England* made: 170
 And made with such profuse exceeding cost
 Of bloud and charge, to keepe and to inuade :
 As commutation paid a deerer price
 For such a peece of earth, and yet well paid
 And well aduentur'd for, with great aduice,
 And happily to our dominions laid ;
 Without which out-let, *England* thou hadst bin
 From all the rest of th'earth shut out, and pent
 Vnto thy selfe, and forst to keepe within,
 Inuiron'd round with others gouernment ; 180
 Where now by this, thy large imperiall Crowne
 Stands boundlesse in the West, and hath a way
 For noble times, left to make all thine owne
 That lyes beyond it, and force all t'obay.
 And this important peece, like t'hau'e beene rent
 From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
 As that no ioynture of the gouernment
 But shooke, no ligament, no band
 Of order and obedience, but were then
 Loose and in tottering, when the charge 190
 Thereof was laid on *Montioy*, and that other men
 Checkt by example sought to put it off.
 And he out of his natvie modesty
 (As being no vndertaker) labours too
 To haue auoided that which his ability
 And Englands *Genius* would haue him do

l. 169, 'For when our kingdom stood in state t' haue lost'; l. 170, 'that it' for 'euer'; l. 171, 'And what it bought with that'; l. 173, 'As neuer nation'; misprinted 'communation'; l. 177, 'hadft' for 'hast'—accepted; l. 180, 'Inuiron'd with incroaching'; l. 183, 'leaff' for 'left'; l. 192, 'checkt' accepted for 'chokt' of a; l. 196, 'to' in error before 'do' in a.

Alleadging how it was a charge vnfit
 For him to vndergo, seeing such a one
 As had more power and meanes t'accomplish it
 Then he could haue, had there so little done.

200

Vvhose ill succeſſe (considering his great worth,
 Was ſuch as could that mischiefe be withſtood,
 It had beene wrought) did in it ſelſe bring forth
 Discouragement that he ſhould do leſſe good.

The ſtate replide, it was not lookt he ſhould
 Reſtore it wholy to it ſelſe againe,
 But only now if poſſible he could
 In any fashion but the fame retaine
 So that it did not fall a funder quite,
 Being thus diſhuered in a deſperate plignt.

210

With courage on he goes, doth exiuite
 With counſell, and returnes with victory ;
 But in what noble fashion he did ſute
 This action, with what wit and industry,
 Is not to be diſgracde in this ſmall carde :
 It aſkes a ſpacious Mappe of more regarde.

l. 197, 'And did aleadge it' ; ll. 201-4 in original edition read—

'Whofe ill ſucceſſe (for that he knew his worth
 So great, as if there could haue beene redrefſe,
 He had effected it) in him brought forth
 Discouragement, that he ſhould there do leſſe.'

l. 206, 'being ſo diſ-rent' ; ll. 207-8—

'And only now, if poſſibly he could
 But hold it vp, it was ſufficient'—

'ſufficient' rhyme-word to 'diſrent' in l. 206 ; l. 211, 'execute' ; l. 212,
 'With' accepted for 'Which' ; ll. 215-90 not in original edition, which
 has only the following :—

'There is no roome to place it in this ſtreight.
 Time, and my preſent griefes, do diſappoint

Here is no roome to tell with what strange speed
 And secrecy he vsed to preuent
 The enemies desigues, nor with what heed
 He marcht before report, where what he ment 220
 Fame neuer knew her selfe till it was done,
 His drifts and Rumor seldome being all one ;
 Nor will this place conueniency afford
 To shew how he, when dismall winter stormes
 Keepes peace, and makes Mars sheath his fword,
 Toyles him abroad, and noble act performes ;
 Nor how by mastring difficulties so
 In times vnusuall, and by passage hard
 He brauely came to disappoint his foe,
 And many times surpris'd him ynpreserved. 230

Yet let me touch one point of that great Act,
 That famous siege, the Master-worke of all,
 Where no distresse nor difficulties lackt
 T'afflict his weary tyred Campe with all.
 That when inclof'd by powerfull enemies
 One either side, with feeble troupes he lay
 Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miseries ;
 Kept waking with Alarumes night and day.
 There were, who did aduise him, to withdraw
 His army to some place of safe defence, 240
 From the apparent perill which they saw
 Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

My willingnes. Befides being of that weight
 Tis finne to place it in a narrower point,
 And better now say nothing then to fay
 But little ; there remaines for this behind,
 A *Trophe*y to b'erecuted that will stay
 To all posterityes, and keepe in minde
 That glorious worke, which did a kingdome faue,
 Kept the Crowne whole & made the Peace we haue.'

For now the Spaniard had possest three ports
 The most important of this Ile say they,
 And sooner fresh supplyments, Spaine transports
 To them then England can to vs conuay ;
 The Reble is in heart, and now is ioyn'd
 With some of them already, and doth stand
 Here ouer vs, with chiefest strength combin'd
 Of all the desperate forces of the land ; 250
 And how vpon these disaduantages
 Your doubtfull troupes will fight your *Honour guess.*
 Th'vndaunted *Montioy* hereto answers this.

My worthy friends, the charge of this great state
 And kingdome to my faith committed is,
 And I must all I can ingeniate
 To answere for the same, and render it
 Vpon as faire a reckning as I may ;
 But if from hence I shall once stirre my feete,
 The kingdome is vndone, and lost this day. 260

All will fly thither where they find is hart,
 And feare shal haue none stand to take his part ;
 And how shal we answere our Country then
 At our returne, nay answere our owne fame ?
 Which howsoeuer we haue done like men
 Will be imbranded with the marke of blame.
 And fince we here are come vnto the point
 For which we toild so much and staid so long,
 Let vs not now our trauailes disappoint
 Of th'honour which doth thereunto belong. 270
 We cannot spend our blood more worthily
 Then in so faire a cause, and if we fall

l. 252, spelt 'ges.'

We fall with glory, and our worth thereby
 Shalbe renowned, and held deare of all.
 And for my part I count the field to be
 The honourablest bed to die vpon ;
 And here your eies this day either see
 My body laid, or els this action done.

The Lord the chiefe and foueraigne Generall

Of Hosts, makes weake to stand, the strong to fall.

280

With which braue resolution he so warm'd
 Their shaking courage, as they all in one
 Set to that noble worke ; which they perform'd
 As gallantly as euer men haue done.
 Of which tis better nothing now to say,
 Then say too little : For there rests behind
 A Trophey to b'ereceted, that will stay
 To all posterities, and keepe in minde
 That glorious act which did a kingdome faue,
 Kept the Crowne whole and made the peace we
 haue.

290

And now I will omit to shew therefore,
 His management of publike businesses :
 Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more
 Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages ;
 VVhich on his owne discretion did relie,
 VVherewith his spirit was furnisht happely.

Milde, affable, and easie of accesse
 He was, but with a due reseruednes :
 So that the passage to his fauours lay
 Not common to all commers, nor yet was

300

l. 291, 'here' for 'now'; l. 292, 'bus'nesses'; ll. 285-90—see foot-note on pp. 179-80.

So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way
 To such as fitly might or ought to passe :
 Nor fold he fsmoke, nor tooke he vp to day
 Commodities of mens attendances,
 And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,
 And intertwine them with faire promises.
 But as a man that lou'd no great commerce
 With businesse, and with noise, he euer flies
 That Maze of many waies, which might disperse
 Him, into other mens vncertainties. 310
 And with a quiet calme sincirity,
 H'effects his vndertakings really.
 His tongue and heart did not turne-backes, but went
 One way, and kept one course with what he ment.
 He vf'd no maske at all, but euer ware
 His honest inclination open fac'd,
 The friendships that he you'd, most constant were,
 And with great iudgment, and discretion plac'd.
 And *Deuonshire* thy faith hath her reward,
 Thy noblest friends do not forfake thee now, 320
 After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
 Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and show,
 That worthiness, which merits to remaine
 Among th'examples of integrity ;
 Whereby themselues no doubt shall also gaine,
 A like regard vnto their memory.
 Now muttering enuy, what canst thou produce
 To darken the bright luster of such parts ?
 Cast thy pure stome, exempt from all abuse.
 Say what defects could weigh downe these deserts ? 330

Summon detraction, to obiect the worst
 That may be told, and vtter all it can.
 It cannot find a blemish to b'inforst,
 Against him, other, then he was a man,
 And built of flesh and blood, and did liue here
 Within the region of infirmitie ;
 VVhere all perfections neuer did appeare,
 To meet in any one so really,
 But that his frailty euer did bewray
 Vnto the world, that he was set in clay. 340
 But yet his vertues, and his worthinesse
 Being seene so farre aboue his weaknesse,
 Must euer shine, whilst th'other vnder ground,
 With his fraile part, shall neuer more be found
 And *gratitude*, and *charity* I know,
 Will keepe no note, nor memory will haue,
 Of any fault committed, but will now
 Be pleaseid, to bring all within his Graue.
 Seeing only such stand euer base and low
 That strike the dead, or mutter vnder-hand : 350
 And as dogges bark at those they do not know,
 So they at such they do not vnderstand.
 The worthier sort, who know we do not liue
 With perfect men, will neuer be so vnkinde ;
 They will the right to the diseased giue,
 Knowing themselues must likewise leauie behind,

l. 334, , for . accepted ; ll. 341-4 re-inserted and accepted from original edition ; ll. 347-8 accepted for a's—

‘Of ought, but of his worthy vertues now
 Which still will liue ; the rest lies in his graue’ ;

l. 349, ‘lie’ for ‘stand’ ; l. 354, ‘be so vnkinde’ accepted for ‘f’vnkind’ ;

Those that will censure them. And they know how,
The Lyon being dead euen Hares insult.
And will not vrge a passed error now,
Whenas he hath no party to consult, 360
Nor tongue, nor aduocate, to shew his minde :
They rather will lament the losse they finde,
By such a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world such men brings forth.
For neuer none had heart more truly seru'd,
Vnder the regiment of his own care,
And was none at command, and none obseru'd
The coullours of that honesty he bare,
Then that of his : who neuer more was knowne ;
To vfe immodest act, or speech obscene, 370
Or any leuity that might haue showne,
The touch but of a thought that was vncleane.
So that what euer he hath done amisse,
Was vnderneath a shape that was not knowne ;
As *Jupiter* did no vnworthiness,
But was in other formes, not in his owne.

But let it now sufficient be, that I,
The last Scene of his act of life bewray ;
Which giues th'applause to all, doth glorifie
The worke. For t'is the euening crownes the day. 380
This action of our death especially
Shewes all a man. Here only is he found.
With what munition he did fortifie
His heart, how good his furniture hath bin.
And this did he performe in gallant wise :
In this did he confirme his worthiness.

I. 359, 'a passed error' accepted for 'an imperfection'; II. 365-76 re-inserted and accepted from original edition.

For on the morrow after the surprise
 That sicknes made on him with fierce accesse,
 He told his faithfull friend whom he held deere
 (And whose great worth was worthy so to be) 390
 How that he knew those hot diseases were
 Of that contagious force, as he did see
 That men were ouer-tumbled sudainly,
 And therefore did desire to set a course
 And order t'his affaires as speedily ;
 As might be, ere his ficknes should grow worse :
 And as for death, said he, I do not wey,
 I am resolu'd and ready in this case.
 It cannot come t'affright me any way,
 Let it looke neuer with so grim a face : 400
 And I will meete it smiling, for I know,
 How vaine a thing all this worlds glory is.
 And herein did he keepe his word. Did shew
 Indeede as he had promised in this.
 For ficknesse neuer heard him grone at all,
 Nor with a sigh consent to shew his paine ;
 Which howsoeuer being tirannicall,
 He sweetly made it looke, and did retaine
 A louely countenance of his being well,
 And so would euer make his tongue to tell. 410

Although the feruour of extremity,
 Which often doth throw those defences downe,
 VVhich in our health, wall in infirmity,
 Might open lay more then we would haue knowne:
 Yet did no idle word in him bewray
 Any one peece of nature ill set in ;

1. 389—in 1607 edition here in margin ‘Sir William Godolphin.’

Those lightnesses that any thing will say
 Could say no ill of what they knew within ;
 Such a sure locke of silent modesty
 VWas set in life vpon that noble heart 420
 As that no anguish, nor extremity
 Could open it t'impaire that worthy part.
 For hauing dedicated still the same
 Vnto deuotion, and to sacred skill,
 That furnish perfect held, that blessed flame
 Continued to the last in ferverour still.
 And when his spirit and tongue, no longer could
 Do any certaine seruices beside,
 Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold
 VVith feruent zeale, how only he relide 430
 Vpon the merits of the precious death
 Of his redeemer ; and with rapt desires
 H'appeales to grace, his soule deliuereþ
 Vnto the hand of mercy, and expires.
 Thus did that worthy, who most vertuously
 And mildly liu'd, most sweete, and mildly dy.

And thus Great Patrone of my muse haue I
 Paid thee my vowes and fairely cleer'd the accounts
 VVhich in my loue I owe thy memory.
 And let me say that herein there amounts 440
 Something vnto thy fortune, that thou hast
 This monument of thee, perhaps may last.
 Which doth not t'euery mighty man befall :
 For loe how many when they die, die all.
 And this doth argue too, thy great deserts,
 For honour neuer brought vnworthiness
 Further then to the graue, and there it parts
 And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulness.

And we do see that nettles, thistles, brakes
(The poorest workes of nature) tread vpon
The proudest frames that mans inuention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But *Deuonshire* thou hast another Tombe
Made by thy vertues in a safer roome.

450

SAMVEL DANIELL.

I. 455, 'Samuell.'

F I N I S.

VII.

CERTAINE EPISTLES.

1601-3.

NOTE.

These ‘Certainte Epistles’ are also found in the gift-folio of 1601, but probably like the ‘Panegyrike’ (which precedes them) were of later dates. They were described by the Author as ‘after the manner of Horace.’ A collation of the after-texts shows no various readings except slight orthographical changes. They appear in all the editions. See our Memorial-Introduction on the persons addressed. A. B. G.

TO
S^r. THOMAS EGERTON
Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great
Seale of England.



Ell hath the pow'rfull hand of Maiesty,
Thy worthines, and *Englands* hap
beside,
Set thee in th'aidfull'st roome of
dignity,
As th'Isthmus, these two Oceans to
diuide,
Of *Rigor* and confus'd *Vncertainty* ;
To keepe out th'entercourse of wrong and pride, 10
That they ingulph not vp vnsuccoured right
By the extreme current of licencious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fastning of society,
Law ; whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remaine concussed with vncertainty,
And seeme to foster rather than withstand
Contention, and embrace obscurity,
Only t'afflict, and not to fashion vs,
Making her cure farre worse than the disease ; 20

l. 10—1601 ‘fasting’ (error).

As if she had made couenant with Wrong,
 To part the prey made on our weaknesses,
 And suffred Falshood to be arm'd as strong
 Vnto the combate, as is Righteousnesse,
 Or suted her, as if she did belong
 Vnto our paffions, and did euen professe
 Contention, as her only mystery,
 Which she restraines not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same sh'is now in ages past ?
 Or was she leffe when she was vfed leffe : 30
 And growes as malice growes, and so comes cast
 Iust to the forme of our vnquietnesse ?
 Or made more flow, the more that strife runs fast,
 Staying t'vndo vs ere she will redresse ?
 That th'll she checks seemes suffred to be ill,
 When it yeelds greater gaine than goodnes will.

Must there be still some discord mixed among
 The Harmony of men ? whose mood accords
 Best with Contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong,
 That when warre failes, peace must make warre with
 words, 40
 And b'arm'd vnto destruction euen as strong,
 As were in ages past our ciuill swords ;
 Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds,
 That whenas fury failes, wisdome confounds.

If it be wisdome, and not cunning, this
 Which so imbroiles the state of truth with brawles,
 And wraps it vp in strange confusednesse,
 As if it liu'd immur'd within the walls

Of hideous termes, fram'd out of barbarousnesse
 And forren customes, the memorials
 Of our subiection, and could neuer be
 Deliu'red but by wrangling subtilty.

50

Whereas it dwells free in the open plaine,
 Vncurious, Gentle, easie of accesse ;
 Certaine vnto it selfe, of equall vaine,
 One face, one colour, one assurednesse :
 It's falsehood that is intricate and vaine,
 And needs these labyrinths of subtilenesse :
 For where the cunningst cou'nings most appeare,
 It argues still that all is not sincere.

60

Which thy cleere-ey'd experience well discries
 Great *Keeper* of the state of Equity,
 Refuge of mercy, vpon whom relies
 The succour of oppressed misery ;
 Altar of safegard, whereto affliction flies
 From th'eager pursuit of feuerity ;
 Hauen of peace, that labour'st to withdraw
 Iustice from out the tempests of the Law.

And fet her in a calme and euen way,
 Plaine, and directly leading to redresse,
 Barring these counter-courses of delay,
 These wasting dilatory processses :
 Ranging into their right and proper ray,
 Errors, demurs, esioines, and trauerxes ;
 The heads of *Hydra* springing out of death,
 That giues this monster, Malice, still new breath.

70

That what was made for the vtility
 And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt,
 To make him worser by his remedy,
 And cast him downe, with what should him support: 80
 Nor that the state of Law might lose thereby
 The due respect, and reu'rence of her port ;
 And seeme a trap to catch our ignorance,
 And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deeds
 Vnto a like infinity arise,
 As being a Science, that by nature breeds
 Contention, strife, and ambiguities :
 For altercation controuersie feeds,
 And in her agitation multiplies :
 The field of *Cauill* lying all like wide,
 Yeelds like aduantage vnto either side. 90

Which made the graue Castillian king deuise
 Ferdinand A prohibition, that no Aduocate
king of Should be conuaid to th'Indian Colonies,
Castile (1601.) Lest their new setting, shaken with debate,
 Might take but slender root, and so not rise
 To any perfect grow'th of firme estate :
 For hauing not this skill, how to contend,
 Th'vnourisht strife wold quickly make an end. 100

So likewise did th'Hungarian, when he saw
The king of These great Italian Bartolists, who were
Hungarie. Call'd in of purpose to explane the Law,
 T'imbroile it more, and make it much lesse cleere ;

Cauf'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw
 With this infestious skill, some other-where : *Difficultatem facit doctrina.*
 Whose learning, rather let men farther out,
 And opened wider passages of doubt.

Seeing euen Iniustice may be regulare,
 And no proportion can there be betwixt
 Our actions, which in endlesse motion are,
 And th'ordinances which are alwayes fixt;
 Ten thousand lawes more can not reach so far,
 But malice goes beyond, or liues immixt
 So close with goodnesse, as it euer will
 Corrupt, disguise, or counterfet it stll.

110

And therefore did those glorious Monarchs, (who
 Diuide with God the stile of Maiesty
 For being good, and had a care to do
 The world right, and succour honesty)
 Ordaine this sanctuary, whereunto
 Th'opprest might flie, this seat of Equity ;
 Whereon thy vertues sit with faire renowne,
 The greatest grace and glory of the Gowne.

120

Which *Equity*, being the soule of law,
 The life of iustice, and the spirit of right,
 Dwell's not in written lines, or liues in awe
 Of bookes : deafe powers, that haue nor eares nor sight
 But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw
 The essence of a iudgement requisit ;
 And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
 Plies to the worke, not forc'th the worke to it.

130

Maintaining still an equall paralell,
 Lust with th'occasions of humanity ;
 Making her iudgement euer liable
 To the respect of peace and amity ;
 When surely *Law*, sterne, and vnaffable,
 Cares only but it selfe to satisfie :
 And often innocencies scarse defends,
 As that which on no circumstance depends.

140

But *Equity*, that beares an euen raine
 Vpon the prefent courses, holds in aw,
 By giuing hand a little, and doth gaine
 By a gentle relaxation of the law ;
 And yet inuiolable doth maintaine
 The end whereto all constitutions draw ;
 Which is the well-fare of society,
 Confisiting of an vpright policy :

Which first being by necessity compof'd,
^{Necessitas est} Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate ; 150
^{lex temporis.} Where, whenas iustice shall be ill dispos'd,
 It sickens the whole body of the State :
 For if there be a passage once disclof'd,
 That Wrong may enter at the selfe-same gate
 Which serues for Right, clad in a coate of Law,
 What violent distempers may it draw :

And therefore do'ft thou stand to keepe the way,
 And stop the course that malice seekes to run,
 And by thy prouident *Iniunctions* stay
 This neuer ending Altercation ;

160

Sending contention home, to the end men may
 There make their peace whereas their strife begun,
 And free these pestred streets they vainely weare,
 Whom both the state, and theirs, do need elsewhere.

Left th'humor which doth thus predominate
 Conuert vnto it selfe all that it takes ;
 And that the law grow larger than debate,
 And come t'exceede th'affaires it vndertakes :
 As if the only Science of the State
 That tooke vp all our wits for gaine it makes ; 170
 Not for the good that thereby may be wrought,
 Which is not good if it be dearely bought.

What shall we thinke whenas ill causes shall
 Inrich men more, and shall be more defir'd
 Than good, as farre more beneficall ?
 Who then defends the good ? Who will be hir'd
 To entertaine a right, whose gaine is small ?
 Vnlesse the Aduocate that hath conspir'd *A Remedy for
defending ill
causes.*
 To plead a wrong, be likewise made to runne
 His Clients chance, and with him be vndone. 180

So did the wifest nations euer striue
 To binde the hands of Iustice vp so hard,
 That left she falling to proue Lucratue
 Might basely reach them out to take reward :
 Ordaining her prouisions fit to liue
 Out of the publike, as a publike guard
 That all preferues, and all doth entertaine,
 Whose end is only glory, and not gaine.

That eu'n the Scepter which might all command,
 Seeing her s'vnpartiall, equall regular,
 Was pleaf'd to put it selfe into her hand,
 Whereby they both grew more admired far.
 And this is that great bleffing of this land,
 That both the Prince and people vfe one Barre ;
 The Prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood)
 Is neuer bad but where himfelfe is good.

190

This is that ballance which committed is
 To thy most euen and religious hand,
 Great Minister of Iustice, who by this
 Shalt haue thy name still gracious in this land : 200
 This is that feale of pow'r which doth imprefse
 Thy acts of right, which shall for euer stand :
 This is that traine of State, that pomposly
 Attends vpon thy reu'rent dignity.

All glory els beſides ends with our breath,
 And mens respects, ſcarfe brings vs to our graue :
 But this of doing good, muſt out liue Death,
 And haue a right out of the right it gaue :
 Though th'act but few, th'example profiteth
 Thousands, that ſhall thereby a bleſſing haue.
 The worlds respect growes not but on defarts,
 Pow'r may haue knees, but iuftice hath our hearts.

210

TO
THE LORD HENRIE
HOWARD, one of his Maiesties

Priuy Councell.



Raise, if it be not choice, and layd aright,
Can yeeld no lustre where it is be-
stow'd,
Nor any way can grace the giuers
Art,
(Tho'it be a pleasing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can
be shew'd

Will beare it well, but Vertue and Desart. 10

And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy vttrance ; and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and gives you grace,
Yet your cleere iudgement best deserueth it ;
Which in your course hath carried you vpright,
And made you to discerne the truest face,

And best complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the loue of men ;
And held you in the tract of honesty,
Which euer in the end we see succeed ; 20

17, misprinted 'Not,' in all.

Though oft it may haue interrupted beene
Both by the times and mens iniquity.

For sure those actions which do fairely runne
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most cleane and safest to their end,
And passe the best without confusion,
Either in those that act or els dispose,
Hauing the scope made cleere, whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbrolle
And intricate the passage of affaires, 30
As that they seldome fairely can get out ;
But cost, with lesse successe, more care and toyle,
Whil'st doubt and the distrusted cause impaires
Their courage, who would els appeare more stout.

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they
Haue diuers doores whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without disturbancy,
Int'any course, and into eu'ry way
Of humor that affection turnes about ;
Yet haue the best but one t'haue passage by, 40

And that so surely warded with the gard
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must
Haue course that way, but with the certaine passe
Of a perswasive right ; which being compar'd
With their conceit, must thereto answere iust,
And so with due examination passe.

Which kind of men, raif'd of a better frame,
Are meere religious, constant and vpright,
And bring the ablest hands for any effect,
And best beare vp the reputation, fame, 50
And good opinion, that the action's right
When th'vndertakers are without suspect :

But when the body of an enterprize
 Shall go one way, the face another way,
 As if it did but mocke a weaker trust,
 The motion being monstrous, can not rise
 To any good, but falls downe to bewray,
 That all pretences serue for things vniust ;

Especially where th'aktion will allow
 Apparency, or that it hath a course
 Concentrike with the vniuersall frame
 Of men combin'd ; whom it concerneth how
 These motions runne, and entertaine their force ;
 Hauing their being resting on the same.

And be it, that the vulgar are but grosse,
 Yet are they capable of truth, and see,
 And sometimes gesse the right, and do conceiue
 The nature of that text that needs a glosse,
 And wholy neuer can deluded be :
 All may a few, few cannot all deceiue.

And these strange disproportions in the traine
 And course of things doe euermore proceed
 From th'ill-set disposition of their mindes,
 Who in their actions cannot but retaine
 Th'incumbred formes which doe within them breed,
 And which they cannot shew but in their kindes.

Whereas the wayes and counsels of the light
 So sort with valour and with manlinesse,
 As that they carry things assuredlie
 Vndazling of their owne or others sight :
 There being a blessing that doth giue successe
 To worthinesse and vnto constancie.

And though sometimes th'euent may fall amisse,
 Yet shall it still haue honour for th'attempt,

60

70

80

When craft begins with feare and ends with shame,
And in the whole designe perplexed is ;
Vertue, though lucklesse, yet shall scape contempt,
And though it hath not hap, it shall haue fame.

TO
THE LADIE MARGARET
Countesse of Cumberland.



E that of such a height hath built his
minde,
And rear'd the dwelling of his
thoughts so strong,
As neither feare nor hope can shake
the frame
Of his resolued powr's, nor all the
windē
Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
His fetled peace, or to disturbe the same ;
What a faire seate hath he, from whence he may 10
The boundlesse wastes and wildes of man furuay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe
Vpon these lower regions of turmoyle !
Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat
On flesh and bloud ; where honour, pow'r, renowne
Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle ;
Where greatnesse stands vpon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme
To little minds, who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes vpon the mightiest Monarchs warres
But onely as on stately robberies ;
Where euermore the fortune that preuailes
Must be the right ; the ill-succeeding marres

The fairest and the best-fac't enterprize :
 Great Pirat *Pompey* lesser Pirats quailes ;
Injustice, he fees, as if seduced, still
 Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of *Right* t'appeare as manifolde
 As are the passions of vncertaine man ;
 Who puts it in all colours, all attires, 30
 To serue his ends and make his courses holde :
 He fees, that let Deceit worke what it can,
 Plot and contrive base wayes to high desires ;
 That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet
 All disappoint, and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mou'd with all the thunder-cracks
 Of Tyrants threats, or with the surly brow
 Of power, that proudly fits on others crimes,
 Charg'd with more crying sinnes then those he checks ;
 The stormes of sad confusion, that may grow 40
 Vp in the present, for the comming times,
 Appall not him, that hath no side at all
 But of himselfe, and knowes the worst can fall.

Although his heart so neere allied to earth,
 Cannot but pitty the perplexed State
 Of troublous and distrest mortalitie,
 That thus make way vnto the ougly birth
 Of their owne sorrowes, and doe still beget
 Affliction vpon imbecillitie :
 Yet seeing thus the course of things must runne, 50
 He lookes thereon, not strange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
 And is incompast ; whil'st as craft deceiues
 And is deceiued ; whil'st man doth ransacke man,
 And builds on bloud, and rises by distresse ;
 And th'inheritance of desolation leaues
 To great expecting hopes ; he lookest thereon
 As from the shore of peace with vnwet eie,
 And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd 60
 A rest for his desires, and sees all things
 Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,
 Full of the notes of frailty, and compar'd
 The best of glory with her sufferings:
 By whom I see you labour all you can
 To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as neare
 His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, Madam, are so soundly fashioned
 By that cleere iudgement that hath carryed you
 Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde, 70
 As they can stand against the strongest head
 Passion can make ; inur'd to any hue
 The world can cast ; that cannot cast that minde
 Out of her forme of goodnesse, that doth see
 Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoeuer here befallas,
 You in the region of your selfe remaine ;
 Where no vaine breath of th'impudent molests,
 That hath secur'd within the brasen walles

80

Of a cleere conscience, that without all staine
 Rises in peace, in innocencie rests ;
 Whilst all what malice from without procures,
 Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge
 Then women vse to doe ; yet you well know,
 That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd
 Then being pursu'd : leauing to him t'auenge
 To whom it appertaines ; wherein you shew
 How worthily your cleerenesse hath condemn'd
 Base malediction, liuing in the darke, 90
 That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
 The centre of this world, about the which
 These reuolutions of disturbances
 Still roule ; where all th'aspeEts of miserie
 Predominate ; whose strong effects are such
 As he must beare, being pow'rlesse to redresse ;
 And that vnlesse aboue himselfe he can
 Erect himselfe, how poore a thing is man !

And how turmoyl'd they are, that leuell lie 100
 With earth, and cannot lift themselues from thence ;
 That neuer are at peace with their desires,
 But worke beyond their yeeres, and euen denie
 Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence
 With death : that when ability expires,
 Desire liues still : so much delight they haue
 To carry toyle and trauell to the graue.

Whose ends you fee, and what can be the best
 They reach vnto, when they haue cast the summe
 And reckonings of their glory ; and you know 110
 This floting life hath but this Port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that feares no ill to come : —
 And that mans greatnessse rests but in his shew ;
 The best of all whose dayes consumed are
 Either in warre, or peace conceiuing warre.

This concord, Madame, of a well-tun'd minde
 Hath beene so set, by that all-working hand
 Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worst
 To put it out, by discords most vnkinde ;
 Yet doth it still in perfect vniyon stand 120
 With God and man, nor euer will be forc't
 From that most sweet accord, but still agree
 Equall in Fortunes inequalitie.

And this note (Madame) of your worthinesse
 Remaines recorded in so many hearts,
 As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
 In th'inheritance of Fame you must posseesse ;
 You that haue built you by your great deserts,
 Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisit
 And glorious dwelling for your honoured name 130
 Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

S. D.

TO
THE LADIE LVCIE

Countesse of Bedford.



Hough vertue be the same when low
she stands,
In th'humble shadowes of obscuritie,
As when she either sweats in martiall
bands,
Or sits in Court clad with authoritie ;
Yet, Madam, doth the strictnesse of
her roome

Greatly detract from her abilitie :

For as in-wall'd within a liuing tombe,

10

Her hands and armes of action, labour not ;

Her thoughts, as if abortive from the wombe,

Come neuer borne, though happily begot,

But where she hath mounted in open sight

An eminent and spacious dwelling got.

Where shee may stirre at will, and vse her might,

There is she more her selfe, and more her owne ;

There in the faire attire of honor dight,

She sits at ease and makes her glory knowyne :

Applause attends her hands, her deeds haue grace, 20

Her worth new-borne is strait as if full growne.

With such a godly and respected face
 Doth vertue looke, that's set to looke from hie ;
 And such a faire aduantage by her place
 Hath state and greatnessse to doe worthily.
 And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
 With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby :
 And well was let into a house so sweet,
 So good, so faire, so faire so good a guest ;
 Who now remaines as blessed in her seat, 30
 As you are with her residencie blest.
 And this faire course of knowledge whereunto
 Your studies, learned Lady, are addrest,
 Is th'only certaine way that you can go
 Vnto true glory, to true happinesse :
 All passages on earth besides, are so
 Incumbred with such vaine disturbances ;
 As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
 Being but deluded with apparances ;
 And no key had you else that was so fit 40
 Tvnlocke that prison of your sex, as this,
 To let you out of weaknesse, and admit
 Your powers into the freedome of that blisse
 That sets you there where you may ouer-see
 This rowling world, and view it as it is ;
 And apprehend how th'outfides doe agree
 With th'inward, being of the things we deeme
 And hold in our ill-caft accounts, to be
 Of highest value and of best esteeme ;
 Since all the good we haue rests in the minde, 50
 By whose proportions onely we redeeme
 Our thoughts from out confusion, and doe finde
 The measure of our selues, and of our pow'rs ;

And that all happinesse remaines confinde
 Within the Kingdome of this breast of ours :
 Without whose boundes all that we looke on lies
 In others iurisdictions, others pow'rs,
 Out of the circuit of our liberties.
 All glory, honor, fame, applause, renowne,
 Are not belonging to our royalties, 60
 But t'others wils, wherein th'are onely growne :
 And that vnlesse we find vs all within,
 We neuer can without vs be our owne,
 Nor call it right our life that we liue in :
 But a possession held for others vse,
 That seeme to haue most int'rest therein ;
 Which we doe so disfauer, part, traduce,
 Let out to custome, fashion, and to shew,
 As we enjoy but onely the abuse,
 And haue no other deed at all to shew. 70
 How oft are we constrained to appeare
 With other countenance then that we owe,
 And be our selues farre off, when we are neere !
 How oft are we forc't on a cloudie hart
 To set a shining face, and make it cleere ;
 Seeming content to put our selues apart,
 To beare a part of others weakenesse !
 As if we onely were compos'd by Art,
 Not Nature, and did all our deeds addresse
 T'opinion, not t'a conscience, what is right : 80
 As fram'd b'example, not aduisednesse,
 Into those formes that entertaine our fift.
 And though books, Madam, cannot make this minde
 Which we must bring apt to be fet aright,
 Yet doe they rectifie it in that kinde,

And touch it fo, as -that it turnes that way
Where iudgement lies : and though we cannot find
The certaine place of truth, yet doe they stay
And entertaine vs neere about the same ;
And giue the soule the best delight that may 90
Encheere it most, and most our spirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends :
And therefore in a course that best became
The cleerenesse of your heart, and best commends
Your worthy pow'rs, you run the rightest way
That is on earth, that can true glory giue ;
By which when all consumes, your fame shal liue.

TO
THE LADIE ANNE
Clifford.



Nto the tender youth of those faire eies
The light of judgement can arise but
new ;
And yong the world appeares t'a
yong conceit,
Whil'st thorow the vnacquainted
faculties

The late inuested soule doth rawly view
Those obiects which on that discretion wait.

Yet you that such a faire aduantage haue
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t'out go,
And be before your yeeres, can fairely guesse
What hue of life holdes surest without staine ;
Hauing your well-wrought heart full furnish't so
With all the images of worthineffe,

As there is left no roome at all t'inuest
Figures of other forme but sanctifie :
Whilst yet those cleane-created thoughts, within
The Garden of your innocencies rest ;
Where are no motions of deformitie,
Nor any doore at all to let them in.

With so great care doth she, that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorne

That better part, the mansion of your minde,
 With all the richest furniture of worth ;
 To make y'as highly good as highly borne,
 And set your vertues equall to your kinde.

She tels you how that honour onely is
 A goodly garment put on faire desarts ;
 Wherein the smallest staine is greatest seene,
 And that it cannot grace vnworthiness ;
 But more apparent shewes defectiue parts,
 How gay soeuer they are deckt therein.

She tels you too, how that it bounded is,
 And kept inclosed with so many eies,
 As that it cannot stray and breake abroad
 Into the priuate wayes of carelesnesse ;
 Nor euer may descend to vulgarize,
 Or be below the sphere of her abode.

But like to those supernall bodies set
 Within their Orbs, must keepe the certaine course
 Of order, destin'd to their proper place ;
 Which onely doth their note of glory get.

Th'irregular apparances inforce
 A short respect, and perish without grace :

Being Meteors seeming high, but yet low plac't,
 Blazing but while their dying matters last :

Nor can we take the iust height of the minde,
 But by that order which her course doth shew,
 And which such splendor to her actions giues ;
 And thereby men her eminencie finde,
 And thereby onely doe attaine to know
 The Region, and the Orbe wherein she liues.

For low in th'aire of grosse vncertaintie
 Confusion onely rowles, order fits hie.

30

40

50

And therefore since the dearest thinge on earth,
 This honour, Madam, hath his stately frame
 From th'heau'ny order, which begets respect ;
 And that your Nature, vertue, happy birth,
 Haue therein highly interplac'd your name,
 You may not runne the least course of negle&t,

60

For where, not to obserue, is to prophane
 Your dignity ; how carefull must you be
 To be your selfe ? And though you may to all
 Shine faire aspects, yet must the vertuous gaine
 The best effects of your benignitie :
 Nor must your common graces cause to fall
 The price of your esteeme t'a lower rate,
 Then doth befit the pitch of your estate.

Nor may you build on your sufficiencie,
 For in our strongest parts we are but weake ;
 Nor yet may ouermuch distrust the same :
 Lest that you come to checke it so thereby,
 As silence may become worse then to speake ;
Though silence women neuer ill became.

70

And none we see were euer ouerthrowne
 By others flattery more then by their owne.
 For though we liue amongst the tongues of praise,
 And troopes of smoothing people that collaud
 All that we doe, yet 'tis within our harts
 Th'ambushment lies, that euermore betraies
 Our iudgements, when our selues be come t'applaud
 Our owne abilitie and our owne parts.

80

So that we must not onely fence this fort
 Of ours, against all others fraud, but most
 Against our owne ; whose danger is the most,
 Because we lie the nearest to doe hurt,

And soon'ſt deceiue our felues, and ſoon'ſt are loſt
By our beſt pow'rs, that doe vs moſt tranſport.

Such are your hoſt bounds, who muſt conuay 90
(If God ſo pleafe) the hoноurable bloud
Of *Clifford*, and of *Ruffell*, led aright
To many worthy ſtems; whoſe oſſpring may
Looke backe with comfort, to haue had that good
To ſpring from ſuch a branch that grew f'vright;
Since nothing cheeres the heart of greatneſſe more
Then th'Anceſtors faire glory gone before. 97

I. 89 miſprinted 'tranſpord' in 1623 4to.

TO
HENRY VVRIOTHEESLY
Earle of Southampton.

Non fert vllum iictum illæfa fælicitas.



E who hath neuer warr'd with miserie,
Nor euer tugg'd with Fortune and
distresse,
Hath had n'occasion nor no field to
trie
The strength and forces of his worthi-
nessse :

Those parts of iudgement which felicitie
Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse ; 10
And onely men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had neuer taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not beene vndone ;
And onely thy affliction hath begot
More fame, then thy best fortunes could haue done ;
For euer, by aduersitie are wrought
The greatest workes of admiration.
And all the faire examples of renowne
Out of distresse and miserie are growne. 20

Mutius the fire, the tortures *Regulus*,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeale,
Exile renown'd, and grac'd *Rutilius* ;
Imprisonment and poyson did reueale

The worth of *Socrates*; *Fabritius'*
 Pouertie did grace that Common-weale
 More then all *Syllaes* riches, got with strife;
 And *Catoes* death did vie with *Cæsars* life.

Not to b'vnhappy is vnhappyneffe;
 And misery not t'haue knowne miserie : 30
 For the best way vnto discretion, is
 The way that leades vs by aduersitie.
 And men are better shew'd what is amisse,
 By th'expert finger of calamitie,
 Then they can be with all that Fortune brings ;
 Who neuer shewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st haue indur'd
 With a reposed cheere, wrong and disgrace ;
 And with a heart and countenance assur'd
 Haue lookt sterne death and horror in the face ! 40
 How should we know thy soule had beene secur'd
 In honest counfels and in way vnbase !
 Hadst thou not stood to shew vs what thou wert,
 By thy affliction, that discri'd thy heart.

It is not but the Tempeſt doth ſhow
 The Sea-mans cunning; but the field that tries
 The Captaines courage: and we come to know
 Best what men are, in their worſt ieoperdies :
 For lo, how many haue we ſeene to grow
 To high renowne from lowest miseries, 50
 Out of the hands of death, and many a one
 T'haue beene vndone, had they not beene vndone.

He that indures for what his conscience knowes
Not to be ill, doth from a patience hie
Looke onely on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his miserie :
The more h'endures, the more his glory growes,
Which neuer growes from imbecillitie :
Onely the best compos'd and worthiest harts
God sets to act the hardest and constant'ſt parts.

60

S. D.

VIII.

Mufophilus, or Defence of all Learning.

1602-3.

NOTE.

In the 1601 gift-folio, again, ‘Mufophilus’ is found with this title
(undated) :—

A
Defence of Ryme
Against a Pamphlet enti-
tuled
*Observations in the Art of
English Poesie.*

Wherein is demonstratiuely pro-
ued, that Ryme is the fitteſt har-
monie of words that comportes
with our language.

By Sa. D.

At London
Printed by V. S. for *Edward Blount*.

As Dr. Thomas Campion’s ‘Obferuations’ did not appear until 1602, the ‘Defence’ cannot have been printed sooner than 1602-3. A collation of the after-texts yields no various readings save slight orthographical changes. See our Memorial-Introduction on ‘Mufophilus,’ and Daniel’s prose ‘Defence’ (in his Prose Works). The general title was thus altered later.

Mufophilus :
Containing
*A General Defence
of Learning.*

In the 4to of 1623 and elsewhere the placing of the stanzas is irregular (from p. 248, l. 717); all have been made uniform, i.e., 8 lines each, with first line projecting instead of a line projecting and two lines; also l. 728 a misprint ‘teinp’ring’ corrected by ‘tamp’ring.’

G.

To the right VVorthy and Iudicious
Fauorer of Vertue, Master
Fulke Greuill.



*Doe not here upon this hum'rous Stage,
Bring my transformed Verse, apparelled
With others passions, or with others
rage ;
With loues, with wounds, with factions
furnished :*

*But here present thee, onely modelled
In this poore frame, the forme of mine owne heart :
Where, to reviuue my selfe, my Muse is led 10
With motions of her owne, t'act her owne part ;
Striuing to make her now contemned Art,
As faire t'her selfe as possibly she can ;
Left, seeming of no force, of no desert,
She might repent the course that she began ;
And, with these times of dissolution, fall
From Goodnesse, Vertue, Glory, Fame and all. 17*

M V S O P H I L V S

Containing,

*A generall Defence of all
Learning.*

Philocosmus.



Ond man *Musophilus*, that thus doft
spend,
In an vngainefull Arte thy deerefest
dayes,
Tyring thy wits, and toyling to no end,
But to attaine that idle smoake of
Praife :

Now when this busie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely Musicke of neglected layes.

10

Other delights then theſe, other desires
This wifer profit-seeking Age requires.

Musophilus.

Friend *Philocosmus*, I confesse indeede,
I loue this ſacred Arte thou ſett'ſt fo light,
And though it neuer stand my life in ſteede,
It is enough, it giues my ſelſe delight ;
The whiles my vnafflicted minde doth feede
On no vnholy thoughts for benefit.

20

Be it, that my vnseasonable Song
 Come out of time ; that fault is in the Time,
 And I must not doe Vertue so much wrong,
 As loue her aught the worse for others crime :
 And yet I finde some blessed spirits among,
 That cherish me, and like, and grace my Rime.
 Againe, that I doe more in Soule esteeme,
 Then all the gaine of dust the world doth craue :
 And, if I may attaine, but to redeeme
 My name from Dissolution and the Graue ; 30
 I shall haue done enough, and better deeme
 T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue dide to haue.
 Short-breath'd Mortalitie would yet extend
 That fpanne of life so farre forth as it may,
 And robbe her Fate ; feeke to beguile her end
 Of some few lingring dayes of after-stay,
 That all this little All, might not descend
 Into the darke, a vniuersall pray.
 And giue our labours yet this poore delight,
 That when our daies doe end, they are not done : 40
 And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
 But liue two liues, where other haue but one.

Philocosmus.

Silly desires of felse-abufing man,
 Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of Aire,
 That hauing done the vttermost he can,
 Leaves yet, perhaps, but beggarie to his heire :
 All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
 Feedes not his race, or makes his house more faire.

- And what art thou the better, thus to leaue 50
 A multitude of words to small effect,
 Which other times may scorne, and so deceiue ? .
 Thy promis'd name, of what thou dost expect ?
 Besides, some viperous Criticke may bereaue ?
 Th'opinion of thy worth for some defect ;
 And get more reputation of his wit,
 By, but controlling of some word or fence,
 Then thou shalt honour for contriuing it,
 With all thy trauell, care and diligence ;
 Being Learning now enough to contradict, 60
 And censure others with bold insolence.
 Besides, so many so confusedly sing, ? .
 Whose diuerse discords haue the Musick mar'd,
 And in contempt that mysterie doth bring,
 That he must sing alowd that will be heard :
 And the receiu'd opinion of the thing,
 For some vnhalloved string that vildely iar'd,
 Hath so vnseason'd now the eares of men,
 That who doth touch the tenour of that vaine, 70
 Is held but vaine ; and his vnreckned pen
 The title but of Leuitie doth gaine.
 A poore light gaine, to recompence their toyle,
 That thought to get Eternitie the while.
 And therefore, leaue the left and out-worne course
 Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how
 To fit the times with what is most in force ;
 Be new with mens affections that are new ;
 Strive not to runne an idle counter-course,
 Out from the scent of humours, men allow.
 For not discreetly to compose our partes 80
 Vnto the frame of men (which we must be)

Is to put off our selues, and make our Artes
 Rebels to Nature and Societie ;
 Wherby we come to burie our defarts,
 In th'obscure graue of Singularitie.

Musophilus.

Doe not prophane the worke of doing well,
 Seduced man, that canst not looke so hie
 From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell
 The wayes of Right, which Vertue doth descrie ; 90
 That ouer-lookes the base contemptibly,
 And low-laid follies of Mortalitie :
 Nor mete out Truth and right-discerning Praife,
 By that wrong measure of Confusion,
 The vulgar foote ; that neuer takes his wayes
 By Reason, but by Imitation,
 Rowling on with the rest ; and neuer weighs
 The course which he shoule goe, but what is gone.
 Well were it with Mankinde, if, what the most
 Did like, were best : But Ignorance will liue 100
 By others square, as by example lost :
 And man to man must th'hand of Errour giue
 That none can fall alone, at their owne cost ;
 And all, because men iudge not, but beleue.
 For what poore bounds haue they, whom but th'earth
 bounds ;
 What is their end whereto their care attaines,
 When the thing got, relieves not, but confounds,
 Hauing but trauell to succeede their paines ?
 What ioy hath he of liuing, that propounds
 Affliction but his end, and Griefe his gaines ? 110

Gath'ring, incroching, wresting, ioyning to,
 Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
 Repayring, altring, and so much adoe,
 To his soules toyle, and bodies trauelling :
 And all this doth he, little knowing who
 Fortune ordaines to haue th'inheriting.

And his faire house raif'd hie in Enuies eie ;
 Whose Pillars rear'd (perhaps) on bloud and wrong,
 The spoyles and pillage of Iniquitie :
 Who can assure it to continue long ? 120
 If Rage spar'd not the walles of Pietie,
 Shall the prophanest pyles of finne keepe strong ?

How many proud aspiring Pallaces
 Haue we knowne, made the prey of wrath and pride ;
 Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulnesse ;
 Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
 Or ciuill tumults, or an orderlesse
 Order, pretending change of some strong side ?

Then where is that proud Title of thy name,
 Written in yce of melting vanitie ? 130
 Where is thine heire left to possesse the same ?
 Perhaps, not so well as in beggarie.
 Something may rise to be beyond the shame
 Of vile and vnregarded Pouertie.

Which I confesse, although I often striue
 To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
 In all the fairest colours I can giue :
 Yet for all that, me thinkes she lookes but ill.
 I cannot brooke that face, which dead-alive
 Shewes a quicke body, but a buried will. 140

Yet oft we see the barres of this restraint
 Holdes goodnesse in, which loose wealth would let flie ;

And fruitlesse riches barriner then want,
 Brings forth small worth from idle Libertie :
 Which when Disorders shall againe make scant,
 It must refetch her state from Pouertie.

But yet in all this interchange of all,
 Vertue we see, with her faire grace, stands fast :
 For what high races hath there come to fall,
 With low disgrace, quite vanished and past, 150
 Since *Chaucer* liu'd ; who yet liues, and yet shall,
 Though (which I grieue to say) but in his last.

Yet what a time hath he wreted from Time,
 And wonne vpon the mighty waste of dayes,
 Vnto th'immortall honour of our clime !
 That by his meanes came first adorn'd with Bayes ;
 Vnto the sacred Relickes of whose rime,
 We yet are bound in zeale to offer praise ?

And, could our lines, begotten in this age,
 Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeares, 160
 And scape the fury of that threatening rage,
 Which in confused cloudes gastacly appeares ;
 Who would not straine his trauels to ingage,
 When such true glory should succeede his cares ?

But whereas he came planted in the Spring,
 And had the Sunne, before him, of Respect :
 We, set in th'Autumne, in the withering
 And fullen seafon of a cold defect,
 Must taste those fowre distafts the times do bring
 Vpon the fulnesse of a cloy'd Neglect ; 170

Although the stronger constitutions shall
 Weare out th'infection of distempred dayes,
 And come with glory to out-liue this fall :
 Recou'ring of another springing of Praise,

Cleer'd from th'opprefsing humours wherewithall
The Idle multitude surcharge their laies.

Whenas (perhaps) the words thou scornest now
May liue, the speaking picture of the minde ;
The extract of the soule, that laboured, how
To leaue the Image of herselfe behinde ; 180
Wherein Posteritie, that loue to know
The iust proportion of our Spirits, may finde.

For these Lines are the veines, the arteries,
And vndecaying life-strings of those harts
That stll shall pant, and still shall exercize
The motion, spirit and Nature both imparts ;
And shall, with those aliue so sympathize,
As, nourisht with their powers, inioy their parts.

O blessed Letters, that combine in one,
All Ages past, and make one liue with all : 190
By you, we doe conferre with who are gone,
And, the dead-liuing vnto Councell call :
By you, th'vnborne shall haue communion
Of what we feele, and what doth vs befall.
Soule of the world, Knowledge, without thee,
What hath the Earth, that truly glorious is ?
Why should our pride make such a stirre to be,
To be forgot ? What good is like to this,
To doe worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight ? 200

And let th'vnnaturall and wayward Race,
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame,
That neuer read t'obserue, but to disgrace ;
Raife all the tempest of their powre, to blame.
That paffe of folly neuer can deface,
The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.

Yet why should ciuill Learning seeke to wound
 And mangle her owne members with despight ?
 Prodigous wits, that study to confound
 The life of wit, to seeme to know aright,
 As if themselues had fortunately found
 Some stand from off the earth beyond our sight ;
 Whence, ouer-looking all as from aboue,
 Their grace is not to worke, but to reprove.

210

But how came they plac'd in so high degree
 Aboue the reach and compasse of the rest ?
 Who hath admitted them onely to be
 Free-denizons of skill, to iudge the best ?
 From whom the world as yet could neuer see
 The warrant of their wit soundly exprest.

220

T'acquaint our times with that perfection
 Of high conceipt, which onely they possesse ;
 That we might haue things exquisitely done,
 Measur'd with all their strict obseruances :
 Such would (I know) scorne a Translation,
 Or bring but others labours to the Presse :
 Yet, oft these monster-breeding mountaines will
 Bring forth small Mice of great expected skill.

Prefumption euer fullest of defects,
 Failes, in the doing, to performe her part : 230
 And I haue knowne proude words and poore effects,
 Of such indeede as doe condemne this Arte :
 But let them rest, it euer hath beene knowne,
 They others vertues scorne, that doubt their owne.

And for the diuers disagreeing cordes
 Of inter-iangling Ignorance, that fill
 The dainty eares, and leaue no roome for words,
 The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will :

Knowing the best he hath, he frankly foordes,
And scornes to be a niggard of his skill. 240

And that the rather, since this short-liu'd race,
Being fatally the sonnes but of one day ;
That now with all their powre plie it apace,
To hold out with the greatest might they may,
Against Confusion, that hath all in chace,
To make of all, an vniuersall pray.

For now great Nature hath laid downe at last
That mighty birth, wherewith so long she went,
And ouer-went the times of ages past,
Here to lye in, vpon our soft content : 250
Where fruitsfull she, hath multiplyed so fast,
That all she hath, on these times seem'd t'haue spent.
All that which might haue many ages grac'd,
Is borne in one, to make one cloy'd with all ;
Where Plenty hath imprest a deepe distast,
Of best and worst, and all in generall :
That Goodnesse seemes Goodnesse to haue defac't,
And Vertue hath to Vertue giuen the fall.

For Emulation, that proude nurse of Wit,
Scorning to stay below or come behinde, 260
Labours vpon that narrow top to fit
Of sole Perfection in the highest kinde :
Enuy and Wonder looking after it,
Thrust likewife, on the selfefame blisse to finde :
And so, long striuing, till they can no more,
Doe stiffe the place, or others hopes shut out ;
Who, doubting to ouertake those gone before,
Giue vp their care, and cast no more about :
And so in scorne, leaue all as fore possest,
And will be none, where they may not be best. 270

Eu'n like some empty Creeke, that long hath laine,
 Left or neglected of the Riuer by,
 Whose searching sides, pleaf'd with a wandring vaine,
 Finding some little way that close did lie ;
 Steale in at first, then other stremes againe
 Second the first, then more then all supply ;
 Till all the mighty maine hath borne, at laft,
 The glory of his chiefeſt powre that way ;
 Plying this newfound pleafant roome ſo laſt,
 Till all be full, and all be at a ſtay : 280
 And then about, and backe againe doth caſt,
 Leauing that full to fall another way :
 So fares this hum'rous world, that euermore
 Raſt with the current of a preſent course,
 Runnes into that which lay contemn'd before :
 Then glutted, leaues the fame, and falles t'a worse :
 Now Zeale holdes all, no life but to adore,
 Then cold in ſpirit, and faith is of no force.
 Strait, all that holy was, vnhallowed lies,
 The ſcattered carcaſſes of ruin'd vowels : 290
 Then Truth is falſe, and now hath Blindneſſe eies,
 Then Zeale truſts all, now ſcarcely what it knowes :
 That euermore, to fooliſh or to wiſe,
 It fatall is to be ſeduſ'd with showes.
 Sacred Religion, mother of Forme and Feare,
 How gorgeouſly ſometimes doſt thou ſit deckt ?
 What pompoſus veftures doe we make thee weare ?
 What ſtately piles we prodigall erect ?
 How ſweet perfum'd thou art, how ſhining cleare ?
 How ſolemnely obſeru'd, with what reſpect ? 300

l. 280, 'ſolempnly' 1601; l. 289, misprinted 'vnhollowed.'

Another time, all plaine, all quite thread-bare,
 Thou must haue all within, and nought without ;
 Sit poorely without light, disrob'd, no care
 Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout ;
 Powreleffe, vnfollowed, scarcely men can spare
 The necessary rites to set thee out.

Either Truth, Goodnesse, Vertue are not still
 The selfefame which they are, and alwayes one,
 But alter to the project of our will,
 Or we, our actions make them waite vpon, 310
 Putting them in the liuery of our skill,
 And cast them off againe when we haue done.

You mightie Lords, that with respected grace
 Doe at the sterne of faire example stand,
 And all the body of this populace
 Guide with the turning of your hand ;
 Keepe a right course, beare vp from all disgrace,
 Obserue the poynt of glory to our land :

Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground,
 Keepe Vertue in request, giue Worth her due, 320
 Let not Neglect with barbarous meanes confound
 So faire a good, to bring in night anew.
 Be not, O be not accessary found

Vnto her death, that must giue life to you.

Where will you haue your vertuous name safe laide ?
 In gorgeous Tombes, in sacred Cels secure ?
 Doe you not see those prostrate heapes betraide
 Your fathers bones, and could not keep them sure ?
 And will you trust deceitfull stones faire laide,
 And thinke they will be to your honour truer ? 330

No, no, vnsparing Time will proudly fend
 A warrant vnto Wrath ; that with one frowne
 Will all these mock'ries of Vaine-glory rend,
 And make them, as before, vngrac'd, vnknowne ;
 Poore idle honours that can ill defend
 Your memories, that cannot keepe their owne.
 And whereto serue that wondrous *Trophei* now,
 That on the goodly Plaine neere *Wilton* stands ?
 That huge dumbe heape, that cannot tell vs how,
 Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands, 340
 Nor for whose glory, it was set to shew
 How much our pride mocks that of other lands ?
 Whereon, whenas the gazing passenger
 Hath greedy lookt with admiration,
 And faine would know his birth, and what he were,
 How there erected, and how long agone :
 Enquires, and askes his fellow traueller,
 What he hath heard, and his opinion :
 And he knowes nothing. Then he turnes againe,
 And lookes, and sighs, and then admires afresh, 350
 And in himselfe with sorrow doth complaine
 The misery of darke Forgetfulnesse :
 Angry with Time that nothing should remaine
 Our greatest wonders wonder, to expresse.●
 Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
 Robbing faire Arte and Cunning of their right,
 Tels, how those stones, were by the Deuils force,
 From *Affrike* brought to *Ireland* in a night,
 And thence, to *Britannie*, by Magicke courfe,
 From Gyants hands redeem'd, by *Merlins* sleight. 360
 And then neere *Ambri* plac'd, in memorie
 Of all those noble Britons murthered there,

By *Hengist* and his Saxon trecherie,
 Comming to parlee in peace at vnaware.
 With this old Legend then Credulitie
 Holdes her content, and closes vp her care :
 But is Antiquitie so great a liar ?

Or, doe her yonger sonnes her age abuse,
 Seeing after-commers still, so apt t'admire
 The graue authoritie that she doth vse, 370
 That reuerence and Respect dares not require
 Proofer of her deedes, or once her words refuse ?

Yet wrong they did vs, to presume so far,
 Vpon our easie credit and delight :
 For, once found false, they strait became to mar
 Our faith, and their owne reputation quite,
 That now her truths hardly beleueed are :
 And though sh'auouch the right, she scarce hath right.

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
 That stands corrupted so with times despight, 380
 And giu'st false euidence, against their fame
 That set thee there, to testifie their right ;
 And art become a Traitour to their name
 That trusted thee with all the best they might.

Thou shalt stand still belide, and flaunded,
 The onely gazing-stocke of Ignorance ;
 And by thy guile, the wise admonished,
 Shall neuer more desire such heapes t'aduance ;
 Nor trust their liuing glory with the dead
 That cannot speake, but leave their fame to Chance :
 Considering in how small a roome doe lie, 391
 And yet lie safe, as fresh as if aliuie,
 All those great worthies of antiquitie ;
 Which long foreliu'd thee, and shall long furuiue ;

Who stronger tombes found for Eternitie,
 Then could the powres of all the earth contriue.
 Where they remaine these trifles to obraid
 Out of the reach of Spoyle, and way of Rage ;
 Though Time with all his power of yeeres hath laid
 Long batterie, back'd with vndermining Age, 400
 Yet they make head, onely with their owne aide
 And warre, with his all-conquering forces, wage.
 Pleading the Heau'ns prescription to be free,
 And t'haue a grant, t'indure as long as hee.

Philocosmus.

B Eholde how euery man, drawne with delight
 Of what he doth, flatters him in his way ;
 Striuing to make his course seeme onely right
 Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray :
 Imagination bringing brauely dight, 410
 Her pleasing Images in best aray.
 With flattering glasses that must shew him faire,
 And others foule : his skill and wit best,
 Others seduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their :
 His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest.
 Not seeing how these Minions in the aire
 Present a face of things falsely exprest,
 And that the glimmering of these errours showne,
 Are but a light, to let him see his owne.
 Alas poore Fame, in what a narrow roome, 420
 As an incaged Parrot art thou pent
 Here amongst vs, where, euen as good be dombe
 As speake, and to be heard with no attent ?
 How can you promise of the time to come,
 Whenas the present are so negligent ?

Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
 This little Point, this scarce discerned Ile,
 Thrust from the world, with whom our speech vnknowne
 Made neuer any traffike of our Stile ?
 And in this All, where all this care is showne, 430
 T'inchant your fame to last so long a while ?
 And for that happier tonges haue wonne so much,
 Thinke you to make your barbarous language such ?
 Poore narrow limits for so mightie paines,
 That cannot promise any forraine vent :
 And yet, if here, to all, your wondrous vaines
 Were generally knowne, it might content :
 But loe, how many readeſ not, or disdaines
 The labour of the chiefe and excellent ?
 How many thousands neuer heard the name 440
 Of *Sidney*, or of *Spencer*, or their Bookes ?
 And yet braue fellowes, and presume of Fame,
 And ſeeme to beare downe all the world with lookeſ ?
 What then ſhall they expect of meaner frame,
 On whose indeuours few or none Scarce lookeſ ?
 Doe you not ſee these Pamphlets, Labels and Rymes,
 These ſtrange confused tumults of the minde,
 Are growne to be the fickneſſe of these times,
 The great diſease inflicted on mankinde ?
 Your Vertues by your Follies made your crimes, 450
 Haue iſſue with your indiſcretion ioyn'd.
 Schooles, Artes, Profefſions, all in ſo great ſtore,
 Paffe the proportion of the preſent ſtate ;
 Where, being as great a number as before,
 And fewer roomes them to accommodate :
 It cannot be but they muſt throng the more,
 And kick, and thrust, and ſhoulder with Debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attaine
 Th'expected good, which they account their right,
 And yet perceiue others to reap that gaine 4
 Of farre inferiour vertues in their sight :
 They present, with the sharpe of Enuie, straine
 To wound them with reproches and despight :
 And for these cannot haue as well as they,
 They scorne their faith should deigne to looke that w
 Hence, discontented Sects and Schismes arise,
 Hence interwounding Controuersies spring,
 That feede the Simple, and offend the Wise,
 Who know the consequence of cauelling
 Disgrace, that these to others doe devise : 4
 Contempt and Scorne on all in th'end doth bring,
 Like scolding wiues, reckning each others fault,
 Make standers-by imagine both are naught.
 For when to these rare dainties, time admits
 All commers, all complexions, all that will,
 Where none should be let in but choiseſt wits,
 Whose milde discretion could comport with ſkill :
 For when the place their humour neither fits,
 Nor they the place, who can expect but ill ?
 For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand, 4
 And for aught els whereto they shall b'addrēſt,
 They eu'n become th'incumbrance of the land,
 As out of ranke, disordring all the rest :
 This grace of theirs, to feeme to vnderſtand,
 Marres all their grace, to doe, without their rest.
 Men finde, that action is another thing,
 Then what they in diſcourſing papers reade :
 The worlds affaires require in managing,
 More Artes then those wherein you Clerkes proceeſſe

Whilst timorous Knowledge stands considering, 490
 Audacious Ignorance hath done the deede ;
 For who knowes most, the more he knowes to doubt ;
 The least discourse is commonly most stout.)

This sweet inchaunting Knowledge turnes you cleene
 Out from the fields of naturall delight,
 And makes you hide, vnwilling to be seene
 In th'open concourse of a publike sight :
 This skill, wherewith you haue so cunning beene,
 Vnsinues all your powres, vnmans you quite.

Publike societie and commerce of men 500

Require another grace, another port :
 (This Eloquence, these Rymes, these Phrases then,
 Begot in shades, doe serue vs in no sort ;
 Th'vnmateriall swelling of your Pen
 Touch not the spirit that action doth import.)

A manly stile, fitted to manly eares
 Best greees with wit ; not that which goes so gay,
 And commonly the gawdy liu'ry weares
 Of nice Corruptions, which the times doe sway,
 And waites on th'humour of his pulse that beares 510
 His passions set to such a pleasing kay :
 Such dainties serue onely for stomackes weake ;
 For men doe fowlest, when they finest speake.

Yet doe I not dislike that in some wise
 Be fung, the great heroicall deserts,
 Of braue renowned spirits ; whose exercise
 Of worthy deeds may call vp others hearts,
 And serue a modell for posterities,
 To fashion them fit for like glorious parts :
 But so, that all our spirits may tend hereto, 520
 To make it, not our grace, to say, but do.

Musophilus.

MVch thou hast said, and willingly I heare,
 As one that am not so possest with Loue
 Of what I doe, but that I rather beare
 An eare to learne, then a tongue to disproue :
 I know men must, as carried in their spheare,
 According to their proper motions, moue.
 And that course likes them best which they are on,
 Yet Truth hath certaine bounds, but Falshood none.
 I doe confesse our limits are but small, 531
 Compar'd with all the whole waste earth beside ;
 All which, againe, rated to that great All,
 Is likewise as a poynt, scarcely descreide :
 So that in these respects, we may this call,
 A poynt but of a poynt, where we abide.
 But if we shall descend from that high stand
 Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
 And cast our thoughts, but to, and not beyond
 This spacious circuit which we tread vpon ; 540
 We then may estimate our mighty land,
 A world, within a world standing alone.
 Where, if our fame confind cannot get out,
 What, shall we imagine it is pen'd,
 That hath so great a world to walke about,
 Whose bounds with her reports haue both one end ?
 Why shall we not rather esteeme her stout,
 That farther then her owne scorne to extend ?
 Where being so large a roome, both to doe well,
 And eke to heare th'applause of things well done, 550
 That farther, if men shall our vertues tell,
 We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won ;

It doth not greater make that which is laudable,
The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.

And for the few that onely lend their eare,

That few, is all the world ; which with a few
Doe euer liue, and moue, and worke, and stirre.

This is the heart doth feele and onely know
The rest of all, that onely bodies beare,

Rowle vp and downe, and fill vp but the row.

560

And serues as others members, not their owne,

The instruments of those that doe direct.

Then what disgrace is this, not to be knowne
To those know not to giue themselues respect ?

And though they swell with pompe of folly blowne,
They liue vngrac'd, and die but in Neglect.

And for my part, if onely one allow

The care my labouring spirits take in this,

He is to me a Theater large enow,

And his applause onely sufficient is :

570

All my respect is bent but to his brow,

That is my All ; and all I am, is his.

And if some worthy spirits be pleased too,

It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.

But what if none ? It cannot yet vndoo

The loue I beare vnto this holy skill :

This is the thing that I was borne to doo,

This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.

(Let those that know not breath, esteeme of winde,

And set t'a vulgar ayre their seruile song ;

580

Rating their goodnesse by the praife they find,

Making their worth on others fits belong ;

As Vertue were the hireling of the minde,

And could not liue if Fame had ne'r a tong.

(partie)

Hath that all-knowing powre that holdes within
 The goodly prospectiue of all this frame,
 (Where, whatsoeuer is, or what hath bin,
 Reflects a certaine image of the same)
 No inward pleasures to delight her in,
 But she must gad to seeke an almes of Fame ? 590
 Must she, like to a wanton Curtezan,
 Open her brests for shew, to winne her praise ;
 And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man
 As if she were enamour'd of his wayes,
 And knew not Weakenesse, nor could rightly scan
 To what defects his hum'rous breath obayes ?
 She that can tell, how proud Ambition
 Is but a Beggar, and hath nought at all,
 But what is giu'n of meere Deuotion :
 For which, how much it sweats, how much it's thrall ?
 What toyle it takes, and yet, when all is done, 601
 Th'endes in expectation neuer fall ;
 Shall she ioyne hands with such a seruile mate,
 And prostrate her faire body, to commit
 Folly with earth, and to defile that state
 Of cleerenesse, for so grosse a benefit ?
 Hauing Reward dwelling within her gate,
 And Glory of her owne to furnish it :
 Her selfe, a recompence sufficient
 Vnto her selfe, to giue her owne content. 610
 I'ft not enough, that she hath raif'd so hie,
 Those that be hers, that they may fit and see
 The earth below them, and this All to lie
 Vnder their view, taking the true degree
 Of the iust height of swolne Mortalitie,
 Right as it is, not as it seemes to be ?

And vndeceiued with the Paralax
 Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
 By these mask'd outsides what the inward lackes ;
 Meas'ring man by himselfe, not by his show ; 620
 Wondering not at their rich and golden backes,
 That haue poore mindes and little else to shew :
 Nor taking that for them which well they see
 Is not of them, but rather is their loade :
 The lies of Fortune, wherewithall men be
 Deemed within, when they be all abroade : [knee,
 Whose ground, whose grasse, whose earth haue cap and
 Which they suppose, is on themselues bestow'd.
 And thinke like *Isis* Asse, all Honours are
 Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done 630
 Vnto the painted Idoll which they beare,
 That onely makes them to be gazed on :
 For take away their packe, and shew them bare,
 And see what best this Honour rides vpon.
 Hath Knowledge lent to hers the priuy kay,
 To let them in vnto the highest Stage
 Of Causes, Secrets, Counsels, to suruay
 The wits of men, their hearts, their colds, their rage,
 That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gainesay,
 Beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age. 640
 And shall we trust goodnesse as it proceedes
 From that vnconstant mouth, which with one breath
 Will make it bad againe vnlesse it feedes
 The present humour that it faoureth ?
 Shall we esteeme and reckon how it heedes
 Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloweth ?
 Then whereto serues it to haue bin inlarg'd
 With this free manumission of the mind,

If for all that, we still continue charg'd
 With those discou'red errors which we finde ? 650
 As if our knowledge onely were discharg'd,
 Yet we our selues staid in a seruile kinde.

That Vertue must be out of countenance,
 If this grosse spirit, or that weake shallow braine,
 Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
 Neglect, distaste, vncomprehend, disdaine ;
 When such sicke eyes can neuer cast a glance,
 But through the colours of their proper staine.

Though, I must needes confess, the small respect,
 That these great-seeming best of men doe giue, 660
 (Whose brow begets th'inferior sorts neglect,)
 Might moue the weake irresolute to grieue :
 But stronger, see how iustly this defect
 Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue :

That Learning needs must runne the common fate
 Of all things else, thrust on by her owne weight,
 Comporting not her selfe in her estate
 Vnder this burthen of a selfe conceit :
 Our owne dissentious hands opening the gate
 Vnto Contempt, that on our quarrels waite, 670

Discou'red haue our inward gouernement,
 And let in hard opinion to Disgrace
 The generall, for some weake impotent
 That beare out their disease with a stolne face ;
 Who (silly soules) the more wit they haue spent,
 The lesse they shew'd, not bettring their bad case,
 And see how soone this rowling world can take
 Aduantage for her dissolution,
 Faine to get loose from this withholding stake
 Of ciuill Science and Discretion : 680

How glad it would runne wilde, that it might make
One formelesse forme of one confusio?

Like tyrant *Ottomans* blindefolded state,
Which must know nothing more, but to obey :
For this, seekes greedy Ignorance t'abate
Our number, order, liuing, forme and sway :
For this, it practises to dissipate
Th'vnsheltred troupes, till all be made away.

For, since our Fathers finnes pull'd first to ground
The pale of their disceuered dignitie,

690

And ouerthrew that holy reuerent bound
That parted learning and the Laiety,
And laid all flat in common, to confound
The honour and respect of Pietie :

It did fo much invile the estimate
Of th'opened and inuulgar'd mysteries,
Which now reduc'd vnto the basest rate,
Must waite vpon the *Norman* subtillties,
Who (being mounted vp into their state)
Doe best with wrangling rudenesse sympathize. 700

And yet, though now set quite behinde the traine
Of vulgar fway (and light of powre weigh'd light)
Yet would this giddy innouation faine
Downe with it lower, to abase it quite :
And those poore remnants that doe yet remaine
The spoyled markes of their diuided right :

They wholly would deface to leaue no face
Of reuerent Distinction and Degree,
As if they weigh'd no diffrence in this case,
Betwixt Religions Age and Infancie : 710
Where th'one must creepe, th'other stand with grace,
Lest turn'd to a child it ouerturned be.

Though to pull backe th'on-running state of things,
 (Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers dayes)
 Vnto the forme of their first orderings,
 Is the best meanes that dissolution stayes,
 And to goe forward, backward, right, men brings,
 T'obserue the line from whence they tooke their wayes.

Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
 Not leuell to the times condition : 720
 To alter course, may bring men more astray,
 And leauing what was knowne to light on none ;
 Since eu'ry change the reuerence doth decay,
 Of that which alway should continue one.

For this is that close kept *Palladium*
 Which once remoou'd, brings ruine euermore :
 This stir'd, makes men fore-setled, to become
 Curious, to know what was beleeu'd before :
 Whilst Faith disputes that vied to be dombe,
 And more men striue to talke, then to adore. 730

For neuer head-strong Reformation will
 Rest, till to th'extreame opposite it runne,
 And ouer-runne the meane distrusted still,
 As being too neare of kinne, to that men shunne :
 For good, and bad, and all, must be one ill,
 When once there is another truth begunne.

So hard it is an euen hand to beare,
 In tamp'ring with such maladies as these ;
 Lest that our forward passions launce too neare,
 And make the cure proue worse then the disease : 740
 For with the worst we will not spare the best,
 Because it growes with that, which doth displease :
 And faults are easier lookt in, then redrest :
 Men running with such eager violence,

At the first view of errours fresh in quest ;
 As they, to rid an inconuenience,
 Sticke not to raife a mischiefe in the steed,
 Which after mocks their weake improuidence :

And therefore doe make not your owne sides bleed

To pricke at others : you that would amend 750
 By pulling downe, and thinke you can proceed,
 By going backe vnto the farther end,
 Let stand that little Couert left behinde,
 Whereon your succours and respects depend.

(And bring not downe the prizes of the minde,
 With vnder-rating of your felues so base :
 You that the mighties doores doe crooching find,
 To sell your felues to buy a little grace,
 Or waite whole months to out-bid Symonie,
 For that, which being got, is not your place : 760

For if it were, what needed you to buy

What was your due; your thirsting shewes your shift,
 And little worth that seekes iniuriously
 A worthier from his lawfull roome to lift ?
 We cannot say, that you were then prefer'd,
 But that your money was, or some worse gift.

O scattring gath'fers, that without regard
 Of times to come, will to be made, vndo
 As if you were the last of men, prepar'd
 To bury in your graues all other to. 770

Dare you prophane that holy portion
 Which neuer sacrilegious hand durft do ?

Did forme-establishing Deuotion,
 To maintaine a respectiue reuerence
 Extend her bountifull prouision,
 With such a charitable prouidence,

For your deforming hands to dissipate,
 And make Gods due, your impious expence ?
 No maruell then, though th'ouerpestred State
 Want roome for goodnesse, if our little hold 780
 Be lesned vnto such a narrow rate,
 That Reuerence cannot fit, fit as it should :
 And yet what neede we thus for roomes complaine,
 That shall not want voyde roomes if this course hold ?
 And more then will be fill'd ; for who will straine
 To get an empty title, to betray
 His hopes, and trauell for an honour vaine,
 And gaine a Port, without support or stay ?
 What neede hath Enuy to maligne their state,
 That will themselues, so kind, giue it away ? 790
 This makes indeede our number passe the rate
 Of our prouisions : which, if dealt aright,
 Would yeeld sufficient roome t'accommodate,
 More then we haue in places requisite.
 The ill disposing onely doth vs set
 In disarray, and out of order quite.
 Whiles other guists then of the minde shall get
 Vnder our colours, that which is our dues,
 And to our trauels, neither benefit,
 Nor grace, nor honour, nor respect accrewes : 800
 The sicknesse of the States soule, Learning, then
 The bodies great distemperature infues.
 For if that Learnings roomes to learned men
 Were as their heretage distributed,
 All this disordred thrust would cease : for when
 The fit were call'd, th'vnworthy frustrated,
 These would b'asham'd to seeke, those to b'vnsought,
 And stay'ng their turne, were sure they should be sped.

Then would our drooping Academies, brought
 Againe in heart, regaine that reuerend hand 810
 Of lost Opinion, and no more be thought,
 Th'vnecessary furnish of the land,
 Nor discourag'd with their small esteeme,
 Confus'd, irresolute and wauering stand :
 Caring not to become profound, but feeme
 Contented with a superficiall skill ;
 Which for a sleight reward enough they deeme,
 When th'one succedes as well as th'other will :
 Seeing shorter wayes leade sooner to their end,
 And others longer trauels thriue so ill. 820

Then would they onely labour to extend
 Their now vnsearching spirit beyond these bounds
 Of others powres ; wherein they must be pend,
 As if there were besides, no other grounds :
 And set their bolde *Plus ultra* farre without
 The pillers of those Axioms Age propounds :
 Discou'ring daily more and more about,
 In that immense and boundlesse Ocean
 Of Natures riches ; neuer yet found out,
 Nor fore-clof'd, with the wit of any man. 830

So farre beyond the ordinary course
 That other vnindustrious Ages ran,
 That these more curious times, they might diuorce
 From the opinion they are linckt vnto
 Of our disable and vnactiue force,
 To shew true knowledge can both speake and do :
 Arm'd for the sharpe, which in these dayes they finde,
 With all prouisions that belong thereto :
 That their Experience may not come behinde
 The times conceipt, but leading in their place, 840

May make men see the weapons of the minde
 Are States best strengths, and kingdomeschiefest grace;
 And roomes of charge, charg'd full with worth and
 praise,
 Makes Maiestie appeare with her full face,
 Shining with all her beames, with all her raies,
 Vnscanted of her parts, vnshadowed
 In any darkened poynt; which still bewrayes
 The wane of Powre, when powr's vnfurnished,
 And hath not all those intire complements
 Wherewith the State should for her state be sped. 850

And though the fortune of some age consents
 Vnto a thousand errours grossely wrought,
 Which flourisht ouer with their faire euent,
 Haue past for currant, and good courses thought:
 The least whereof, in other times againe
 Most dang'rous inconueniences haue brought,
 Whilst to the times, not to mens wits pertaine,
 The good successeſſ of ill manag'd deedes:
 Though th'ignorant deceiued with colours vaine,
 Misſe of the causes whence this lucke proceedes. 860
 Forraine defects giuing home-faults the way,
 Make eu'n that weakenesse fometimes well succedes.)

I grant, that ſome vnlettred pratique may
 (Leauing beyond the *Alpes*, Faith and Respect
 To God and man) with impious cunning, ſway
 The courses fore-begunne with like effect,
 And without ſtop, maintaine the turning on,
 And haue his errours deem'd without defect:
 But when ſome powerfull opposition,
 Shall, with a ſound incoutring ſhocke, diſioynt 870
 The fore-contriuied frame, and thereupon,

Th'experience of the present disappoyn,
And other stirring spirits, and other hearts
Built-huge, for action, meeting in a poynt :

Shall driue the world to sommon all their Artes,

And all too little for so reall might,

When no aduantages of weaker parts

Shall beare out shallow councels from the light :

And this fence-opening action (which doth hate

Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right. 880

Who then holdes vp the glory of the State

(Which letred armes, and armed letters won)

Who shall be fitteſt to negotiate,

Contemn'd *Iustinian*, or else *Littleton* ?

When it ſhall not be held wifedome to be

Priuately made, and publikey vndone :

But found deſignes that iudgement ſhall decree

Out of a true diſcerne, of the cleere wayes

That lie direſt, with ſafe-going Equitie ;

Imbroyling not their owne and others dayes. 890

Extending forth their prouidence, beyond

The circuit of their owne particular :

That eu'n the ignorant may vnderſtand,

How that deceit is but a cauillar ;

And true vnto it ſelfe can neuer stand,

But ſtill muſt with her owne conculſions warre.

Can Truth and Honestie, wherein conſiſts

The right, repole on earth ? the ſureſt ground

Of Truſt, come weaker arm'd into the lifts,

Then Fraud or Vice, that doth it ſelfe confound ? 900

Or ſhall Preſumption that doth what it lifts,

Not what it ought, carry her courses found ?

Then, what ſafe place out of conuſion

Hath plaine proceeding Honestie to dwell ?
 What fute of grace hath Vertue to put on,
 If Vice shall weare as good, and doe as well ?
 If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion,
 Act as faire parts, with ends as laudable ?
 Which all this mighty volume of euents,
 The world, the vniuersall map of deedes 910
 Strongly controwles, and proues from all discents,
 That the directest courses best succeeds
 When Craft, wrapt still in many comberments
 With all her cunning thriues not, though it speedes.
 For, should not graue and learn'd Experience
 That lookes with th'eyes of all the world beside,
 And with all ages holdes intelligence,
 Goe safer then Deceit without a guide ?
 Which in the by-paths of her diffidence
 Crossing the waies of Right, still runs more wide : 920
 Who will not grant ? and therefore this obserue,
 No state stands sure, but on the grounds of Right,
 Of Vertue, Knowledge, Iudgement to preferue,
 And all the powres of Learning requisite :
 Though other shifts a present turne may serue,
 Yet in the tryall they will weigh too light.
 And doe not thou contemne this swelling tide
 And stremme of words, that now doth rise so hie
 Aboue the vfuall bankes, and spreads so wide
 Ouer the borders of Antiquitie : 930
 Which I confesse comes euer amplifide
 With th'abounding humours that doe multiplie :
 And is with that fame hand of happineffe
 Inlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands :
 Yet so, as if let out but to redresse,

And calme, and sway th'affections it commands :
 Which as it stirres, it doth againe represso
 And brings in, th'out-gone malice that withstands.
 Powre aboue powres, O heauenly Eloquence,
 That with the strong reine of commanding words, 940
 Dost manage, guide, and master th'eminence
 Of mens affections, more then all their swords :
 Shall we not offer to thy Excellence,
 The richest treasure that our wit affords ?
 Thou that canst doe much more with one poore pen
 Then all the powres of Princes can effect :
 And draw, diuert, dispose and fashion men
 Better then force or rigour can direct :
 Should we this ornament of Glory then
 As th'vnmateriall fruits of shades, neglect ? 950
 Or should we carelesse, come behinde the rest
 In powre of words, that goe before in worth,
 Whenas our accents equall to the best,
 Is able greater wonders to bring forth :
 When all that euer hotter spirits exprest,
 Comes bettred by the patience of the North.
 And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent
 The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
 This gaine of our best glory shall be sent,
 T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our stores ? 960
 What worlds in th'yet vnformed Occident
 May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours ?
 Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand
 The greatnesse of our stile is now ordain'd ?
 What powrs it shall bring in, what spirits command,
 What thoughts let out, what humours keepe restrain'd,
 What mischiefe it may powrefullly withstand,

And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd.
 And as for Poesie (mother of this force)
 That breedes, brings forth, and nourishes this might,
 Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course, 971
 With comely motions how to goe vpright :
 And fostring it with bountifull discourse,
 Adornes it thus in fashions of delight,
 What should I say ? since it is well approu'd
 The speech of heauen, with whom they haue commerce ;
 That onely feeme out of themselues remou'd,
 And doe with more then humane skills conuerse :
 Those numbers wherewith heau'n and earth are mou'd,
 Shew, weakenesse speakes in Prose, but powre in Verse.
 Wherein thou likewise feemest to allow, 981
 That th'acts of worthy men should be preseru'd :
 As in the holiest Tombes we can bestow
 Vpon their glory that haue well deseru'd,
 Wherein thou dost no other Vertue shew,
 Then what most barbrous Countries haue obseru'd :
 When all the happiest Nations hitherto
 Did with no lesser glory speake, then do.
 Now to what else thy malice shall obiect,
 For Schooles, and Artes, and their necessitie : 990
 When from my Lord, whose iudgement must direct,
 And forme, and fashion my abilitie,
 I shall haue got more strength ; thou shalt expect
 Out of my better leasure, my reply.

FINIS.

IX.

O C C A S I O N A L P O E M S

FROM

V A R I O U S S O U R C E S .

1593—1607.

NOTE.

The sources of these scattered Poems are recorded in their places. See
on them our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' in closing volume.

A. B. G.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

An Ode.¹



OW each creature ioyes the other,
passing happy dayes and howers ;
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of siluer showers ;
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap, 10
Making nights and dayes both euen,
chearing plants with fresher sap :
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refresh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Aire,
(babling guest of Rocks and hils,)
Knows the name of my fierce Faire,
and sounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
whilst that she her Louer kils. 20

¹ Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,' 1, 2.

Whilst that she (O cruell Mayd)
 doth me and my true loue despise ;
 My liues florish is decayed,
 that depended on her eyes :
 But her will must be obeyed,
 and well he ends for loue who dies.

A Pastorall.¹

O Happy golden Age,
 Not for that Riuers ranne
 With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees ;
 Not that the earth did gage 31
 Vnto the husband-man
 Her voluntary fruites, free without fees :
 Not for no cold did freeze,
 Nor any cloud beguile,
 Th'eternall flowring Spring
 Wherein liu'd euery thing,
 And whereon th'heauens perpetually did smile ;
 Not for no ship had brought
 From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill fought. 40
 But onely for that name,
 That Idle name of wind :
 That Idoll of deceit, that empty sound
 Call'd HONOR, which became
 The tyran of the minde,
 And so torments our Nature without ground ;
 Was not yet vainly found :
 Nor yet sad griefes imparts

¹ Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,'^{1 2},

Amidst the sweet delights
Of ioyfull amorous wights.

50

Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne
hearts.

But golden lawes like these

Which nature wrote. *That's lawfull which doth please.*

Then amongst flowres and springs

Making delightfull sport,

Sate Louers without conflict, without flame ;

And Nymphs and shepheards sings,

Mixing in wanton sort

Whisp'ring with Songs, then kisses with the same

Which from affection came :

60

The naked virgin then

Her Roses fresh reueales,

Which now her vaile conceales :

The tender Apples in her bosome seene.

And oft in Riuers cleere

The Louers with their Loues conforting were.

HONOR, thou first didst close

The spring of all delight :

Denying water to the amorous thirst

Thou taught'ft faire eyes to lose

70

The glory of their light ;

Restrain'd from men, and on themselues reuerst.

Thou in a lawne didst first

Those golden haires incase,

Late spred vnto the wind ;

Thou mad'ft loose grace vnkind,

Gau'ft bridle to their words, art to their pace.

O Honour it is thou

That mak'ft that stealth, which loue doth free allow.

It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and tormentes thus :
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The quallifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with vs
That are below thy power, shut from aboue ?
Goe and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let vs neglected, base,
Liue still without thy grace,
And th'vse of th'ancient happy ages keepe :
Let's loue : this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue : the sun doth set, and rise againe,
But whenas our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.



*A Description of Beauty, translated
out of Marino.¹*

I



Beauty (beames, nay flame
Of that great lampe of light)
That shines a while, with fame,
But presently makes night :
Like Winters short-liu'd bright,
Or Summers fuddaine gleames,
How much more deare, so much
losse-lasting beames.

2

Wing'd Loue away doth flye,
And with it time doth beare ;
And both take fuddainly
The sweate, the faine, the deare :
A shining day, and cleare,
Succeedes an obscene night,
And sorrow is the hewe of sweet delight.

3

With what then dost thou swell,
O youth of new-borne day ?
Wherein doth thy pride dwell
O beauty made of clay ?

¹ First appeared in 4to of 1623.

Not with to swift away
 The headlong corrant flyes,
 As do the sparkling rayes of two faire eyes.

4

Do not thy selfe betray
 VVith wantonizing yeares :
 O beauty, traytors gay,
 Thy melting life that weares,
 Appearing, disapearees,
 And with thy flying dayes,
 Ends all thy good of price, thy faire of prayse.

5

Trust not, vaine creditor
 Thy apt deceiued view,
 In thy false counsellor,
 That neuer tels thee true :
 Thy forme, and flattred hew,
 Which shall so foone transpasse,
 Is farre more faire, then is thy looking-glaſſe.

6

Inioy thy Aprill now,
 Whilſt it doth freely ſhine ;
 This lightning flash and ſhow,
 With that cleare ſpirit of thine,
 Will fuddainly decline ;
 And thou faire murthering eyes
 Shalbe loues tombes, where now his cradle lyes.

7

Old trembling age will come,
 With wrinkled cheeke, and staines,
 With motion troublesome,
 With skinne and bloodlesse veines,
 That liuely visage reauen,
 And made deform'd and old,
 Hates sight of glasse, it lou'd so to behold.

8

Thy gold, and scarlet shall
 Pale filuer colour bee,
 Thy rowe of pearles shall fall
 Like withred leaues from tree ;
 And thou shalt shortly see
 Thy face and haire to grow
 All plough'd with furrowes, ouer-sowne with snow.

9

That which on *Flora's* brest,
 All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly dreft,
 Saw in her dawning spring ;
 Quite dry and languishing
 Depriu'd of honour quite,
 Day-closing *Hesperus* beholds at night.

10

Faire is the Lilly, faire
 The Rose, of flowers the eye ;
 Both wither in the ayre,

Their beautious colours die ;
And so at length shall lye
Depriu'd of former grace,
The lillies of thy brests, the roses of thy face.

II

What then wilt it auaile,
O youth aduised ill,
In lap of beauty fraile
To nurse a way-ward will ;
Like snake in funne-warme hill ?
Plucke, plucke, betime thy flower,
That springs, and parcheth in one short howre.

*To the Angell Spirit of the most ex-
cellent, Sr. Phillip Sidney.¹*



O the pure Spirit, to thee alone address
Is this ioynt worke, by double intrift
thine ;
Thine by his owne, and what is done
of mine
Inspir'd by thee, thy secret powre
imprest. [combine
My Muse with thine, it selfe dar'd to
As mortall staffe with that which is diuine :
Let thy faire beames giue luster to the rest.

That Ifraels King may daygne his owne transform'd
In substance no, but superficiall tire : II
And English guif'd in some fort may aspire
To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd :
His sacred Tones, age after age admire.
Nations grow great in pride, and pure desire
So to excell in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soule which honour brought to rest
To foone not leaft, and reaft the world of all
What man could shew, which we perfection call ;
This precious peece had sorted with the best. 20
But ah ! wide festred wounds that neuer shall
Nor must be clof'd, vnto fresh bleeding fall :
Ah memory, what needs this new arrist.

¹ First appeared in 4to of 1623—query for Sidney's 'Psalmes.' See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' in closing volume.

Yet blessed grieve, that sweetnes can impart
 Since thou art blest. Wrongly do I complaine ;
 What euer weights my heauy thoughts sustaine
 Deere feeles my soule for thee. I know my part,
 Nor be my weaknes to thy rites a staine ;
 Rites to aright, life bloud would not refraine :
 Assit me then, that life what thine did part.

30

Time may bring forth, what time hath yet supprest,
 In whom, thy losse hath layd to vtter wast
 The wracke of time, vntimely all defac't,
 Remayning as the tombe of life disceast :
 VVhere, in my heart the highest roome thou hast ;
 There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac't :
 Triumph of death, in life how more then blest.

Behold ! O that thou were now to behold,
 This finisht long perfections part begun ;
 The rest but peic'd, as leaft by thee vndone ;
 Pardon blest soule, presumption ouerbold :
 If loue and zeale hath to this error run
 Tis zealous loue, loue that hath neuer dun,
 Nor can enough, though iustly here contrould.

But since it hath no other scope to go,
 Nor other purpose but to honour thee,
 That thine may shine, where all the graces be ;
 And that my thoughts (like smalleſt fstreames that flow,
 Pay to their ſea, their tributary fee)
 Do ſtrive, yet haue no meanes to quit nor free,
 That mighty debt of infinitis I owe.

50

To thy great worth which time to times inroule
 VVonder of men, sole borne, soule of thy kind
 Compleat in all, but heauenly was thy mind,
 For wisdome, goodnes, sweetnes, fairest soule :
 To good to wish, to faire for earth, refin'd
 For Heauen, where all true glory rests confin'd :
 And where but there no life without controule.

O when from this accompt, this cast-vp somme,
 This reckning made the Audit of my woe, 60
 Some time of rafe my swelling passions know,
 How work my thoughts, my sense, is striken dombe
 That would the more then words could euer shew ;
 Which all fall short. Who knew thee best do know
 There liues no wit that may thy prayer become.

And rest faire monuments of thy faire fame,
 Though not complete. Nor can we reach, in thought,
 What on that goodly peece, time would haue wrought.
 Had diuers so spar'd that life (but life) to frame
 The rest : alas such losse the world hath nought 70
 Can equall it, nor O more grieuance brought,
 Yet what remaines must euer crowne thy name.

Receiue these Hims, these obsequies receiue,
 (If any marke of thy secret spirit thou beare)
 Made only thine, and no name els must weare.
 I can no more deare soule, I take my leauue,
 My sorrow striues to mount the highest Sphere.

*Vliffes and the Syren.*¹

Syren. Come worthy Greeke, *Vliffes* come
Posseſſe theſe ſhores with me :
The windes and Seas are troubleſome,
And heere we may be free.

Here may we ſit, and view their toile
That trauaile on the deepe,
And ioy the day in mirth the while,
And ſpend the night in ſleepe.

Vlis. Faire Nymph, if fame, or honor were
To be atteynd with eafe,
Then would I come and reſt with thee,
And leauē ſuſh toyles as theſe.

But here it dwels, and here muſt I
With danger ſeeke it forth :
To ſpend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. *Vliffes*, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreall name :
This honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And reſts on others fame.

Begotten onely to moleſt
Our peace, and to beguile
(The beſt thing of our life) our reſt,
And giue vs vp to toile.

10

20

¹ From "Certayne Small Poems Lately Printed : with the
Tragedie of Philotas. Written by Samvel Daniel.

At London. Printed by G. Eld for Simon Waterſon 1605 (12mo),"
also in 1607, 1611, etc., but not in 4to of 1623. G.

Vlis. Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manlines would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport.

For toyle doth giue a better touch, 30
To make vs feele our ioy :
And ease finds tediousnesse as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

Syr. Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore
Whereto tends all your toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.

Who may disporte them diuersly,
Finde neuer tedious day,
And ease may haue varietie,
As well as action may. 40

Vlis. But natures of the noblest frame,
These toyles, and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease.

And with the thoughts of actions past
Are reuealed still ;
When pleasure leaues a touch at last,
To shew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth opinion onely cause, 50
That's out of custome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes
Then euer Nature did.

No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sportes are without bloud,
The world we see by warlike wights,
Receiuess more hurt then goud.

- Vlis.* But yet the state of things require
These motions of vnrest,
And these great Sports of high desire, 60
Seeme borne to turne them best.
To purge the mischiefes that increase
And all good order mar :
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.
Syr. Well, well *Vlisses* then I see
I shall not haue thee heare,
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there.
I must be wonne that cannot win; 70
Yet lost were I not wonne :
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoo, or be vndonne.

* * * “*The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the Sea, and hauing in his Boate two Women, of whom, he loued the one that disdained him, and scorned the other who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them, to appease the rage of the tempest, but which, was referred to his owne choice.*”—Prefixed to this poem in the folio of 1602 is the following short letter:—

“ To EDWARD SEYMOUR

10

Earle of Hertford :

Concerning his question of a distressed
man in a Boate vpon the Seas.

Noble Lord, the iudgements of
men, as euer according to the
set of their affections, and as
the images of their passions are
drawn within, so they send forth the
forme of their opinions: and accordingly
must I iudge of this case (which your
Honour hath moued vnto me) as my selfe
do stand looking thorow the prospectiue
of min owne imagination, that onely
takes measure of other mens passions by
that it selfe feeles. Referring the same to
the better censure of your honour,
Who shall euer commaund me,

20

Samvel Daniel.”

28



Y vnkinde Loue, or she that loues me
deare,
Neptune will haue cast forth to calme
the Seas.
One of these two, or all must perish
here :
And therefore now, which shall I
faue of these ?

Ah ! doe I make a question which to faue,
When my desires share but one onely part !
Who should it be but she to whom I haue
Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my hart ?
She, she must liue, the tempests of whose brow
Confound me more then all these stormes can doo, 10
And but for whom I liue : And therefore how
Can any life be life, lesse she liue too ?
For by that meanes I both may pacifie
The rigour of these waues, and her hard heart,
Who must faue him who would not let her die :
Nor can she but reward so great desert.

She cannot, but in mercy needes must giue
Comfort to him, by whom her selfe doth liue.

Pars altera.

BVt shall the bloud of her that loues me then 20
Be sacrificiz'd to her disdainefulness
That scornes my loue ? and shall I hope to win
Mercie from her, by being mercilesse ?

Will not her safety being thus attain'd,
 Raife her proude heart t'a higher set of scorne,
 When she shall see my passions are distain'd
 With bloud, although it were to serue her turne ?
 Since th'act of ill, though it fall good to vs,
 Makes vs yet hate the doer of the same :
 And though my hand should haue preferu'd her thus, 30
 Yet being by cruell meanes, it is my shame ;
 Which she will but ascribe to my defects,
 And th'imperfeccions of my passions ; which
 She knowes the influence of her eyes effects,
 And therein ioyes t'haue vanquisht me so much.
 And when desert shall seeme t'exact reward,
 It breedes a loathing in the heart of Grace ;
 That must worke free out of her owne regard,
 And haue no dues t'obraid her to her face.
 So shall I then haue bent against my soule
 Both her disdaine, and th'horrour of that deed ; 40
 Which euer must my crueltie controule,
 And checke the wrong that neuer can succeed.
 And though it be requir'd that one must go,
 By mesage sent me from the powrs Diuine,
 Yet will I not redeeme my safety so ;
 Though life be in their hand, death is in mine.
 And therefore since compaffion cannot be
 Cruell to either, *Neptune* take all three.

Resumptio.

50

BVt that were to be cruell to all three,
 Rebell to Nature, and the gods arrest,
 Whose ordinances must obserued be ;
 Nor may our frailty with the heauens contest.

Why then that must be done that's least vniust,
And my affections may not beare a part
With crueltie and wrong. But here I must
Be of a fide, to goe against my hart,

And her disdaine her due reward must haue :

She must be cast away that would not saue.

60

S. D.
,

Of William Jones, his “Nennio 1595.”

*H*ere doſt thou bring (*my friend*) a ſtranger borne
 To be indenized with vs, and made our owne,
 Nobilitie; whose name indeed is worne
 By manie that are great, or mightie growne:
 But yet to him moft natural, beſt knowne,
 To whom thou dooſt thy labours ſacrifize,
 And in whom al thofe vertues beſt are ſhowne
 Which here this little volume doth comprize.

Wheron when he ſhall caſt his worthie eies,
 He here ſhal glaffe himſelfe, himſelfe ſhal reed:
 The modell of his owne perfections lies
 Here plaine describ'd, which he preſents indeed:
 So that if men can not true worth diſcerne
 By this diſcourse, looke they on him and leарne.

10

Sa. Danyel.

I. 6, the person meant is “Robert Devreux [*sic*], Earle of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley,” etc., to whom Wm. Jones dedicates *Nennio*. This Sonnet follows Ed. Spenser’s “Who wil feeke by right deferts t’attaine,” etc., and precedes George Chapman’s Sonnet, “Accept thrice Noble *Nennio* at his hand,” etc. G.

From "Penelopes Complaint: Or, A Mirrour
for wanton Minions. Taken out of Homer's
'Odissea,' and written in English Verse. By
Peter Colse, 1596" appended to "Willobie's Auifa"
(Dr. Grosart's "OCCASIONAL ISSUES," 1880).

Amico suo charissimo P. C.—S. D.

○ Vid quærit titulos, quid dotes iactat Auifa.
Anne ea Penelope est æquiparanda tuæ?
Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis : Auifa
obscura, obscuro foemina nata loco. 10
Penelope satrapæ est coniux illustris : Auifa
coniux cauponis, filia pandochei.
Penelope casta est cum sponsus abeffet : Auifa
casta suo sponso nocte diéque domi.
Penelopeia annos bis denos mansit : Auifa
tot (vix credo) dies intemerata foret.
Penelopeia procos centum neglexit : Auifa
Vix septem pretium sustinuit precem,
Penelope neuit, pensum consecit : Auifæ
laffauit nunquam pendula tela manus. 20
Penelope Graijs, Latijs celebratur : Auifæ
vnus homo laudes, nomen, & acta canit.
Ergo Penelope vigeat, cantetur : Auifa
nullo Penelope est æquiualenda modo.

TRANSLATION (from Introduction to Willobie's *Avisa*,
pp. xxv-vi).

To his most dear friend P. C.—S. D.¹

Why seeks she titles, boasts she riches, why—
Avisa?

Is she with thy Penelope to vie?

The one renowned, revered, true to her own: Avisa
An unknown woman from a place unknown.

The one spouse of a prince of glorious name: Avisa
Child of an innkeeper, wife of the same.

10

The one is chaste, her husband being away: Avisa
Chaste when he is at home, by night and day.

The one through twice ten years strong to endure:
Avisa

Through scarce as many days could be kept pure,

The one to a hundred lords refused her hand: Avisa

The force and prayers of seven could scarce withstand.

The one would spin until her task was done: Avisa

Ne'er tired the spinning-wheel with what she spun.

The one to the Greeks and Romans praise: Avisa

20

Has but one man her name and fame to raise.

Long live Penelope and flourish fair: Avisa

May never with Penelope compare.

¹ As in Introduction *supra*, I doubt if the S. D. represent our Daniel; still others think so, and it isn't impossible.

From "Il Pastor Fido; or The Faithfull Shepheard." Translated out of Italian into English. 1602.

To the right worthy and
learned Knight, . . . Syr Edward
Dymock, Champion to her Maiestie, concerning
this translation of *Pastor Fido*.

I Do reioyce learned and worthy Knight,
That by the hand of thy kinde Country-man
(This painfull and industrious Gentleman) 10
Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light :
Who in thy loue I know tooke great delight
As thou in his, who now in England can
Speake as good English as Italian,
And here enjoyes the grace of his owne right.
Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd
Vnto us both the vertues of the North,
Saying, our costes were with no measures grac'd,
Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth.
I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store, 20
Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more.

Sam. Daniell.

From "BARTAS his Deuine WEEKES & Workes." Translated by Iosuah Syluester, 1605.

To my good friend,
M. Syluester, *in honour of this
sacred Worke.*

THus to aduenture forth, and re-conuay
The best of treasures, from a Forraine Coast,
And take that wealth wherin they glорied most,
And make it Ours by such a gallant pray,
And that without in-iustice ; doth bewray
10
The glory of the Worke, that we may boast
Much to haue wonne, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away.
As thou industrious SYLVESTER hast wrought,
And heere enrich'd vs with th'immortall store
Of others sacred lines : which from them brought
Comes by thy taking greater then before :
So hast thou lighted from a flame deuout,
As great a flame, that neuer shall goe out.

Samuel Daniel. 20

From Clement Edmundes (Remembrancer of
the Cittie of London) : his "Obseruations vpon
Cæsars Comentaries, 1609."

To my friend, Maister Clement Edmonds.

WHo thus extractts, with more then Chymique Art,
The spirit of Bookes, shewes the true way to
finde

Th'Elixer that our leaden Parts conuart
Into the golden Metall of the Minde.

Who thus obserues in such materiall kinde
The certaine Motions of hie Practises,
Knowes on what Center th'Actions of Mankinde
Turne in their course, and sees their fatalnes.

10

And hee that can make these obseruances,
Must be aboue his Booke, more then his Pen.
For, wee may be assur'd, hee men can gheffe,
That thus doth CÆSAR knowe ; the Man of men.

Whose Work, improvd here to our greater gaine,
Makes CÆSAR more then CÆSAR to containe.

Sam. Danyell. 19

From "Queen Anna's New World of Words,"
etc. Collected by John Florio. 1611.

To my deare friend and brother *M. John Florio*,
one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties Royall
Priuy-chamber.

*I Stand not to giue praise before the face
Of this great worke, that doth it selfe commend :*

But to congratulate the good and grace

That England com's thereby to apprehend :

And in hir name to thanke your industry

10

*Laborius Flório, who haue so much wrought
To honour hir in bringing Italy*

*To speake hir language, and to giue hir note
Of all the treasure that rich tongue containes :*

*Wherein I cannot but admire your paines
In gathering vp this vniversall store,*

*And furniture of words for euery arte,
And skill of man : So that there seem's no more
Beyond this search, that knowledge can impart.*

Which being a worke which would take vp the powers 20

*Of more then one whole man, I wonder how
You could subtract so many serious howres*

*From that great summe of seruice that you owe.
But that it seemes the beaming Gracefulnessse*

*That lightens from the most resfulgent QVEENE
Our sacred Mistris, work's that ablenesse*

*As mak's you more, then els you could haue beene.
Wherein the power of Princes well is seene*

That can infuse such force, and make age greene.

And it were well, if in this season, when
They leaue erecting Churches, Colledges,
And pious monuments, they would build men
Who of their glory may be witnesses,
And what they doe be theirs : As Mazons raise
Work's not for them, but for their masters praise.
For, would they but be ples'd to know, how small
A portion of that ouer-flowing waste
Which run's from them, would turne the wheeles and all
The frame of wit, to make their glory last :
I thinke they would doe something : but the stirre
Still about greatnesse, giues it not the space
To looke out from it selfe, or to conferre
Grace but by chance, and as men are in place.
But that concern's not me, It is ynow
I doe applaud your worke. Thus from my Plow.

Samuel Daniel.

From John Florio's 1613 edition of his "Done
into English" Essayes written in French by
Michael Lord of Montaigne.

*To my deare brother and friend M. IOHN FLORIO,
one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties most
Royall Priuie Chamber.*

*B*ooks, like superfluous humors bred with ease
So stiffe the world, as it becomes opprest
With taking more than it can well digest ;
And now are turn'd to be a great disease.
For by this ouercharging we confound
The appetite of skill they had before :
There be'ng no end of words, nor any bound
Set to conceit the Ocean without shore.
As if man laboured with himselfe to be
As infinite in writing, as intents ;
And draw his manifold uncertaintie
In any shape that passion represents :
That these innumerable images
And figures of opinion and discourse
Draw'n out in leaves, may be the witnessses
Of our defects much rather than our force.
And this proud frame of our presumption,
This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit,
Seemes only checkt with the confusion
Of our mistakings that dissolueth it.

10

20

*And well may make vs of our knowledge doubt,
Seeing what uncertainties wee build vpon,
To be as weake within booke as without ;
Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.*

30

*But yet although wee labor with this store
And with the presse of writings seeme opprest,
And haue to many bookes, yet want wee more,
Feeling great dearth and scarcenesse of the best ;
Which cast in choicer shapes haue bin produc'd,
To giue the best proportions to the minde
Of our confusion, and haue introduc'd
The likeliest images frailtie can finde.*

*And wherein most the skill-desiring soule
Takes her delight, the best of all delight ;
And where her motions euenest come to rowle
About this doubtfull center of the right.*

40

*Which to discouer this great Potentate,
This Prince Montaigne (if he be not more)
Hath more aduentur'd of his owne estate
Than euer man did of himselfe before :
And hath made such bold sallies out vpon
Custome : the mightie tyrant of the earth,
In whose Seraglio of subiectiōn
Wee all seeme bred-vp, from our tender birth ;
As I admire his powres, and out of loue,
Here at his gate do stand, and glad I stand
So neere to him whom I do so much loue,
T'applause his happie setling in our land :
And safe transpassage by his studious care
Who both of him and vs doth merit much,
Hauing as sumptuously, as he is rare
Plac'd him in the best lodging of our speach.*

50

And made him now as free, as if borne here,
 And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud
 That he is theirs, though he be euery where
 To haue the franchise of his worth allow'd.

60

It be'ing the proportion of a happie Pen,
 Not to b'inuassal'd to one Monarchie,
 But dwell with all the better world of men,
 Whose spirits all are of one communitie ;
 Whom neither Ocean, Desarts, Rockes nor Sands
 Can keepe from th'intertraffique of the minde,
 But that it vents her treasure in all lands,
 And doth a most secure commerçement finde.

70

Wrap Excellencie up neuer so much,
 In Hieroglyphicques, Ciphers, Caracters,
 And let her speake neuer so strange a speach,
 Her Genius yet finds apt discipherers :
 And neuer was she borne to dye obscure,
 But guided by the starres of her owne grace,
 Makes her owne fortune, and is euer sure
 In mans best hold, to hold the strongest place.

80

And let the Critick say the worſt he can,
 He cannot say but that Montaigne yet,
 Yeeldes most rich pieces and extracts of man ;
 Though in a troubled frame confus'dly set.
 Which yet h'is bleſt that he hath euer ſene,
 And therefore as a gueſt in gratefulneſſe,
 For the great good the house yeelds him within,
 Might ſpare to taxe th'vnapt conuayances.
 But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,
 Whilſt England English ſpeakes, is of that ſtore
 And that choyſe ſtuffe, as that without the ſame
 The ričhest librarie can be but poore.

90

*And they vnbleft who letters doe professe
And haue him not : whose owne fate beates their want
With more sound blowes, then Alcibiades
Did his Pedante that did Homer want.*

By SAM. DANIEL one of the Gentlemen
extraordinarie of hir Maiesties most
royall priuie Chamber. 98

Concerning the honor of bookeſ.¹

*Since Honor from the Honorer proceeds,
How well do they deserue that memorie
And leaue in bookeſ for all posterities
The names of worthyes, and their vertuous deedes
When all their glorie els, like water weedes
Without their element, presently dyes,
And all their greatnes quite forgotten lyeſ :
And when, and how they florijht no man heedes.
How poore remembrances, are ſtatutes, Toomes
And other monuments that men erect
To Princes, which remaine in closed roomes
Where but a few behold them ; in respect
Of Bookes, that to the vniuersall eye
Shew how they liu'd, the other where they lye.*

10

¹ This Sonnet in 1613 edn. (not 1603) immediately follows the preceding poem, and though it has no signature, seems to belong to Daniel. G.

From “The Essayes, of Morall Politike and
Millitarie Discourses of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne,
Kn^t, 1603 edition.”¹

To my deere friend M. John Florio, concerning
his translation of Montaigne.

*B*OOKES THE AMAFFE OF HUMORS, SWOLNE WITH EASE,
THE GRIEFE OF PEACE, THE MALADIE OF REST;
SO STUFFE THE WORLD, FALNE INTO THIS DISEASE,
AS IT RECEIVES MORE THEN IT CAN DIGEST:
AND DOE SO OUERCHARGE, AS THEY CONFFOUND
THE APETITE OF SKILL WITH IDLE STORE:
THERE BEING NO END OF WORDS, NOR ANY BOUND
SET TO CONCEIPT, THE OCEAN WITHOUT SHORE.

AS IF MAN LABOR'D WITH HIMSELF TO BE
AS INFINITE IN WORDS, AS IN INTENTS,
AND DRAWE HIS MANIFOLD INCERTAINTIE
IN EU'RY FIGURE, PASSION REPRESENTS;
THAT THESE INNUMERABLE VISAGES
AND STRANGE SHAPES OF OPINIONS AND DISCOURSE
SHADOWED IN LEAVES, MAY BE THE WITNESSES
RATHER OF OUR DEFECTS, THEN OF OUR FORCE.
AND THIS PROUD FRAME OF OUR PRESUMPTION,
THIS BABEL OF OUR SKILL, THIS TOWRE OF WIT,
SEEMES ONELY CHECKT WITH THE CONFUSION
OF OUR MISTAKINGS, THAT DISSOLUETH IT.

¹ The re-casting of this poem for 1613 edn., or ten years later, seems to call for the reproduction separately of its original form. G

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 Seeing what uncertainties we build vpon,
 To be as weake within booke as without ;
 Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.

But yet although we labor with this store
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And therefore as a guest in gratefulnesse,
For the great good the house yeelds him within
Might spare to taxe th'unapt conuayances.
But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,
Whilst England English speaks, is of that store
And that choyse fluffe, as that without the same
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*And they vnbleſt who letters do professe
And haue him not: whose owne fate beates their want
With more ſound blowes, then Alcibiades
Did his Pedante that did Homer want.*

SAM. DANYEL.

*To the Right Reuerend Father in God,
James Montague, Lord Bishop of Wincheste,
Deane of the Chapell, and one of his Maiesties
most Honorable Priuy Councell.¹*



Lthough you haue out of your proper store
The best munition that may fortifie
A Noble heart as no man may haue
more,
Against the batteries of mortality :
Yet reuerend Lord voutsafe me leauue
to bring

One weapon more vnto your furnisment ; 10
That you the Assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sicknesse may preuent :
For that my selfe haue struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do ;
And let me tell you this you neuer could
Haue found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more faire proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity,
Nor giue more time to make resistances
And to repaire your breaches, then will this. 20

For whereas other sicknesses surprize,
Our spirits at vnawares disweopning sodainely,

¹ From Quarto of 1623. A holograph copy is preserved in H.M. Public Record Office. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' on this.—G.

All sense of vnderstanding in such wise,
 As that they lay vs dead before we die,
 Or fire vs out of our inflamed fort,
 With rauing Phrenesies in a fearefull fort ;

This comes and steales vs by degrees away ;
 And yet not that without our priuity
 They rap vs hence, as Vultures do their pray ;
 Confounding vs with tortures instantly. 30
 This fairely kills, they fowly murther vs,
 Trippe vp our heeles before we can discerne ;
 This giues vs time of treaty to discus
 Our suffring, and the cause thereof to learne.

Besides therewith we oftentimes haue truce
 For many months, sometimes for many yeares,
 And are permitted to inioy the vse
 Of study, and although our body weares
 Our wit remaines ; our speach, our memory
 Faile not, or come before our selues to die : 40
 We part together and we take our leaue
 Of friends, of kindred ; we dispose our state,
 And yeeld vp fairely what we did receiue
 And all our businesses accomodate :
 So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
 But we depart from hence in quiet fort :
 The foe with whom we haue the battaile fought,
 Hath not subdu'd vs but got our Fort,
 And this disease is held most incident
 To the best natures and most innocent. 50

And therefore reuerend Lord, there cannot be
 A gentler passage then there is hereby,
 Vnto that port wherein we shall be free
 From all the stormes of worldly misery.

And though it shew vs dayly in our glasse,
 Our fading leafe turn'd to a yellow hue,
 And how it withers as the sap doth passe,
 And what we may exspect is to insue.

Yet that I know disquiets not your mind,
 Who knowes the brittle mettaile of mankind,
 And haue all comforts vertue can beget,
 And most the conscience of well acted dayes ;
 Which all those monuments which you haue set
 On holy ground to your perpetuall praise,
 (As things best set) must euer testifie ;
 And shew the worth of Noble *Montague*.

60

And so long as the Walls of Piety
 Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you ;
 And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall show
 Their faire repaires to all Posterity ;
 And how much blest and fortunate they were
 That euer Gracious hand did plant you there ;
 Besides, you haue not only built vp walls
 But also (worthier edifices) men ;
 By whom you shall haue the memorials
 And euerlasting honor of the pen
 That whensoeuer you shall come to make
 Your Exit from this Scene wherein you haue
 Perform'd so noble parts, you then shall take
 Your leave with honor, haue a glorious graue.

70

“ For when can men go better to their rest
 “ Then when they are esteem'd and loued best ? ”

80

SAM. DANIEL.

END OF VOL. I.

